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*The life and letters of
Eliza Allen Starr*

Eliza Allen Starr





THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
ELIZA ALLEN STARR



**THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
ELIZA ALLEN STARR**



*With every best wish from the
loving heart of Eliza Alveston*

THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
IZA ALLEN STARR

EDITED BY
REV. JAMES J. MCGEE, D. D.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
WILLIAM STETSON, D. D.

*Nulla salus est in morte
Nisi eras mortuus
Superioribus*

CHICAGO
PUBLISHED AT THE LAKESIDE PRESS
MDCCCX



With many thanks to all your
loving friends of 25 years ago

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OF
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EDITED BY
REV. JAMES J. McGOVERN, D. D.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
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WILLIAM STETSON MERRILL, A. B.

*Nulla salus est in domo
Nisi cruce munit homo
Superliminaria.
—Adam de St. Victor.*

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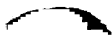
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**DEDICATED TO THE FRIENDS
OF
ELIZA ALLEN STARR**

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PREFACE

The editor of the following memoirs offers to the friends of one of the noblest womanly characters of the nineteenth century a story of her life, written by herself in autobiographical sketches, with her letters and a selection from among the many letters which she received through the course of her life, and which she preserved with the deepest affection. Eliza Allen Starr, the author in poetry and prose, the art critic and teacher, the lecturer, the true Christian woman, has left a record after her that will go down to futurity as an example of an exalted womanhood.

A diary of her trip to the Eternal City is arranged in chronological order with the letters. The book closes with a brief narrative of her closing days, and the obsequies. The unpublished poems and lectures of Eliza Allen Starr would fill a niche in Christian literature, but they cannot be published unless her friends give their financial aid.

The editor, in fulfilling a promise made to Miss Starr, that he would see that her memory should be handed down to future generations, hopes that he has kept his word, and if the "Life and Letters of Eliza Allen Starr" meets with approval, he is amply repaid for his "labor of love."

JAMES J. MCGOVERN, D.D.

LOCKPORT, ILLINOIS, 1905.

INTRODUCTION

BY WILLIAM STETSON MERRILL

The present volume comprises some of the many letters written by Miss Starr to her relatives and friends, together with a brief autobiographical sketch prepared by her for the Starr family record, portions of the itinerary or diary kept by her while on her trip to Rome in 1875-1876, and a few carefully treasured letters received by her from her friends, Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore, and Arch-Abbot Krug of Monte Cassino. A life written thus by her own pen will be the more welcome on that account to all who have had the pleasure of knowing Miss Starr either personally or through her writings. Her letters present us a picture of herself and of her daily life, such as is naturally absent from her books, from which, indeed, personal affairs are scrupulously excluded. Even "Pilgrims and Shrines," based as it is upon her trip abroad, is written in an impersonal way, and the brief passages in which she alludes to her own movements form but a slender thread of narrative running through her descriptions of saintly shrines, like the silken cord of a rosary upon which are strung beads of devotion.

Miss Starr came of Puritan ancestry, and while passing beyond the Puritan's narrowness of vision, she inherited and preserved his strong individuality, his conscientiousness, and his loyalty to personal conviction in the face of popular prejudice.

The story of her conversion, as she has told it in a letter to her cousins, the Allens of Philadelphia, is characteristic. She lost the Unitarian faith of her childhood, so she writes, in one fateful hour, while listening to a sermon by Theodore Parker, and for nine years she sought for some rational foun-

dition upon which to rear a structure that should be proof against the sharp assault of critical unbelief, and should at the same time satisfy the aspirations and yearnings of her soul. She found truth at last in the Catholic Church. Once confirmed in her new faith, she knew no wavering and no doubts; she accepted the truths of Catholicity with a joy and an enthusiasm that never abated throughout her life and sustained her amid many trials of body and spirit. Catholicity became to her a second nature; it penetrated every fiber of her being, and influenced her intellectual and spiritual life to a very remarkable degree. Indeed, she could have been no more thoroughly imbued with Catholic thought and sentiment had she been reared amid the Catholic atmosphere of a faith preserved as a family heritage for generations; whereas, she had imbibed in her early life the traditions of the staunchest New England theology.

The artistic temperament and tastes of the new convert found in the lives of the saints and their representation in art a new and delightful field for exercise, and she devoted the later years of her life especially to setting forth the manifold beauties and religious significance of Christian art. She brought to the study of her subject an entire sympathy with the ideals which it is designed to portray, as well as the fruits of careful training in the technique of art; and these qualifications enabled her to enter into its spirit, to interpret its meaning, and to proclaim its message to the world in a way that the merely secular critic can never do. Miss Starr's competency for the accomplishment of her life-work lay, in fact, just in this intimate union of artistic genius with interior piety. Without her natural gifts, her careful training, and her deep study, she would have failed to apprehend the perfection of Christian art as a medium for setting forth religious truths to the eye and thereby reaching the heart; without her living faith she would have failed to receive fully and impart its message.

In the West, where she early took up her abode, Miss Starr was a pioneer of art. When she came to Chicago in 1856 and opened a studio and art school, her advanced methods soon attracted attention, and pupils came to take lessons from the teacher who insisted upon their drawing directly from nature, instead of from copy, as was the prevailing rule in the art schools of the city at that time. After she began to lecture upon "Art Literature"—as she entitled her subject—at first in her own studio or in the parlors of friends, and later in the "auditorium" of her cottage, her fame soon spread throughout the city, and her lectures were delivered weekly to friends untiring in their interest and attendance. Then came invitations to lecture at convents in other cities, and before Catholic assemblies and schools. The work of her pupils received well-merited recognition from the judges of the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893, who conferred on her the only "gold medal" given to any art educator. The medal is of bronze, and the design, by St. Gaudens, represents the landing of Columbus.

Verse was an early medium with Miss Starr for the expression of thoughts and sentiments inspired by a refined home and beautiful natural surroundings, such as were to be found in her native town of Deerfield. She seems to have inherited from her father a certain facility of literary expression. She says of him that "an acrostic epitaph for a favorite house-dog or a birthday stanza came from his lips with the grace of a genuine impromptu." Her earlier poems show delicacy of conception, lightness of touch, and a warm love and close observation of nature. After her conversion she finds themes for poetic expression in the higher aspirations of the soul and in the great truths of the faith; her poems are often prayers into which she breathes the warmth of her own devotion. Flowers she loved from a child. She was familiar with their symbolism; introduced them by name and allusion into her poems; painted them, and enjoyed having

them around her. Friends who knew her fondness for flowers took pleasure in keeping her vases supplied with them, and her rooms were seldom without some exquisite token of their thoughtfulness in this regard.

St. Joseph's Cottage was the name chosen by her for her home in Chicago, where she lived for nearly forty years, save for a brief interval immediately after the great fire of 1871. The furnishings of her home were simple, but exhibited her faultless taste and practical piety. A description of St. Joseph's Cottage may well serve here as a foreground for the letters that follow, many of which were dated from there or relate to incidents that took place within its walls.

The first house built by Miss Starr was located at 279 Huron Street, a few doors west of the present building, and was a frame structure of one story, which was destroyed in the great fire. The present building at 299 Huron Street, where she lived from 1877 till the time of her death, is of brick, and was originally of but one story in height. The "auditorium," or large upper room where she held her lectures in later years, was added subsequently to accommodate audiences which had outgrown the capacity of her studio. Passers-by often noticed and remarked upon the square and lily carved in stone upon the outer corner of the house, and even occasionally mistook the symbols of its saintly patron for Masonic emblems! As one paused upon the door-step after touching the bell, one noticed the antique brass knocker hanging on the outer door, which usually stood open; and as one stepped within the vestibule the eye caught the design shown upon the glass of the inner door: a spray of ivy entwining a cross, a pair of bulrushes, and the following inscription running around the border, "*Nulla salus est in domo nisi cruce munit homo superliminaria*" ("There is no safety in the house unless a man protect his door by the sign of the cross"). These lines occur in a hymn to the Holy Cross written by Adam de St. Victor in the twelfth

century, and the sentiment expressed refers symbolically to the sprinkling of the door-posts of the Israelites in Egypt with the blood of the paschal lamb, as a sign of their deliverance from the destroying angel.

Immediately on entering the hall, one was confronted—one might almost say received—by the marble, full-length statue of St. Joseph, modeled by Miss Starr's nephew in Rome, a duplicate of which stands at present in the sanctuary of the Cathedral of the Holy Name, Chicago. Above the statue hung a testimonial presented to Miss Starr some years before her death by friends among the clergy and laity, as a token of their appreciation of her services to Catholic art and literature. The University of Notre Dame had conferred the Lætare Medal upon her in 1885 as a mark of similar appreciation.

As one passed into the parlor or general reception-room, the eye fell upon the striking coat of arms of the Allen family, to whom she was related, carved upon the back of an unique chair—a pair of griffins supporting a yoke marked with a star and the Crusader's cross, all heraldic emblems of her family. In another corner of the room stood the Starr Chair, of square pattern, the triangular back supporting a lion couchant, bearing a star on its shoulder. Photographs of the great masterpieces of religious art hung framed upon the walls, while in the open hearth, if the day were chilly, crackled a cheerful fire of logs. The fire-place served constantly to remind her of the scenes of her childhood, and to perpetuate the family traditions. The hearthstone was brought by her sister from Deerfield, and on the lintel and jambs of the opening were carved symbols designed by Miss Starr herself, and representing the Deerfield Massacre—a bow and arrow, a deer in field, and the pipe of peace. Nor was this a merely formal commemoration of that tragedy; for her great-grandfather, Samuel Allen, fell beneath the deadly assault of the Indians in "The Bars Fight" of 1746, while covering the flight of his children to the fort near at

hand. Eunice Allen, a great-aunt, then a child of thirteen, was tomahawked and left for dead upon the ground; although she recovered and lived many years, she was ever afterwards an invalid, to whose care Eliza's mother devoted many years of her youthful life. A little son was captured by the Indians and was carried away captive to Canada, where he was not heard of for a year and a half, when he was at last returned to his mother through the kindness of an Indian squaw.

The bedroom was as expressive of Miss Starr's piety as her reception-room and her studio were of her art. Embedded in the east wall of the room was a bas-relief representing the death of St. Joseph, below which always burned a tiny wick floating in olive oil. By her bedside stood her shrine, with its crucifix of wood from the Holy Land hanging over it, its Crown of Thorns, and its three Nails which had been touched to the priceless memorials of the Passion. Precious rosaries, brought from Rome, and enriched by special indulgences, aided her in her devotions. She read parts of the Office every day, sometimes in Latin, but preferred the translation of the Roman Breviary made by the Marquis of Bute, which she highly prized. Her devotional life was like that of a religious. She was a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic, and her devoted friends, the Dominican Sisters, made for her, some time before her death, a habit, in which she was buried.

Miss Starr's gracious personality charmed all who knew her. Her conversation was animated and magnetic; her manner was warmly sympathetic toward her listener, and she entertained persons of the highest attainments and those of the least with equal affability and address. Her charity, whether of word or deed, was boundless; whenever the conversation drifted dangerously near the personalities of others, she adroitly turned it into another channel. Scanty as were her means of assisting in a material way those in need, she never allowed a beggar to leave her door without his pittance,

although she must have known of cases where worthless characters preyed upon this unquestioning giving on her part. Her principle was, here may be a man in real need, and he shall not suffer for the sins of others. They who asked the aid of her name or a few lines from her pen never asked in vain; her pen and her influence often outweighed the material contributions of others more blest than herself with the goods of this world.

The moral and intellectual elevation of woman received her earnest and constant support, while she was averse to woman's entering any sphere of activity which would tend to keep her from the family circle and the home, or would impair Christian motherhood.

As we survey Miss Starr's life and work, the thought arises, what was its underlying spring of action? wherein lay its unity? Character and life are seldom dominated by a single motive, and men and women would be narrower than they are if such were the case; and yet the currents of being often set more strongly in one direction than in another, and give a certain unity to the most varied activities. In the case of Miss Starr we believe that the unity of her life-work is to be found in her love and quest of the beautiful, whether in truth, in conduct, in poetry, or in art. In the sublime teachings of the Catholic Church she found the beauty of truth; in the lives of the saints, which she was so fond of relating and picturing, she found the beauty of Christian life; in poetry she strove to express the noblest sentiments in beautiful form; while in her prose writings and lectures she set forth the highest achievements of the imagination and hand of man in depicting Truth under the guise of Beauty.

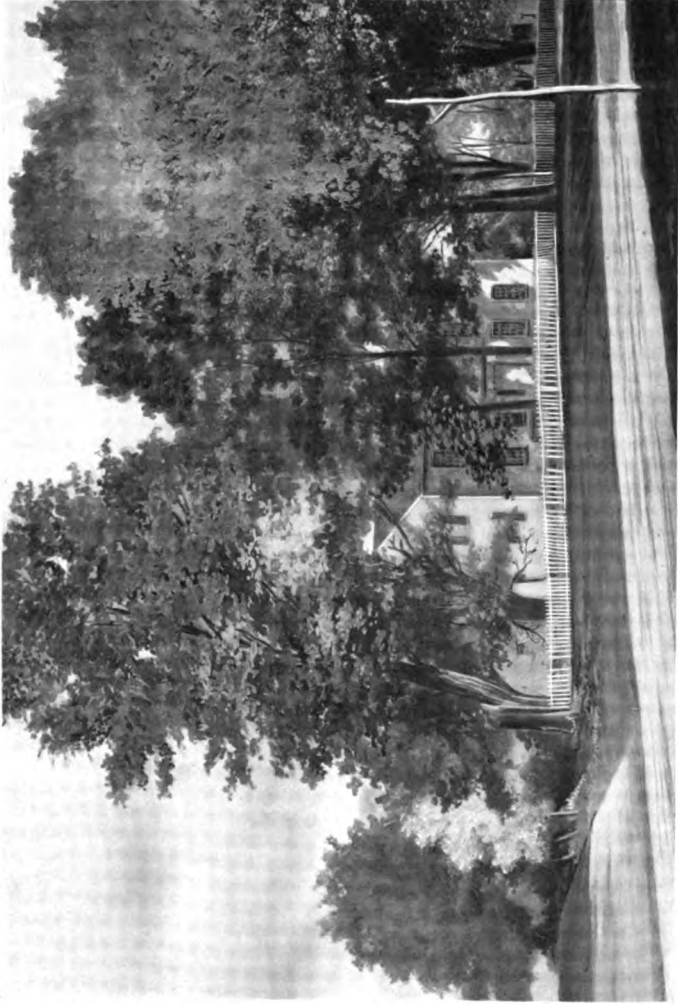
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

Miss Eliza Allen Starr was born August 29, 1824, in the historic town, Deerfield, Massachusetts, and her ancestors bore their part in the Colonial struggles of New England. Dr. Comfort Starr, the progenitor on the side of her father, Oliver Starr, leaving the graves of many generations in old St. Mary's Church, Ashford, England, settled with his family in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1633; and his son, Rev. Comfort Starr, D.D., was one of the first five fellows of Harvard University. Her great-grandfather, Captain Samuel Starr, of Middletown, Connecticut, the commander of his own ship in the West India trade, was lost at sea. His son, William, went as a boy soldier through the last four years of the Revolutionary War. It was from the Bible on the knee of her grandfather, William Starr, that she learned her letters; and from his lips the story of Monmouth and its awful thirst, of the tracks of the soldier's bare feet left in the blood on the snows of Valley Forge, and the surrender of Lord Cornwallis's sword at Yorktown. On the side of her mother, Lovina Allen, the story of the Allens goes back to the fall of "the flowers of Essex" at Bloody Brook, Deerfield; and the Allens at "The Bars" gave a tragic as well as a romantic page to Colonial history.

Four children were born to Oliver and Lovina Starr, two sons and two daughters. The youngest son, Oliver, was born in October before his grandfather's death, and died July 19, 1845, in the fifteenth year of his age. Slender, as the Starrs generally are, he was full of vivacity, and his innocent life was rich in good deeds and gentle actions which lived after him. Caleb Allen Starr, the eldest son and child, named for his grandfather Allen, Eliza Ann Starr, and Eunice

Allen Starr, who was named for the great-aunt wounded in "The Bars Fight." The pen lingers in the hand which is writing this sketch, in order to give a picture of this homestead, growing in beauty year by year, "The Meadow Homestead," as it was fitly called. On three sides stretched the purple meadows, a very garden of fertility, with their charming villages hidden among the trees. On the east lay Wapping, with the East Mountain, and the rock so famous for its off-look. On the south, "The Bars" and its homestead, with Sugar-loaf in the distance, a mountain commanding a more extensive view, if less perfectly picturesque than The Rock. Mount Toby and Mount Tom rose blue in the distance. On the west meandered the Deerfield River, with the hills of Hoosac and Wisdom beyond, while the picturesque mill-side, with its stately willows, the elm-fringed bank, and one large elm trimmed while a sapling by William Starr, as his son Oliver often told, made a picture which many an artist has transferred to his sketching-book. On the north, where the river was still seen winding on its way, lay the village, or "The Street," as it was called, hidden among its ancestral trees and pointed by the village spire, with the beautiful Leyden Hills for a background. Summer or winter, the eye could turn in no direction without meeting a scene of beauty; and the homestead itself, nestling among large maples, with its fragrant honeysuckles and roses, its garden and orchard, made a part of the general loveliness. Nor was this an exterior beauty only. A home of industry, it was also a home of intelligence and taste. Hospitality was the rule of the house, and to recall it is to recall not only a delightful home quiet, but the gathering of friends and relations on both sides; the Starrs from Middletown, New Marlborough, Newton, Sullivan, Baltimore, Burlington; the Allens from Vermont to Georgia, with all the delightful social enjoyments of a town like Deerfield, noted for its simplicity of manners, with very generous mental culture. But



**THE STARR FAMILY HOMESTEAD
DEERFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS**

the most distinctive mark of hospitality was that given to the poor. Not only was charity never refused at the door, but those needing it were sought out for miles around, while one room was reserved for the penniless traveler or the restless wandering inmate of the poorhouse, old men and women who had seen better days. Never were these "stragglers" turned away from the door, either by Oliver Starr or his wife. Often and often they were told at other doors to "go to Mr. Starr's," and when they came it was to a supper, a comfortable night's lodging and breakfast, and many a one has spent a week without seeing a look of discontent on anybody's face. There was something in this hospitality which, we believe, always brings special blessings from God upon a family; blessings which eternity alone fully reveals. Nor was this hospitality made a burden, nor did it interfere with the serious practice of any virtue. There was no excess, no satiety, a perfect contrast to the so-called society of these times. Neither did it disincline the mind to reading or study. Before all other advantages for this world, both Oliver Starr and his wife prized an education for their children. Money-making or the greed of gain was not the one thought. With good morals, temperance, sobriety, a careful attention to religious duties, and a good education, they knew their children would be rich enough for happiness. No pains, therefore, was thought too much to secure these boons. Sunday was a day of rest and of church-going, but not of punctilious sabbatical observance; and the school, whether district or academy, was never neglected.

It was while on a visit to her daughter, Eliza Allen Starr, in the first St. Joseph's Cottage in Chicago, that Lovina Allen Starr expired, February 15, 1864, after a brief illness, having completed the October before her seventy-seventh year. Her precious remains were taken to Spring Park*

*The farm homestead of her son Caleb Allen Starr, and for many years the summer retreat of Eliza Allen Starr. Many of her poems were written there.

for burial. On the 26th of April, 1870, at the age of seventy-nine, Oliver Starr breathed forth his soul to God, from Spring Park, and was laid under the evergreen trees which he helped to plant upon the grave of his wife. A gentler spirit never found its place in man, and like William Starr, his benignity was a hallow of beauty in his age. In the last letter, written to his daughters only a few days before his death, Oliver Starr preserved not only the elegance of his handwriting to a remarkable degree, but the elegance of his epistolary style. His letters were always worthy of preservation. No minuteness of family detail or playfulness distracted from the simple dignity characteristic of their author, while occasions rendered his letters remarkably vivid in their descriptions. The use of his pen was a pleasure. An acrostic epitaph for a favorite house-dog, or a birthday stanza, came from his lips with the grace of a genuine impromptu. Without any practice of drawing as an art, his children remembered with what readiness his life-like pelicans used to sit on the water with heads gracefully turned under their wings, in answer to repeated juvenile calls. To the last, his story-telling was delightful to the little people, and the tragical end of his own small dog Sharp has held his grandchildren entranced for many an otherwise restless hour. He was never at a loss when called upon to influence his fellow-citizens, to give a toast at a public dinner, or to speak the last word over the grave of a neighbor. But never was his natural eloquence more apparent than when he stood by the grave of his wife, Lovina Allen, his thin locks bared under a February sky, to thank his young Western friends and neighbors for their respectful kindness to him and to his dead, closing with these words of our Lord, afterwards put on her tombstone, "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

This sketch, which may well be called "gossiping," is intended to fill a few pages in the Starr family record, and

can have perhaps little interest for the general reader; unless, indeed, the generous reader is capable of interest in a simple narrative of family history, without ornament and without striking incident or brilliant successes. It is the story of many a New England family, inheriting its characteristics from an old English ancestry. But if there is nothing in this sketch to catch the eye of the lover of sensational stories, there is nothing to shock the sensibilities—nothing for which the present or future generation need blush; rather, we may say, it is worthy to rouse an honest pride in the name which has well deserved to bear on its seal the even balance of justice amid its constellation of stars, with that one Star of Hope on the *gule* of its lion *couchant*, pointing its motto, *Vive en Espoir*.

“I cannot remember,” writes Miss Starr, in another life-sketch, “when I did not make or paint flowers. My mother’s social graces drew around her many young friends, young ladies especially, who spent days with her, and all engaged in fancy work, some embroidering lace or muslin, but several who often came together after a merry village fashion, with mats, rugs, and bunches of bright crewels, the snips of which went on to the floor. As a mere child I sat on the floor among the merry embroiderers working on patterns drawn by themselves and colored according to their own taste; and as the bright gifts of worsted dropped, I picked up each one and proceeded to make flowers on paper with the snips picked into lint, and made to resemble roses, pansies, buttercups, anything I fancied. Once I got very much excited and burst out crying because I could not make a bunch stay on the stem. My mother took her pencil, I had never used one, and outlined some flowers on a paper which I filled in with pale pink and soft purple crewel lint. After this she sometimes drew a flower for me, until I drew them for myself. I well remember when a charming young

girl, one of the help in the house, drew and painted with elderberry juice a picture of a lady dancing the shawl-dance. There were no juvenile paint-boxes in those days. My father was very expert in painting the faces of the rag or husk dolls then in use, and I well remember the pelicans he would draw for us on our slates of an evening. Before he was twenty-one a fit of enterprise came over him, and he learned to dye and dress fine broadcloths, and had great success even in bottle-green, then a fashionable color. I think it was from his books, laid aside with the practice of his art, that my mother learned the secrets of dyeing fine wool and silk, in which she was so skillful that the young ladies I have alluded to always flew to her to help them out with some shade in quotations which they could not buy.

“But all of this was nothing compared with that atmosphere of beauty in which we lived as children, and not only the atmosphere of beauty, but the love of it. Those homesteads of old Deerfield on the very banks of the Deerfield River, the violet-tinted hills which made the horizon miles away, and nearer still the richly wooded ranges, one of which, called Sugar-loaf, was renowned as bearing on its precipitous front ‘King Phillip’s seat,’ the meadows which met the foot of the undulating hills, and that river! who can ever tell the charm of an onflowing stream, making the interlude of all other sounds, day and night, its music never ceasing and never forgotten any more than the scenery to which it meandered to beautify and refresh. And all this we loved as a part of life; often and often we were awakened of a cold winter’s morning by a voice calling, ‘Quick! see the sun rise over Mount Sugar-loaf’; and when the orchard was in bloom, and on a mild morning the windows of the old breakfast-room were open and we saw the pink petals floating on to the very breakfast-table, our father was sure to say, ‘The spring is my favorite season!’ We were not taught to love beauty, for it was our inherited instinct.

“This old farming town, the noble homesteads, so spacious, so really elegant as well as comfortable, overshadowed by elms and maples, where every singing bird found a branch for a nest, the farmers themselves and all the picturesque farm-life to which we were born, how it comes back to me as a training-school in the love of beauty! And when we did go to school, how the glories of morning and evening and dreamy moontide were ours! It was in this first school that I studied botany, and at ten years had made my little herbarium, and I knew all about the structure of flowers and plants and trees. At twelve I had my shelves for minerals well filled, and even had specimens contributed by President Hitchcock of Amherst College.

“At this school, too, I learned to paint, and when my dear mother died, there was a butterfly in her scrap-book painted by ‘*Eliza*’ under Miss Caroline Negus, afterwards the miniature-painter to whom Emerson sat with so much pleasure, and many another famous author or leader of New England thought. This Miss Caroline Negus was a great factor in my early art education, and when she left Deerfield to study in Boston, she charged my mother never to allow me to copy. To this my mother faithfully adhered in the painting. From our village school which had carried me thus far, I was sent to our academy under the charge of one of the most delightful instructors with which a child could be blessed, for I was then in my thirteenth year. From Mr. Lincoln there came perpetual inspiration to beauty of thought, beauty of character, and to his amiable and accomplished wife and her sister, Miss Mary Willard, I owe my first regular lessons in embroidery and in drawing; to Miss Mary Willard, too, the study of botany in its highest form.

“And here begins another phase of art life. Under Miss Lucretia Wilson, of old Deerfield, I actually learned to paint! I had my colors and brushes, and my mother, and I may say my father also, by their care, never made

it necessary to copy. A wild flower once begun, there was no press of planting or haymaking which prevented my father's clapping a small boy on old Sorrel to go—he could be told exactly where the flower grew—for a fresh specimen. Landscape, too, I was encouraged to sketch from nature, and when, during vacations, I had certain light work to do every morning, if the light were better in the morning on my tree or homestead or landscape with its brook or river, I was told to do my work after I returned, and over all this presided my beloved townswoman, as teacher and inspiration."

The education, received wholly in her native town, was one to preserve the strength of her character. In the district school which she attended, such men as Samuel Willard, who had taken the first Greek honors at Harvard, and even for a few weeks in winter Bishop Williams, Protestant Episcopal bishop of Hartford, held the master's baton. In summer Miss Negus, to whom she has referred, afterwards the wife of Richard Hildreth, the historian, and herself an artist of high rank, taught her to draw and color maps, to paint butterflies and love history, while another added to the usual school course what enabled this pupil to make an herbarium when ten years old, and before twelve years of age to collect a valuable cabinet of minerals. In her thirteenth year she entered the Academy of Deerfield, an old and richly endowed institution, where the instruction in the languages, science, literature, and even art, drew students from the cities on the seacoast. Here General Stone and General Sexton, in her own time and from her own neighborhood, were prepared for West Point, and it was boasted that no student accredited by its principal, Luther B. Lincoln, ever failed to pass his examination at Harvard. Deerfield was rich in traditions, but also rich in schools and libraries, and it was the maxim of this community of thoroughly educated, well-read farmers, that "knowledge is power."

The love of literature and art seemed identical with Miss Starr from the first, and this under favorable conditions. There had never been a time in the history of the town, nor an advent to be commemorated, whether by an oration on Washington's birthday, say by George Bancroft, or the laying of the corner-stone of the monument at Bloody Brook by Edward Everett, that an ode, honorable to the occasion, was not produced by a native of Deerfield.

Miss Starr often said, "I remember listening to Mr. Bancroft's oration on Washington's birthday in the meeting-house of Deerfield, and remember, too, having our kinsman, the Hon. Samuel Allen, pointed out to me. His head was very remarkable, and in the procession he carried a scroll in the hand just protruding from the folds of his cloak. Altogether he would have made a grand figure in the school of Athens. The ode sung on this occasion, written by General Sexton's father, began with these lines:

Hail to the day which gave Washington birth!
Joy to Columbia, hope to the earth!

and was sung by a choir of fifty voices. I also remember sitting on my Aunt Judith's lap in the open air on the 18th of September, 1835, to hear and see Governor Everett deliver his oration on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the monument of Bloody Brook. I say to see, because his gestures were so strongly emphasized that I shut my eyes in fear."

Miss Starr's own poems, which early found their way into the papers and magazines of the day, were inspired by that atmosphere of beauty for which her native valley is still visited and still quoted with admiration. To sketch this charming scenery, to paint the wonderful flora of this region, was the pastime of her girlhood. These studies were supplemented in Boston by studies from heads, surrounded by friends and companions in art whose names are still in honor

on both sides of the Atlantic. Joseph Ames, whose portraits and ideal heads are admired for their refined simplicity of expression and coloring; Thomas Ball, "the American Sculptor" of Florence; and George Fuller of "The Bars," Deerfield, whose home at his death, in 1884, was that of the profoundest ideal genius of his time in the United States: all were familiar visitors at the academy at Deerfield.

In 1846, having shown a decided talent for literature and drawing, she returned to Boston and studied for two years under the direction of the well-known artist, Mrs. Hildreth. It was at this time that her acquaintance with Mr. Allston's pictures ripened into familiarity, especially as the friendship of Mrs. Allston often put into her possession for weeks together the collection of sketches from his own hand. In Boston she opened a studio, but as the climate proved unfavorable to her health, in 1851 she accepted the situation of teacher in the family of a wealthy planter in Natchez, and remained there for two years. Her affectionate relations with these Southern friends lasted as long as she lived. During all this time she was a constant contributor, both in prose and verse, to a number of magazines and papers, frequently illustrating her contributions herself. In 1853 she returned to Brooklyn, New York, as drawing-teacher in a large boarding-school; thence she went to teach drawing in Philadelphia.

On her first visit to Boston, where she went to continue her studies in June, 1845, some friends took her to the music hall to hear Theodore Parker, a famous preacher. It marked an era in her life, for the sermon demolished every foundation-stone of her religious faith, and even hope. "The question had been started, and would not be laid to rest," said Miss Starr. "What authority have I for the faith that is in me? for faith I had in these great Christian facts, nor did I intend to resign it without evidence to the contrary."

In 1848, on her way to visit her kinsfolk in Philadelphia, she met, for the first time in her life, a Catholic priest, and

a few days after was present at a mass for the first time. Singularly, it was at this very mass in old St. John's, Philadelphia, that Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, received his pallium from the hands of his brother, then the erudite and saintly bishop of Philadelphia, afterwards Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore.

It was from Archbishop Kenrick, as well as from her cousin Professor Allen, that the germs of faith already in her heart, by reason of the noble influences by which she had been surrounded from her birth, received their first perceptible start. After this it was merely a question, under grace, of time and of development; she was received into the Catholic Church in Boston, by Bishop Fitzpatrick, on December 23, 1854, and made her first communion on the following Christmas morning in the chapel of the Sisters of Charity.

MISS STARR TELLS THE STORY OF HER CONVERSION

“Descended from a Puritan New England family which had helped to rock the cradle of Harvard University, born of Unitarian parents, educated by Unitarian teachers in Unitarian schools, surrounded by the choicest artistic, literary, and social influences under Unitarian auspices, a girlhood inspired by William Cullen Bryant, ripening into womanhood when Carlyle, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Lowell were the philosophers, essayists, poets of the day—how is it that I became a Catholic—a Roman Catholic?

“On my first visit to Boston, in 1845, friends took me on my first Sunday to the music hall to hear their favorite preacher, Theodore Parker. Around me was the brilliant talent of the American Athens—an imposing array to the eyes of the country girl who knew them all, as they were pointed out to her, through the glorifying medium of books, and whose reverent imagination had exalted them to a plane

of heroic merit. Placed between my artist friend and her husband, who was the author of one of the standard histories of the United States, I was prepared for an intellectual and spiritual banquet which would mark an era in my life. It certainly did so mark it, but in a way how different from that which I had anticipated! For as sentence after sentence came from the lips of the renowned preacher, first a tremor, then an actual chill came over me, as with smoothly flowing language, but irresistible logic, I found him demolishing every foundation-stone of my religious faith, and even hope. There was nothing left for me but to find other premises, other starting-points, or forego all the beautiful intellectual as well as spiritual life which had come to me as a child from the sacred scriptures; the Old Testament story of man, the New Testament story of a Child born to save the world from its sins, Who was crucified, died, rose again from the dead, ascended into heaven, from whence He would come to judge the living and the dead—all this I had believed on the authority of the Scriptures themselves, and this, too, while theological discussions were rife in old Deerfield, where Dr. Samuel Willard had raised the Unitarian standard, and among his most zealous supporters were my own family.

“The shock was a severe one; nor did I recover from it when we left the music hall and walked along the quiet—Sunday quiet—streets of Boston to the home of my friends. Nor did I recover from it all the weeks of my visit nor when I met in genial conversation the lions of intellectual Boston. The question had been started, and would not be laid to rest. ‘What authority have I for the faith that is in me?’ for faith I had in these great Christian facts, nor did I intend to resign it without evidence to the contrary.

“As the fruit of the story of Jesus Christ announced by an angel to a virgin, born of this virgin a virgin still, working miracles, preaching His doctrine of salvation, to be

rejected by His own nation, crucified, yet dying to rise again—I had seen by the light of history the world emerging from the errors of paganism to the fulfilment of the glorious career of Christian nations, before the splendor of whose achievements pagan civilization and pagan morality had paled, and even pagan art and pagan literature had been outstripped by the divinely inspired genius of Christianity. How could I take the retrograde step which denial implied without a close scanning of the foundations upon which Christianity rests?

“From the moment I left the music hall of old Boston on that bright June morning in 1845 this quest for an authorized faith was the quest of my life. It was useless to talk, to argue; but I could keep my ears open, my eyes open, every intellectual sense open; and as far as in me lay I did this; and yet, read current history as I would, read or listen to theological discussions as I would—at least to those around me—the question of an authorized faith remained unsolved.

“In 1848 I went to Philadelphia. For the first time in my life I came in contact with educated Catholics; for the first time in my life set foot in a Catholic church, but very, very seldom caring to attend a service, and without the slightest intention of becoming a Catholic. Why should I? And yet, week after week, month after month, was being solved, without discussion, the question of an authorized faith in the Holy Scriptures; above all, in the four gospels. For behind these gospels I saw the church which had produced them, along with the epistles, evangelists, apostles, united under one divine head, the promise of our Lord Himself—“Lo, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world”—being fulfilled by transmitting His own authority to St. Peter, whom He had declared to be the corner-stone of His church; this authority to be transmitted by him to his successors to the end of time, so that these

eighteen hundred and forty-eight years had been bound together by ties as strong as God could make them, even while working through the medium of His own creatures, made capable, as they were, of receiving and executing His will as perfectly as the winds, the seasons, the very stars that obey Him.

“All this dawned upon me by degrees—very slowly but very clearly—until after nine years of mental struggle the Roman Catholic Church rose before me as an authorized teacher of divine truth, the depository of the Christian traditions, as she had been of the ancient scriptures venerated by the Hebrews and of those of which she was herself the author and expounder under the title of the new. To accept her instruction, then, was to understand aright the revelation of God to man; to follow her guidance was to walk in the way of salvation.”

Miss Starr never ceased saying to the day of her death, “Never has my confidence in the Catholic Church as a teacher, a guide, wavered for one instant. Intellectually, as well as spiritually, I have been more than satisfied with the nourishment afforded me by this ‘mother of fair love, of knowledge, and of holy hope,’ my only anxiety having been, still being, so to use the treasures put at my disposal as to hear at last the sentence, ‘Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’ ”

It was during the first year following her reception into the Church, when she seemed to hesitate, hardly knowing what to do with her pen, that her old friend, Archbishop Kenrick, whose influence affected her whole religious thought and subsequent life, wrote to her, “Why do you not strike the lyre?” And by that rare delicacy inherent in him, understanding certain awkward phases in a convert’s life, he added, “I have anticipated the action of the publisher.” From this time her path as to literature was plain before her.

"I cannot resist the impulse to say," she wrote later in life in an article in *The Ave Maria*, "that Archbishop Kenrick's taste for poetry was one of his characteristics. I have a newspaper slip sent to me in 1854 by his Grace, entitled, 'To my Little Copper Crucifix.' The profound scholar to whom we owe a translation of the Bible constantly referred to by other scholars on both sides of the Atlantic, not only enjoyed the Psalms of David and the grand words of the ancient prophets, but delighted in the poetry of his own and our days. My own muse was often quickened by his playful invitation to 'strike the lyre.'"

But in 1856 Miss Starr was compelled to seek a larger sphere of labor, and in the young, growing city situated on the southwestern shores of Lake Michigan she found her life-work.

The following extracts are taken from letters recently sent to the writer of these memoirs, dated from 1857 to 1863. They give briefly a few interesting facts about Miss Starr's arrival, reception, and work in Chicago up to the time when she took possession of her own home.

CHICAGO, 1857.

When I arrived in this busy Western city I had no acquaintances, no friends to go to, a stranger in a strange land; I put up at a hotel, which I soon learned was opposite St. Mary's Cathedral, Wabash Avenue and Madison Street. On the following morning, Sunday, I went to first mass, and found the attendance enormous; the pews, the aisles, and vestibules were crowded with worshipers, and I could only obtain a kneeling spot inside the vestibule. I went to second mass, but the crowds were equally as great. St. Mary's is the only church on the South Side, and as the inpouring of immigrants from Europe, and above all, from Ireland, brought

an increasing number of Catholics to the city, the attendance at the services was as edifying as it was large.

I knelt this second time near the confessional on the Epistle side of the door. After the sermon, the collection was taken up, and the gentleman who took up the collection in the aisle I occupied, looked closely at me when I placed my small contribution on the plate. After he had passed the plate into the sanctuary gate, he came down to where I was kneeling, and respectfully beckoned me to follow him, when he conducted me to a pew near the altar, which I saw was his. When mass was over he turned to me and said, "I see you are a stranger. You may occupy a seat in my pew whenever you come to this church." Such was my first welcome in Chicago among strangers, and in God's holy temple! On the following morning I called on Bishop O'Reagan for whom I had letters from Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore, Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston, and other friends. The good Bishop gave me a most cordial reception. After he learned the story of my life from my own lips, he said, "I will do all I can for you, and as you have letters to several prominent citizens, I will speak to a good Catholic friend, who will interest himself in your behalf." On the following day I called by appointment at the Bishop's residence, and whom should I find the Bishop's friend to be but the good Catholic who gave me the use of his pew on the previous Sunday at St. Mary's. Without delay I was brought to see Messrs. Ogden, Newberry, Scammon, McCormick, and others who promised to give their hearty coöperation in the establishing of an art school according to the lines I indicated to them. Thanks to the great interest taken in me, I was soon established in rooms on Wabash Avenue, and soon had a large number of pupils, children from the best families of Chicago. My poems and articles that appeared in Eastern periodicals paved the way for my recognition as a teacher in art and literature.

January, 1861.

. . . . I moved to the North Side in 1860, as here was the real field of my labors, and here I found loyal friends among the clergy of the Holy Name and the professors of the University of St. Mary's of the Lake. After Bishop O'Reagan's departure for Rome and subsequent resignation, he was succeeded by the Right Rev. James Duggan, D.D., who proved to be, up to the time of writing this letter to you, a most devoted patron and friend. His scholarly attainments, artistic temperament, and beautiful traits of character are most helpful to me, and I will say to you that his generous heart moves a liberal hand toward me at times when I feel the need of a true friend.

December 5, 1862.

. . . . Bishop Duggan has returned from a visit to Rome; he had a delightful trip, and his descriptive lectures of the places he visited and the scenes that he witnessed are delightful. . . . He told me that he assisted at the ordination of a young candidate for the priesthood, a student in the Propaganda, which fact pleased me, as the young man is the son of the good Catholic who gave me the first welcome to Chicago.

May 20, 1863.

. . . . I am now in my own home, thanks to the kindness of Bishop Duggan and his devoted clergy and many kind friends. At my request it was christened St. Joseph's Cottage. It is situated on Huron Street, No. 279, a few doors west of Wolcott [later North State] Street.

In Chicago, her classes, it was said, had made an era in art, as they preceded in the study of nature, of casts, and even of life, all the present institutes and academies. A

writer in the *Evening Post* under date of July 5, 1890, speaks as follows of her work and methods :

“Miss Starr was the first teacher in Chicago to instruct her pupils exclusively in drawing from nature and casts, but she has always been more than a mere drawing-teacher to her pupils. Dr. Brainard was wont to say of her that it was not her formal instruction which was most valuable, but that which she involuntarily communicated to those under her charge; and William Clark declared that she was the only teacher of art-esthetics whom he knew. It is Ruskin who affirms that ‘we address ourselves in vain to the education of the artist while the demand for his work is uncertain or unintelligent.’ Not only has Miss Starr given lessons in drawing and painting from nature and casts to the children of the most prominent families in Chicago since 1857, but her lectures have had much to do with creating an intelligent appreciation of and demand for art. More than this, she has made it her office to hold aloft pure and high ideals to all with whom she came in contact, and to interpret for them the finer things of life which, when understood, lend a charm and delight to the commonest every-day highways and byways.

“Delicately courteous to all with whom she comes in contact, her politeness seems to flow from a natural disposition to oblige, and attracts to her little home on Huron Street, which is known as St. Joseph’s Cottage, the most refined and charming people. A cultivated woman, she is yet all that is tender and generous, and the forlorn and heavy-hearted who find their way to her little home not only have their self-respect encouraged by the gentlest civility, but their needs, whatever they may be, supplied.

“With all her gentleness and perfect courtesy Miss Starr is a woman of great dignity of character, and easily exercises a certain benign control over those with whom she comes in contact. She has strong views on this point, and believes

that every woman should understand the theory of government and make of it a daily practice in her home. She believes that to exercise due and proper control is a part of every woman's duty, is indeed a part of her mission in the world, and is fond of instancing the Abbess Hilda, who in the seventh century presided with such dignity and eminent success over a monastery as well as a convent. However, Miss Starr herself 'commands like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue.' "

But as a higher aim than mere technique had always inspired her own studies, so it inspired her teaching; and a still more profound insight into the conditions of beauty and ideality in art and literature had been favored by her entrance to the Catholic Church, which involves a curious coincidence. The Allen coat of arms is a Crusader's Cross with the lion rampant holding a rudder as a crest. Every few generations, in spite of Puritan surrounding, the Crusader blood has asserted itself, as in Fanny Allen, daughter of Colonel Ethan Allen; later in George Allen, LL.D., professor of Greek in the University of Pennsylvania; and again, in the subject of our sketch.

The first copy of the *Ave Maria* ever opened contained a poem by E. A. S., and not only the first number, but five others, of the first volume, beginning May 1, 1865. The *Catholic World*, *The Record*, *Young Crusader*, *Freeman's Journal*, the *London Monthly*, were her principal mediums with the public. In 1867 she collected and published the poems written in previous years, edited by her cousin, Professor George Allen, LL.D., of the University of Pennsylvania. At that time Professor Allen placed her name on the title-page (unknown to her) as Eliza Allen Starr; playfully apologizing by saying he "had forgotten her middle name, but knew it ought to be Allen, like that of her brother and sister." She has always kept the name, not only as a *nom de plume*, but as a precious memento of her mother's

family and a mark of gratitude for all which she owed to the noblest, most self-sacrificing of mothers. In the spring of 1871 Eliza Allen Starr published a volume entitled "Patron Saints." For the first series she drew twelve illustrations on wood, after celebrated religious pictures by her favorite masters. She afterwards etched twelve similar ones on steel plates for a second volume under the same title.

In 1871 the great Chicago fire destroyed St. Joseph's Cottage, as her beautiful little home was called, where she had lived for eight years, and which was filled with her treasures of a lifetime, and she was again a wanderer. Having no home, she accepted an invitation to make St. Mary's Academy, near South Bend, Indiana, her home until her own should be rebuilt. While with the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who have here their Mother house, she assisted them to form an art department.

In the autumn of 1875, through the generosity of friends, she visited Europe, spending some months in Rome; afterwards visiting Orvieto, Sienna, Florence, Pisa, Genoa, Paris, London, studying especially their Christian monuments.

In 1877, on the rebuilding of St. Joseph's Cottage, she returned to Chicago, where she pursued as before lessons in both art and literature. During the winters of 1877-78-79 she gave a lecture every week upon the literature of Christian art.

The lectures upon art literature which have diversified her intercourse with the public had a convent origin. While at St. Mary's, Mother Angela insisted upon her giving lectures, *viva voce*, on art literature to the pupils. The lecture courses commenced at St. Mary's were continued in the studio of her own home to ladies, and they were repeated by request in the parlors of ladies in other parts of Chicago and in New York, Boston, St. Louis, St. Paul, Milwaukee, and Detroit, attracting brilliant and appreciative audiences in each city.

During eight years a continually increasing interest was

manifested in these lectures, which were illustrated by photographs to a degree seldom attempted in the most highly favored communities. Modeled upon no conventional idea, they were considered as the individual outcome of personal study and of an enthusiasm which never lost its fervor as it had never lost its incentives.

After her return from Europe, "Pilgrims and Shrines" was given to the public, a most original and altogether charming contribution to art literature, embellished by her own etchings from drawings taken on the most interesting sites visited by her. The great charm of the book is its motive of intense devotion; no one can read a page of it without feeling this, and it is by no means necessary to believe in the author's creed to enjoy it. Indeed, the spirit of it is above all creeds, and the reader loses sight of the particular belief in the pleasure of having things common to all Christianity touched with tenderness and delicacy. The fifty-two illustrations were sketched on the spot and etched by her own hand. These etchings have a high degree of technical excellence, and, again like the text, they are throughout remarkable for that indefinable charm which artists call "feeling." "Sometimes I hear about the comment," she once said, "that I am at home only with the subject of medieval art; but the truth is that I have taken up all periods and all artists, from the catacombs to the beginning of the present decade."

In recognition of Miss Starr's work entitled "The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art," the late Pope Leo XIII. sent to her with his blessing a beautiful medallion. It is a costly cameo, on whose face is the figure of the Virgin Mother, a reproduction of Murillo's "Immaculate Conception." The transparent stone is surrounded by gold, and the medallion as received is inclosed in a handsome case.

The honor is especially great, inasmuch as women have

rarely been the recipients of such highly valued tokens of appreciation. It was transmitted by the Pope to the author's home at St. Joseph's Cottage, 299 Huron Street. Although the volume which called forth this honor was preceded by many books, all of which were presented to the Pope, it was left to the last to win for her what she said was an unlooked-for distinction, though one she devoutly prized.

Works which came from her pen during the years she had been writing have attracted attention the world over. Among them were "Three Keys to the Camera Della Segnatura of the Vatican," "Isabella of Castile," "Songs of a Life-time," "Christmas-tide," "Christian Art in Our Own Age," "What We See," "The Seven Dolors of the Virgin Mary."

Miss Starr prepared a series of articles which appeared in an extra edition of *The New World* on "Art in the Chicago Churches." The material for this she collected by personal visitation of the churches in Chicago.

In 1885 the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, conferred upon Miss Starr the Lætare Medal, as a recognition of her services to Catholic art and literature, and during the Catholic congress, held under the auspices of the World's Columbian Exposition, Miss Starr gave a paper on "Woman's Work in Art."

Miss Starr's quaintly beautiful home was a treasure-house of the "ideas" which, as she strongly expressed it, "must make the first furnishing of a home"—a center of art and education, of benevolent enterprises and social influence, and the highest charm of which was the remarkable personality of its venerated mistress.

LETTERS



ELIZA ALLEN STARR, æt. 20

LETTERS

BOSTON, June, Sunday, 1846.

DEAR EUNICE:

Strange as it may seem I have been so hurried in pleasure (if not business) that I have found no time to write, but this cool, beautiful Sunday morning brings you all so freshly to my mind—all of us as we once were—that I cannot but commence at last a letter. When I was a child I believe I cried very easily, and I think I am coming to be a child again, for it sometimes seems as if my eyes were constantly filled with tears—tears that do not flow, but sink silently back to their fountain, keeping my heart tender. If you have seen Miss W., she has probably told you all that happened to us jointly while she was here, and I believe I kept you pretty well advised of myself before that time. I sent a note to mother by her, giving an account of our Lynn expedition. I never enjoyed anything more. We passed through a delightful country. Saugus (where the father of Ames the artist lives and where we found his wife and a Mrs. G., whose husband, a landscape-painter, is brother to G., the sculptor), is one of the loveliest towns I have ever seen; the houses are like those of most country towns, ordinary, and, what is an exception, not very tasteful; but the river—it is the most charming, graceful little river you can think; the banks are low, and of the soft moist green one loves, and it winds and curves about until we are completely lost in trying to turn it. Lynn is a very pretty busy place, and the cottages on the seashore will in a few years be charming. As to our sea-bathing, I have no doubt the delicate senses of the people of Deerfield would be shocked at the idea of going in to bathe with gentlemen, and as I did not feel bound to confess

all, I have said nothing about it in any letters to D., leaving them to draw their own inference. I thought Mrs. W. was worried, but she did not seem to know that those in the water, who are obliged to exert every muscle, have no time to think whether they in their loose gowns, etc., and the "gents in shirts and pants" are desired as much as they would choose to be in a parlor where we go to be looked at. I never saw Hildreth so lively, and when we were coming home he said he thought it much better than "cottage hunting." I really should not have spent so much time on this but that I expected Mrs. W. would go home and tell it in such a manner that you would imagine we had done some unheard-of thing. If I stay in Boston I mean to have a regular bathing dress. When we went to Mt. Auburn we saw where Mr. and Mrs. B. were laid; I found also Dwight Williams's grave. It is a very lovely spot, deeply but not darkly shaded, and very charming, which seems to mark out the grounds for flower seeds. The flowers reminded me of those set about Oliver. Do they blossom? I hope some time to see that dear turf covered with blossoms. I went to it the morning I left home, and I cannot tell you how grateful I am for the green thought that I then took with me. It is no more desolate as before, and I can now lie down in spirit upon it, thanking the dews and rain for its freshness. We saw Samuel Hildreth's monument, erected by his classmates. He was only twenty-one. Charles was in yesterday, and I went with him to see some pictures by a lady, either in France or England—Scripture pieces—one "Faith, Hope, Charity," the other "Christ Reproving Martha." In the sisters, Faith is a very lovely figure, having her hand on Hope's shoulder, and one hand in Charity's, princesslike those hands; her hair is a golden brown and a few flowers are placed in it. Hope is a taller figure, pressing a cross to her bosom, her eyes opened. Charity has the kindest of all faces, and bears in one hand a Bible and loaf

of bread, the other as I told you is clasping that of Faith. Christ with the Sisters of Bethany is as beautiful an embodiment of the idea of the Saviour as I expect to see. Mary has a sweet humble look, and bends herself before him as if feeling unworthy of his presence. Martha is fairly subdued, and has a firm Jewish face and turban. She receives the admonition in a meek spirit. They have all a life-like warmth of coloring, and are worth all the other pictures I have seen since I have been here. A season ticket for the Atheneum Exhibition has been very politely given me by Mr. G. He is withal a splendid singer, and plays the guitar with a firm effect. I think much of the Atheneum, and shall go in to-morrow; the ticket admits me as often as I choose to go in this summer. I went with Mr. T.'s family and Mary W. to see the great painting of the end of the world, but as I told Judith about it, I will not repeat it, as I have none too much room. Mr. T.'s brother, a bachelor, asked me to go see Mrs. K.'s wax figures, which I did, and some evening he will call to take me to see the "Court of Death," a very celebrated picture. You see there is no lack of politeness, and I am very grateful, I assure you, to every one who treated me so. Yesterday we returned a call from the B.'s, a beautiful family, the mother and sister of Henry B., who is settled in Barry, where they will spend several months. They were once very rich, and Mr. B. went into several countries in Europe. He visited Mrs. H., and she sent to his daughter E. a book with her own name written with her own hand, and a manuscript book of music of which the music was by her sister and the poetry by herself. They are now in very moderate circumstances. One son is at the Meadville Seminary, Pennsylvania. I need not, I am sure, my only sister, tell you how much I wish you were here, we need not tell these things. I often hope that we will sometimes find it so. Father says you get along well in your school, in which I rejoice, but be careful of

your health. Give my love to friends as well as the dear ones at home, and tell Pa I thank him for his letters, as you for yours.

ELIZA.

WORCESTER, Sept., Sat. morn., 1846.

It is a rainy Saturday morning, dear Eunice, we cannot go to walk, and really I do not trust myself to sit down quietly to work. I am afraid I shall fix up a dish of blues for the day. So I have taken my book into my lap—it is my custom—and am writing to you. I have one consolation always ready, writing home, and home is a safe place to deposit one's weaknesses, which I sincerely mean to, as I have no other spot wherein to lay them. The house has at this moment been thrown into the greatest agitation by the ring of the door-bell and the arrival of Miss M. T. from Washington, a young lady who has been out in Washington two brilliant winters. She was born in the United States, but was educated mostly in France. She has since resided in Cuba, until the last two or three years. Her mother finds that consequent upon her migratory life, she is deficient in some of the more substantial of her education, and as Miss S. is an intimate friend of hers, has sent her to Worcester for a short time. She is reported as quite handsome, very genteel, rather an exquisite, I fear. But still I have even now come in contact with so many of the (by reputation) great people, and have so invariably found them to be flesh and blood, that I believe I won't be disturbed by Miss T., who I suppose has no superior intellectual endowments, notwithstanding her accomplishments, and I have come to the determination to make the best use of her polish, and let the rest be forgotten. I was very glad, as you may imagine, to get your letter. Tell Tot I was delighted with hers, and shall write her one all by herself. I am glad that the family

in general are in tolerable health, but I expect that you and mother will be sick. I can with a good fear caution you about your eyes as I am very careful of mine. I find that I must be. I am sorry that it rains to-day as I want to see C. and H., but I think they would not be likely to start in such a rain as this. Since I wrote to you I have been to a delightful tea-party at Mrs. W.'s. We had a most exquisite time, everything was so elegant, so tasteful, and so sociable. The tea was handed round, biscuits and cake—about eight o'clock; about nine custard and something of which I do not know the name, but I can tell you of how it was made: custard flavored with lemon and inclosed in sponge cake. Mrs. W. is noted for her delightful little tea-parties. If you would like to know who my beau was, I can tell you, and he is a very elegant man, in his prime, Mr. Haven, the librarian of the Antiquarian Hall. He is considered one of the most agreeable men in this circle. Then I told you that at a little sociable party at a Mrs. P.'s (by the way, a very delightful woman, who was a teacher before she married the rich Mr. P.) I met Rev. Mr. Hale, and had a very long and animated conversation with him. He is quite a botanist, and delights in natural history, and of course, natural beauty. He has but one specimen of a plant that D. wanted, and he says that is very rare, but it would give him the greatest pleasure to exchange. He took D.'s address, and said he intended to write to him, as he should like to open up a correspondence, and as I intend to give you a full account of my proceedings and of all which personally concerns me, and as nothing is reported to be more interesting to girls like you and me than the beaux, the conversation was closed only by our going out to the table. I have heard him preach once, and was delighted with his manner and method. The older people say that his sermons are nothing extraordinary, but his devotional exercises are exceedingly spiritual. This is a good fault. A cool head can write a spirited sermon, but

a cool heart cannot make a good or consoling prayer. They have a new collection of hymns at his church which are just the thing. The other day Mrs. W. sent me a lovely bouquet of the frayed and closed gentians and asters. I sent in return the "inclosed lines"—I have had the most lovely autumnal flowers on my bureau, all the time I have been here, the fruits of my own culling when I walk out, and of Mrs. W.'s kindness. Last evening I was invited to a little social to "spend the evening" at Mrs. P.'s, one of the oldest and most aristocratic families in Worcester. Mary, one of the daughters, is my pupil—indeed, my only promising one in painting. We were invited to meet some young ladies who were visiting at G. D.'s, but they did not happen to be very interesting, so I found myself very agreeably entertaining myself with Mrs. H. W., widow of the late H. W., Jr. I wish mother could have seen her, she is so plain and yet so agreeable, without a shadow of ostentation or pride of rank and station. I enjoyed the opportunity of conversing with the wife of so holy a man, and one whom I have revered from a child. She is rather admired, and quiet, gentle, and still in her movements. Mrs. P. has been abroad several times, and the result has been a better collection of pictures than I have seen in Worcester. They have one by Stewart, a picture of her father, and it is one of his best; they have two landscapes by George Brown before he left for Italy. Mrs. P. showed me a likeness of her brother, a Mr. S., and from what she said of his voyages to China, etc., I concluded he must be the Mr. S. whom Caleb is so well acquainted with, at least with his character. A Miss B. S., sister to Mrs. P., was there; and strange to say, I met in her fat, good-humored person the Miss B., the chosen sister of the fat Misses L,'s., Mrs. H.'s neighbors. She inquired very particularly for Mrs. H. It seems as if I could tell of nothing but company; indeed, it furnishes all that is interesting to tell of my life, and I know you all wish to hear what I am about.

Saturday noon.—I have just come down from my school-room tired and dispirited, the clouds are clearing away, and I must make some calls this afternoon, and shall run down to the depot at five o'clock. I am sorry to hear of Aunt Judith's feebleness. When I left her she seemed sadly miserable, but you know she has been so so often I did not think seriously that I should never see her again, but now I feel it may be possible. Give my warmest love to her. She has been like a mother to me, and if one of her nieces has reason to love her, it is I. I hope K. is tolerably well, and I hope strength will be given her to do kindly by aunt during the few days that remain to her on earth. She has our gratitude at least from the first, my particular love I wish to have given her. I am going to dinner now, and will tell you how I like Miss T. Well, I have seen the wonderful Miss T.; she is quite tall and slender, prettily turned head, and beautiful hair, teeth, and eyes; her brows, too, are pretty—her chin abominably long, and her mouth very small and pretty. Altogether she forms a very graceful personage, her speech is grand, with a very interesting lisp, which seems to be a fashionable twist in the virtue of tongues. I really think I may like her, for she gives most delightful descriptions of the flowers of Cuba. After all, there is nothing like a varied experience to give versatility to one's mind, and I hope I shall have sufficient to do this. I have inquired about the schools and can hear nothing as yet, Miss S. says. She has frequent applications for teachers from the South—if she should have one from Baltimore, I suppose you would accept. For this place I can see you are abundantly qualified. I suppose you do not feel as much confidence in your painting as I do, but except this you know far more than I do. O dear, my arithmetic class is so dull, I am worried out with it; thanks to my stars, it doesn't last long, for mathematics are not greatly in vogue. Miss S. has spoken of wanting a mathematic teacher (this was when I first came here) this winter. I don't know but

what she may think I will do. I like my grammar better than I did, because I feel it to be very essential to me. I think more and more of a place by which you and myself may go into a school of our own, we are just right for it, and when we get money enough we will. I am studying German slowly, yet surely. I long to begin to translate. Tell John and Caleb I hope they will write, let me depend upon having one a week. Tell mother I am very careful of myself, and am quite successful in fixing my clothes, and do my mending in time. My love to all who ask for me. You can particularize. Have you heard from S., or written to her? Pray tell me when you write what M. said about the girls; don't be "scant," I am in distress to know; if you don't, "I'll never tell you anything as long as I live, so there." Love to our folks, as you know I must always desire.

Your sister in love,

ELIZA.

THE FOREST, NATCHEZ, Nov. 16, 1850.

MY DEAR COUSIN MARY:

Beside one, 'next to my family I know of no one who will be more interested to learn of my safe arrival than yourself and household, and I am happy to occupy these few hours of leisure still granted me, in thinking of those endeared to me by so many delightful hours of social intercourse, as well as unnumbered acts of kindness and affection. We all arrived last evening—reached the boat-landing about seven o'clock, and after a hot fish supper, took the family carriages which were in waiting at "The Point." The curtains were close, so I could tell nothing of the country, but knew we passed several pleasant spots, and the children pointed out large magnolias with their polished green leaves. The road to the Forest and Elgin (the residence of Dr. Jenkins, who married a Miss Dunbar), lies for several miles through woods,

and the house is entirely surrounded by a grove, covering acres, in which you find the live-oak, magnolia, persimmon, pine, and varieties for which I have as yet no name. These are the results of my morning's walk, as well as my knowledge of "the house I live in," which is a large square brick mansion, surrounded by a double gallery. The rooms are magnificently large and high—higher by a foot than any parlor I have seen in Philadelphia. The halls and stairways are proportionately wide, and all this extent of surface furnished with heavy, old-fashioned furniture, not a little defaced in some instances, but substantially good, and on the walls hang the portraits of a past generation, in wigs and ruffles. Nothing could be more in contrast to the cheerful and fanciful fashions of Philadelphia households, and from the very contrast strikes my imagination. My own room is lighted by one magnificent window, regal in size, opening upon the gallery, and overlooking the wooded porch, the trees of which, however, are too thick and the country too vast to allow of any distant views. My canopied bedstead occupies one corner, round which is drawn at night the mosquito net of such delicate texture as to resemble muslin drapery. Near this is my fireplace, and within its ample joints blazes a wood fire. This is a great comfort to me, not only on account of its warmth, but that it is a great entertainment to push and arrange the sticks, and nothing is more soothing to a "solitaire" than to make the blazing coals "seem what you please," and I am reminded constantly of Coleridge's cloud-land.

You cannot think how delightful it seemed to me to walk once more under the open sky and among trees, and yet the strangeness of everything around me, the new trees and shrubbery oppressed me with unutterable melancholy. But on this part of my story I must not dwell, it is something I cannot yet look firmly in the face. One peculiarity is too remarkable to remain unnoticed. For two or three days

while on the river I noticed the moss hanging from the trees, and how every dead tree is clothed with it, literally covered, and its hoary beard mingles even with the polished leaves of the live-oak, making a contrast wonderful and picturesque. This pendant gray moss reminds one by its mournful perpendicularity of the antique funeral draperies, and gives a sublimely ancient look to the woods, which really affects me. You can have no idea of it, it is like the picture "Death in the Midst of Life."

On our passage we stopped at Greenville to take in freight, and for the first time in my life I went into a cotton-field. Nothing could be prettier than the pure white cotton, delicate as floss, bursting from "the boots," as the pods are called, and often falling over the sides several inches while clinging tenaciously to the pod. A few flowers still remained, presenting that great phenomena to a Northerner which is so common at the South. The mistletoe was also gathered here, and was decorated with a pale green translucent berry, which will open white as wax and be used with the holly in Christmas decorations.

Cousin George was right in his notion of Western steam-boats. They furnish their tables sometimes too luxuriously for the health of the passengers, and in order and cleanliness are very much to be preferred to the western hotels, which, so far as I have seen, are miserable. At Louisville we stayed at the most genteel house, and which I must think was the filthiest house into which respectable people were very willingly thrust. The steamboat was a great relief. We had, too, a most intelligent and agreeable company on board. Both the Ohio and Mississippi are at this season very muddy; the banks of the Ohio are beautiful, though it seems to me monotonous, but the Mississippi shores were a continuous line of dreary sand banks stretching into the stream, covering at times acres, and forests monotonously straight or scattered and denuded both as to

leaf and bark. After we left Memphis we saw some fine plantations. This dreary aspect of the river was partly owing to its low current. But it is really a great event to pass down these two magnificent rivers, the one remarkable for beauty, the other grand in its vast utility.

Sunday evening.—What would you say to the little church we attended? It stands upon Mrs. Dunbar's grounds, but accommodates the whole neighborhood. Here a Presbyterian minister officiates, the singing coming from the congregation. They have service, however, but every other Sunday. But small as the congregation is, the ladies improve the opportunity for display, and I saw two ladies in white kids, and there was a goodly show of silks, black laces, and ribands. This you may think did not augur strict attention on my own part, but in fact I learned most of these important facts as I stood waiting for Mrs. Dunbar to conclude her greetings to her friends. This afternoon "the people," as the blacks are called, passed under my windows on their way from church. Mr. Ogden, a valetudinarian, preaches to them every other Sunday. This gentleman is one of the family. The dresses of the blacks are often very picturesque. Many of them at this season wear white flannel blanket coats, long and loose, with open sleeves, and together with their very gay head-kerchief and very black faces, give an Oriental aspect to the groups scattered among the trees. I have not yet told you about the family, which consists of Mrs. Dunbar, one son, a young man of twenty-two, and three daughters, and the aforesaid clergyman. The two youngest of the daughters are my pupils, and very amiable, affectionate children they seem. To-morrow commences our school. From these children I really expect affection. If from the others I obtain politeness and their approbation, I am content. Mrs. Dunbar is the one to whom I look to render my life comfortable and my relations agreeable, and she seems disposed to do so. I should like to send you

some of the flowers blooming, and also a description of the garden, which is very large and tasteful, but I will leave this as a temptation for some of you to write. I am sure, cousin Mary, you as well as Cousin George will sometimes send a line of kind remembrance to me, and tell the girls I shall be delighted to hear from them. Do tell me if my bills were ever paid to you by the Quaker school, and also if Mr. D. has rectified my blunders? He said it was very shabby in me to leave my money matters with you in such a state, and wondered I did not tell him before I left the house. But I did not like to have you see me speak to him about it. It was very silly, I know, but I intended to send you the money by him after leaving the city. Has he made everything right? He said he would do so immediately, but something may have prevented. Will you write before long and tell me exactly how I stand with you, as I can send you the money without difficulty. My trunks have not yet arrived, but we may expect them daily. Kiss Cousin George and the children for me, and also the hand of the good bishop. My little à Kempis was, I rejoice to say, in my carpet-bag. My vanity has been tolerably crossed as well as my comfort by the failure of my trunks, but I regarded it as a fine opportunity to exercise my patience.

What would you say if I should tell you of the admiration excited on the boat by your little doll, "its sweet expression," and that all my talent was called into exercise in endeavors to imitate it not only for children, but grown people. All my time, when the boat stopped, was occupied in this way. I have it safe among the few treasures in my possession. You are in possession of a fame many an artist might envy, for you are celebrated for the "expression," so sweet and innocent, of your productions.

Have any of you heard Jenny Lind, and tell me something of the musical world, for it is four weeks since I have heard a note. I noted the 10th of November in my journal

as the day of Mr. Gertland's consecration as Bishop—of what place I had forgotten; and will you give me the name of the person, a Greek scholar, whose engraving hangs in your back parlor. I have been reading the "Opium Eater," and that face was before me the whole time. Let me have the benefit of your prayers, my gentle cousin, for mine you have, worthless as they may seem to you, yet sincere and affectionate. Believe me, yours most truly now and ever,

ELIZA STARR.

DEERFIELD, Sept. 1, 1853.

DEAR COUSIN GEORGE:

My date is a month later than if I had written yesterday, which I somewhat regret, as my delay in answering your letter has been quite beyond what is usual with me. I can truly say that if I had been as well any time during the summer as I am now, you would have heard from me. There has been a decided change for the better with me in the two weeks past, which must be attributed, I suppose, partly to some medicine prepared by our old doctor, and partly to the degree of quiet I have been able to keep, which is at present absolutely necessary. If my eyes would only be well, I should feel quite like myself, but they will doubtless improve with my general health. I believe your letter has been quite as much in my mind as if I had replied to it immediately, for an answered letter often, like other things fully accomplished, loses its hold upon us somewhat. If yours, too, had been more commonplace, I should have answered it sooner, for to reply to it as my heart dictates, I have felt at times would quite overset my poor head. It was five years yesterday since I first met you all in Philadelphia, an event so strangely connected with all my subsequent life that after five years I cannot think of it without the deepest solemnity. The details of that short journey are as distinct in my mind as

on the day after. They now assume an importance which I never thought of at the time. So clearly do I see the hand of Providence in everything connected with it, even in the trivial decisions made against my own will, that through it all I seem not to have acted from anything within myself; and mysterious as the result may now appear, I have no questioning as to the merciful intentions of God toward me. Neither do I feel that as yet I shall fathom them, or can at all comprehend under what form they may be developed by time and by the course of events. You may not see the connection between this and the hope you expressed in your letter, yet the choice I must make sooner or later between Protestantism and Catholicism must certainly date back to the period of my first visit to Philadelphia. What that choice may be it is now impossible for me to say. I should indeed shrink from any conscious choice at present, so sensible am I of my own inability to choose aright. But I hope, dear cousin, that I may never be found fighting against that blessed comforter promised by our blessed Saviour as one who should "fully show us all things." The ground of your hope for me is certainly one which in no way compromises my own candor in what little I may have ever said to you on the subject, and is in accordance with every feeling of a devout soul. The event with all its consequences I hope to be able to leave with a higher Power and Wisdom. I told cousin Mary in my letter to her that I was reading Cardinal Wiseman's lectures (I have read six), and am, to say the least, greatly interested. His clear style of manner of treating his subjects is remarkably suited to my feminine capacity, which is not seldom frightened by the array of learning in controversial reading. I have such a fear lest I should be misled by the subtlety of learning, which is after all (on the logical subjects especially) so contradictory. The idea of basing my eternal safety on an explanation given by a man who, however learned, may still be less so than another, at times

is quite startling. And the experience I have had with the so-called learned ones and the popular organs of the day makes me feel that absolute truth is something they have no idea of attaining. They indeed seem to think there is no such thing, and under this conviction grow so exceedingly charitable that one loses all respect for their individual opinions. "Ever learning, yet never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." All this is very confusing to me. But the Cardinal carries one along as smoothly as one who steers by an absolute truth as his compass; the intricacies of the question are entirely laid aside, or, perhaps I should say, he has thriddled them so frequently himself that he takes us through without any consciousness on our part of the wonders of the maze. I must confess that I have been very slow in finding the one essential, central point of difference between us, which the lectures make so plain. The bare dispute as to the Apostolic succession has always been a dry one to me. I could not understand its significance; but connected with the authority of the Church, as the depository of the unwritten word as the key to the written and visible word, it blossoms out and becomes fruitful, a subject of interest; of interest especially when the divine written word seems to be so lightly esteemed among men, when we see so much perverse ingenuity and subtle sophistry employed in undermining its power over our generation. I never seemed to realize it until this winter. And the more I ponder the more mysterious seems that element of entire belief, perfect faith. Our age of opinion is certainly not one of faith. I do not think, cousin, that I talk very clearly on these topics, for the simple reason that I do not think clearly. My mind at times seems held in a state of solution; what is to be the nature of the precipitate I cannot tell. It requires time for all these ideas to arrange themselves in comely and harmonious order, and what a calamity never to attain to this harmony.

We are having the most perfect weather. The autumnal

change has not yet come either in the air or the verdure around us. The ripening grapes look like autumn, and to sit in my room you might fancy yourself among the vineyards of France. The eastern and southern angle of our house is entirely covered with vines which are loaded with fruit. I should like a basket of your fine peaches, and would make exchanges with you from our vines if we were only neighbors. I hope Cousin Mary is well now, and that September will not renew her chills. I have written her such miserable letters that I do not wonder that I have not heard from her for some time. I hope, however, to hear before very long from one or the other of you. Father and mother are well as usual, now, though pa, I believe, has been working too hard lately. I have just finished a drawing of little Willie; he is very much delighted with it himself, as children usually are with their own pictures, I believe. The forms in crayon drawing are so large that I can draw with less injury to my eyes than I can do anything else unless I say knitting. You can have no idea how many precious hours are given to this most demure and meditative of employments. The only book I have read since April is the letters of Charles Lamb, the two volumes. Give my love to Cousin Mary and your sister Lydia, of whose health and welfare I hope to hear when you write. My love also to Bessie and Julia, Heman and George, and in all these affections and greetings father and mother join. I suppose I need hardly say that they would, however, consider it a sore affliction to see the prayers of the Archbishop answered in the way you desire. My letter is a much longer one than my eyes ought to write, though neither heart nor hand is weary. Let me have the pleasure of reading a letter from you as soon as you have an hour to give to

Your very affectionate cousin,

ELIZA.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 17, 1854.

DEAR COUSIN MARY:

As a preparatory step to writing to you, I called on Monday to see our good friend, the Archbishop. He always receives me with the most beautiful urbanity, exercises the greatest patience towards my weak head and unbelieving heart, and this time he was in unusual spirits; said he had received a visitor from Philadelphia, Mr. L., whom I immediately recognized as the object of your Christian solicitude fully five years ago. He added that Mr. L. had at length yielded himself to the Catholic rule, and gave me in a few words an account of all the persuadings which in the space between Saturday evening and Monday morning had finally made him one of the flock, and sent him back to Philadelphia thoroughly established and confirmed in the faith, concluding by saying with great glee that "this was better than some people had done." It would not, of course, be proper or at all consistent in me to congratulate him or you on such a termination to his long investigation, but I knew, Cousin M., that you would feel so pleased that I could not help taking sides with you in the matter. I felt an involuntary sympathy with you. The good Archbishop tells me that Mr. L.'s parents were Unitarians, and that he was educated one, and used to attend Mr. J.'s church. It is strange from under what different stars and influences the converts of your faith have come out, but I will not trouble you with any of my speculations on the subject, as I feel that nothing I may say can ever strike you very favorably so long as I refuse allegiance. I am certain that to your ears one ejaculation of belief would sound sweeter than volumes of musical philosophy or practicing.

I am sorry I am not feeling better to-day, since I have commenced a letter to you, but I do not know how long I may wait if I put it off until body and mind are in tune. It needs but little to bring discord between them; though I am

never sick like other people, never have a bad cold or dyspepsia, but I am much of the time nervously unfit for anything but the most silent and composing occupations. My drawing furnishes me with the most salutary occupation whenever I can attend to it, and when I find my eyes actually tired of seeing, my dull ears tired of even the little they hear, and my mind wearied with agitations, I take my knitting, turn my back to the light, and withdraw like an oyster into its shell. I have not been able to go out since my visit to the Archbishop, and have almost nothing to tell you; indeed, any news I might fall in with would have little interest for you. But though I have not been out I have received my letters duly from Deerfield; all are well, and I hear from one of my cousins that mother is unusually well and in excellent spirits since her visit to Eunice. Father tells me all about the farming, their five steers and sled teams, which are now improving the snow to draw wood. He says, "the children are so well that they actually turn the house upside down in their gambols, trooping through it with sleds, wheelbarrows, cross-bows, and dolls, it being too cold for them to play out, and are like squirrels in their cage." I hear that both Cousin G. and you are troubled with a heart affection still; I had hoped it would be cured before this. The Archbishop spoke of it when I saw him, as he has before, which makes me fear that it is more serious than I was willing to think. You are surrounded by wise physicians. We know, indeed, that physicians often fail, but I hope neither of you will defer availing yourselves of any skill they may possess. I suppose you still adhere to homeopathy; I have determined to consult a physician of this practice myself. Mrs. B. is a warm advocate of the system, and is herself the best evidence in their favor. I hope your Dr. H. will be able to do something for you. My cousins here are all on the other side. What will you think when I tell you that I am in the midst of table-tippings, rappings, speaking and writing mediums,

and such wonders as are enough to make one's hair stand on end or turn gray of a night? I have no doubt you will immediately conclude that I am up to the ears in this delusion, as I have so often manifested a *penchant* for such varieties. But for once I have escaped. The fear of leaving my wits has been a powerful motive, and then I could not shut my eyes to certain practices alluded to with terms of no measured reprehension in the Old Testament, such as the raising of spirits by the Witch of Endor, etc. Hardly a night passes that the tables are not consulted in the house, but I have never yet been present during such manifestations. I resolved upon this course long ago, though with little expectation of ever being called to exercise my resolution. When, however, I found how the Baltimore current was turning, I consulted the Archbishop, and his opinion confirming me, I have been saved no little perplexity. My cousin is a strong Methodist. "The infidels," as he says, "at the north have received communications vilifying the Bible, denying orthodox Christianity, and putting shameful incantations into the mouths of such men as Wesley and Fletcher." He gets the best of Methodist communications, and in a little party of spiritualists the other evening, made up of Hicksite Quakers, confronted them boldly by communications of a sort quite different from theirs. He thinks he has caught them on their own ground. Perhaps he has, but they think themselves quite as capable of deciding which are good and which are bad spirits as himself. Will you tell your sister L. that I have read the first volume of the "Converted Christian." I remember what she said of this book last winter, and I believe she wanted me to read it. The second volume is upon ceremonies, so that I was not as sorry as I would otherwise have been when the Archbishop said it was missing. I presume it will be quite time for me to attend to the ceremonials when I shall have accepted the dogmas. I have not been to the cathedral at all. I do not like to go to hear the fine music,

of which I hear so much, for the same reason that I go to a concert. To a Catholic I know it is something more, and until I can give myself up to it fully I do not wish to torture myself with balancing my emotions, and trying to make them consistent. I hope you will write to me, Cousin M.; i. e., I hope you still have time and strength (for I know you will not entirely neglect me as long as you have) to give a little note occasionally—just enough to help me remember your voice. Cousin G. has not written to me for a long time. I am afraid my letter is not written legibly. In father's last letter he makes no apology for scolding me roundly about it. But my sin is not a willful one.

Commending myself to your patience and love,
Your affectionate cousin,

ELIZA.

BALTIMORE, April 25, 1854.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I was greatly pleased to receive your note. Your farewell seemed an entire breaking off, although I never despaired. I shall pray to God according to your desire, and most especially that, despite of your resistance, He may draw you to the faith. The Church in one of her collects prays Him mercifully to compel our rebellious will—this, of course, implies only the powerful impulse of grace. You will not be offended at my plainness. I have burnt your letter. I pray God to give you every blessing. With great respect, I remain

Your sincere friend,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

Dec. 23, 1854.

MY DEAR COUSINS:

I have something so joyful to tell that I cannot address myself to any one of you. You will all bless God and the angels will rejoice with you, for now they can rejoice. This morning near 12 o'clock the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick received me to your holy Mother Church in the sacrament of baptism, and on Christmas Day I am to make my first communion. I do not feel that I need say anything more, for what is already said covers everything else. I wrote to our saintly Archbishop Kenrick some three weeks ago, perhaps longer, but received a note saying he had not returned yet from Rome. I then saw Miss Metcalf, hoping I could immediately see the Bishop, but he has been absent, and I did not see him until Thursday last, and it was not certain when I could be received until this morning. I was so desirous, however, to be received before Christmas that the Bishop gratified me. I have not yet seen your sister and Aunt Lydia. She does not know that I have had any idea of doing what I have done, or rather, what the good Lord has enabled me to do. I have reserved to myself the pleasure of telling her, and I shall write to her this afternoon. The weather has been too severe for her to come to me, and my intense occupation of mind to prepare for my reception, together with my daily and necessary avocations and the visit my dear father is making with us and little Mary, has made it impossible for me to go to her, and I would not allow any one to tell her but myself. I hope to be able to make my communion Christmas morning with her and Miss Metcalf at the Sisters' little chapel.

Do you think I can forget all the prayers you have all offered for me? I still need them for grace to keep my baptismal vows, and in your thanksgiving remember me. You will, I know, feel why I cannot write more now. I shall

write to the Archbishop a line to meet him at his return.
St. Agnes is my patron saint.

In the humble joy of a convert,

Your affectionate cousin,

ELIZA.

You know better than I do who has been praying for me all these six years, in which God's patience for me has not faltered. Give to them, if you can, a word of gratitude from me. I have forgotten to tell you that my reception was as private as it could be. It is such a real thing that the little circumstances of it seem nothing.

BALTIMORE, January 20, 1855.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your letter of the 7th ult. came to my hands only a few hours ago. At the time you wrote it I was in Rome, preparing for the grand festival of the following day, on which the Pope, in the midst of two hundred prelates, declared the doctrine of the church in regard to the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mother of our Lord, namely, that by a special privilege she was exempt from the stain of original sin. May it not be that her prayers obtained for you that interior impulse which you feel to embrace the faith? I recommend you to ask her intercession with great earnestness, that you may correspond faithfully to the inspirations of grace. I wish you could make it convenient to see Father McElroy, an aged Jesuit, who resides at St. Mary's Church, Boston, in Endicott Street. He is a man of great prudence and piety. I am not well acquainted with the clergymen of Massachusetts, but he is well known and universally esteemed. He will know how far you may consult the feelings of your good parents without exposing yourself to lose the grace of God. I pray that God may direct you in all things, and may

grant to your parents likewise His light and grace. If you cannot visit him, you may write to him, using my name, and ask him for direction, as he is well acquainted with the clergy of that diocese. Your letter did not take me by surprise, as I always thought you were secretly drawn to our holy faith. I shall be delighted to learn that you have overcome every obstacle, and made the entire submission of your mind and heart to our Lord. In the mean time I will keep your secret. I wished very much to visit your cousin, in coming through Philadelphia, but could not conveniently stop. It will gratify me at all times to aid you by my advice. Archdeacon Wilberforce has written a beautiful work on the principles of church authority, which he published on the eve of his submission. I remain, dear Miss Starr,

Your faithful friend in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, March 16, 1855.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I was much gratified on my return from Charleston to receive your favor of the 4th inst. The death of the good Bishop Reynolds, whom I have known for above thirty-three years, from my first arrival in this country, called me there. He also had severe sufferings, which he bore with entire resignation to the divine will. The cup of affliction is put to the lips of each one, and it is by drinking of it freely and cheerfully that we are to be prepared for posts of honor in the heavenly kingdom. I sympathize with you deeply, and pray that you may be supported unto the end. I will continue to pray for those whom you have pointed my attention to, especially for your good parents. Prayer is always good, and although its effects be not always perceptible, we cannot doubt of their existence, since our Lord has made us such

large promises. In affliction we should go to Calvary, and contemplate with our Victim, his Mother, whose soul was pierced with a sword of sympathy. If even she, though stainless, was not without suffering, how can we expect to be exempt from it? It is our consolation to know that it will be changed to never-ending joy, if we continue patient and resigned. I am glad to learn that the Bishop has taken such a deep interest in your spiritual progress. The "Following of Christ" and the "Spiritual Combat" will aid you much. You will also derive great benefit from the frequent elevation of your heart to God, asking Him with confidence for grace, light, strength, and every precious gift, especially for perseverance. I shall send you a relic when an opportunity occurs.

Your sincere friend,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, June 6, 1855.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your favor of 16th ult. reached here while I was absent on the visit of the diocese. I handed the verses to Mr. Murphy yesterday, and presume that they will appear in the next number of the *Metropolitan*. My visitation lasted less than three weeks, during which nineteen hundred received confirmation, of whom many were converts. Judge Longstreth, of Pennsylvania, formerly Democratic candidate for governor, entered the Church by baptism before his death. He was a Friend. Several physicians, among them Dr. Briscoe and Dr. Hird, recently joined the church, and an Alexandrian lawyer, Mr. Brent. The lady converts are, however, in the majority. Miss Abercrom, granddaughter of the Philadelphia minister, Miss Poe, Mrs. Forest, Mrs. Blanchard, Miss Spencer, are among the number. Henry

A. Wise has fought our battles politically with success, and awakened inquiry throughout Virginia. I shall always be pleased to hear from you, and to render you any service in my power. Your literary contributions will be very welcome. I pray God to strengthen you and give you perseverance in His grace.

Your devoted friend in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

Sept. 21, 1855.

DEAR MISS STARR:

The sweet lines of poetry came quite opportunely to break the long silence. I had charged Mrs. Allen to give you renewed assurances of the interest which I feel in your happiness, and accounted for my apparent neglect. The last piece, I expect, will appear in the *Mirror* of next week, in which case I will not fail to send the paper to you. I am pleased to learn that Father McElroy has received Mrs. Dwight into the church, and beg you to remember me affectionately to him, when you see him. He is one of those genuine men who can be safely pointed to, as guides by example as well as by teaching. The conversion of the eldest son of Bishop Doane is just announced. Mr. Winslow, nephew of the Bishop, was on the point of becoming a Catholic, on occasion of the burning of the convent, but was withheld by the influence of his uncle, and soon died. Providence has taken merciful revenge in drawing this son to the faith. I hope your prayers for your good parents will yet be heard. An interesting case lately occurred here. A young lady, who had been brought up a Catholic by her aunt, a convert, entered "The Sacred Heart" at Manhattanville, New York, in January last, with the reluctant consent of her parents, neither of whom was a Catholic, although both were favorably disposed. A few weeks ago

the mother urged her to leave her retreat, pleading the need she had of her society, as her own health was weak, and some temporal interest which was at stake. By the advice of the Lady Superior, the Novice accompanied her mother, but immediately was seized with dysentery, and could not advance further than this city, towards Cincinnati, her home. Here, as she lay suffering, she said to her too fond parent, "Ma, you would not give me to God, and God will take me to himself." After ten days' sickness she yielded her pure soul to Him, after having frequently urged her mother to become a Catholic. Yesterday I confirmed her with another lady convert. The father will, I trust, soon follow the example. To-morrow Mr. D. Lyman, the converted minister, is to receive sub-deaconship. His mother, now seventy-five years of age, the widow of a Presbyterian minister, and his three sisters, with a youth, his nephew, have been received into the church. One brother, Theodore, a minister at Pittsburg, is still out of the fold. We console ourselves with these occasional examples, especially seeing the faith and devotedness of the converts, but the thought is saddening that so many are blind to the truth, or hindered by human considerations and influences from rendering it homage. Prayer is the best way to aid them. Mrs. Allen has always a list of persons for whom she prays, and engages others to pray. I have not been sick, but I need much your good prayers. I am always delighted to hear from you, and especially to learn that nature reappears to you clothed in all her beauty, and with increased charms, since you have entered the Church. The references to natural objects are constant in the Psalms which I am now engaged in studying. They appear to me adapted to the expression of all our wants and sentiments. Allow me to subscribe myself,

Your devoted father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

April 3, 1856.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your favor of the 28th ult., which has just come to hand, gives me painful but interesting details of the crisis through which God has led you. He truly tries His loved ones, and makes them drink deep of the cup of affliction. We must adore His way, receive with submission His chastisements, and cling to Him with renewed fervor. I am greatly edified by the kindness and affection shown you by your sister and her husband, and by the devotedness of your good mother, who undertook so long a journey at so inclement a season, with but faint hope of seeing you alive. These evidences of attachment must comfort you, and make you feel that you are still fondly loved by those whose affection is your greatest earthly consolation. Your kind physician deserves also grateful remembrance. I hope you may be able to travel westward with your mother, but I dread lest you undertake the journey too soon, as it might be too much for you. For the same reason I fear mental exertion in composing. When this serves as a relief, or entertainment, it is well, but the mind sympathizes with the body, and cannot safely be exerted when this is debilitated. Send me, however, at your leisure, anything you may write, and I shall make the best use of it. I venture to anticipate the action of the publisher.

Professor Allen has not written me lately, and even Mrs. Allen is no longer an attentive correspondent. I hear from them, however, as many Philadelphians call here. They are well and happy, prizing daily more and more their privileges. I send you a back number of the *Metropolitan*, which contained better poetry when edited by Dr. Huntington than at present. He now edits the *Leader*, of which I also send a number. He is a convert of New England. The lines on the Passion Flower will please you. I pray that God may restore you to complete vigor, and reward your friends with

the choicest blessings. It will gratify me always to hear from you, and I shall not give you cause to complain of my neglecting your favors. With great respect, I remain in the heart of our Lord,

Your devoted friend,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, May 3, 1856.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your sweet lines on receiving the *Vatican* appear in this day's *Catholic Mirror*, a copy of which I have directed the publisher to forward to your address. The other lines I have sent to the *Leader*, which has not reached me for the last ten days. I am afraid that it may be discontinued, as the patronage is by no means equal to its merits. I neglected sending it before, as I had intended, having lent the number to a friend, who did not return it. When your poem appears it will be sent to you.

In regard to your theological question, I can state that we are never allowed to judge any individual as lost, unless he dies manifestly impenitent and hardened. Without faith it is impossible to please God, so that in order to be saved, we must in principle and desire embrace the whole revelation of God which is taught in its fulness by His Church, the pillar and ground of truth. Ignorance of special doctrine is excusable, when opportunities of information are wanting. Hence we are allowed to hope that many of those who die externally aliens to the Church may be excused, and that through the grace of God they may, in the disposition of their hearts, embrace His whole counsel, repent of their sins, sue for mercy, and obtain it through the merits of our Divine Redeemer. The Church claims as her children all who have been baptized, unless they abjure her communion

by the profession of condemned errors, but obstinacy and pride essentially constitute the guilt of heresy; where these are wanting, and humility and contrition are manifested, as in the case you refer to, we may hope that the individual found acceptance. In the solemn acts of public worship we only recognize those who are known to have died in the communion of the Church, but we do not thereby judge them, as judgment is the province of the Searcher of hearts.

Miss Sidney Hall, a maiden lady of advanced age and respectable connections, has lately been received into our communion. She was a worshiper at St. Paul's.

I shall be always grateful at hearing from you. I pray that you may recover your strength rapidly, and grow from day to day in fervor.

Your devoted father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

MISS E. A. STARR,

Cambridgeport, Massachusetts.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 5, 1856.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I complied with your request yesterday, the feast of St. Charles, when I offered the holy sacrifice in the chapel of the college called by his name, built on land given by Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. Eighty-five youths are in the institution preparing for the ministry. On my return to-day I confirmed an old lady, a recent convert, whose daughter is married to a respectable Catholic at Westminster. I shall still pray that your good mother may come to the faith. The mother of Rev. E. D. Lyman came at the age of seventy. We must not, however, be over-anxious or distressed, if we do not witness speedy results, but continue to pray and hope. I was surprised at not hearing from you for so long. I was not much from home, as I was detained by attending to a work

on the Psalms and Sapiential Books, which is passing through the press. I hope that your health continues to improve, and that your patience under trials is undiminished. These are the ordinary lot of converts, whose constancy is put to the test by afflictions, that they may cling with greater earnestness to our Lord. We should daily pray for increased strength, and for perseverance in faith and love. Rev. F. Baker, who became a Catholic about three years ago, is now engaged in his first mission with other Redemptorist Fathers in Washington City. A daughter of General Scott, the wife of C. McTavish has just been admitted to the sacraments. She was baptized at Rome when she was a child a few years old, through her elder sisters, who became Catholics there, but she was brought up under Protestant influence, and was only now led to practice the duties of religion. A week ago ex-Governor Burnett, of California, called on me. He is a native of Tennessee, was chief judge of the supreme court in Oregon, where he became a Catholic, and subsequently he was governor of California. It is pleasing to find men of high intelligence and education come amidst the distractions of a political life, turning their attention to truth and embracing it at the risk of their temporal interests. Miss Anna Johnson, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, whom I received into the Church eleven years ago, has just entered the Convent of Mount de Sales near this city. She is of a very old and highly respected family, and she preserves all the fervor of her conversion. Miss Harriet Spalding was quite pleased at your remembrance of her, and promised to give her prayers to you for the object of your desires. She is truly devout and charitable.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, dear Miss Starr,

Your devoted father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 13, 1856.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I was much pleased to receive your favor with the sweet lines, of which I sent you back in print a moiety, hoping to send the remainder next week. You will perceive a list of several converts, but I must observe that one, Dr. Romestin, has already retraced his steps. It appears that he was struggling for years toward the church, but scarcely passed her limits when he wavered and turned back. This is not wonderful, considering the greatness of the mysteries and the weakness and inconstancy of the human mind. A lady of high intelligence and respectability, about thirty-five years of age, unmarried, has just made her way to the Church in this city. She felt impelled to do so for some time past, and at last opened her mind to her minister, a Mr. Cleveland Coxe, and then came to inquire of me. She was confirmed this morning. Her name is McBlair. Her brothers are in the navy. I do not know what the sentiments of the physicians of Mount de Sales are regarding the cure of the sister. I must own that I have not taken any pains to be particularly informed of the fact, although my vicar-general seems fully persuaded of its miraculous character. It is better that bishops should be slow to admit extraordinary facts, as indeed we all should be, since the presumption is in favor of the natural order. I have no doubt that God grants great power to faith and prayer, although it may not always be easy or safe to pronounce on the supernatural character of a special fact. Miss Johnson, of Germantown, a convert of eleven years' standing, is a postulant at Mount de Sales, and expects to receive the veil in January.

The Psalms and five other books of the Scriptures are about to issue from the press for general use. The notes are short, my object being to give the literal meaning, so as to aid ecclesiastical students and the faithful at large. If I get a favorable opportunity, I shall send you a copy. I hope to publish the Prophets before long.

Give yourself no trouble about the arrangement for publishing your pieces; I can manage them. The *Leader* is no longer a religious paper since politics prevail. The *Mirror* is most convenient, but send always through me. While at Chicago I wish you to call on the Bishop, my worthy friend, Dr. O'Regan; should he happen to be absent, Dr. Butler, a young divine just from Rome, will feel happy in paying you any attention, if you give him my respects. The college is now in the hands of priests of the Holy Cross, and several charitable institutions are on foot.

The name of the family whose guest you are, reminds me of a fervent convert, Mrs. Wilcox, of Joy Mills, Pennsylvania, whose niece also, Miss Bracket, became a convert. They were from Boston.

I hope your health will continue to improve steadily, and that you will enjoy many consolations during the approaching feast, as Christmas is the season of joy.

Your devoted father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

MISS ELIZA A. STARR.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 7, 1857.

MISS STARR:

I am pleased at the attention paid you by the good Bishop and Dr. Butler, and at the religious consolations already enjoyed by you during your visit. I shall no doubt be able to send you the forthcoming work, if your stay be prolonged to the end of this month, since it is to appear about the 20th, and the express communicates with Chicago. Mrs. Sumner and daughter, who were passengers on board the *Lyonnaise*, had recently entered the church, at Newport, if I mistake not. She was of the Channing family, and mother of a minister in the west, the son of a former husband. Miss McBlair, whose brothers are in the navy, completed the good work, whose conversion was, I think, announced in my

former letter. A respectable lady of Virginia, married in this city, came yesterday to church for the first time, declaring that she regarded Confession as a great privilege and consolation. I cannot speak confidently of her conversion, as so many obstacles lie in the way of those who wish to become Catholics. Ladies are generally more docile and determined, and win the consent of their husbands, who are not so easily moved. We have, however, many instances of men of high intelligence, and even of social eminence, who bow their neck to the yoke of faith. Governor Burnett, of California, when judge of the superior court in Oregon, became a Catholic. He visited me a few weeks ago on his return from Tennessee, his native state. I once was questioned by a lady, not then a Catholic, how it happened that females were more religious than men, and having answered that their domestic retirement was more favorable to piety, she observed that she regarded it as a privilege of her sex, because one had been selected to be Mother of God Incarnate. I need scarcely add that she soon became a Catholic.

The painting noticed in the *Mirror* is in the Church of St. Ignatius, recently opened. The Jesuits have a flourishing college beside it. They generally have good taste and great zeal for the decoration of the house of God, which they adorn still more by their piety and virtues. Rev. J. Baker is with the Redemptorists; he commenced his labors as a Catholic missionary at Washington, and followed them up in Georgia. He is soon to return to Annapolis, of this State. Rev. E. D. Lyman is here laboring with zeal. It will always afford me great pleasure to hear from you. I shall continue to pray for your good mother, and for all your relatives and friends. Give me a share in your prayers, and believe me always,

Your devoted father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

MISS E. A. STARR.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 27, 1857.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I am pleased that my late work has reached you. In regard to men distinguished for genius and scientific attainments, as the European nations generally were Catholics up to the sixteenth century, we have all the great names of those ages. Since that time we have had our full share of them in the Continental nations, and can boast of some bright names. Pope and Dryden were certainly Catholics, and it is asserted with some plausibility that Shakespeare was so likewise, which is inferred from the absence of all anti-Catholic remarks in his plays, and the respectful manner in which he generally speaks of Catholic prelates; some direct proofs, not perhaps quite conclusive, were advanced some years ago in an article on the subject. Bishop Walmesley, who wrote an explanation of the Apocalypse under the name of Pastorini, was an eminent mathematician of the last century. Lingard ranks high as an historian. Cardinal Wiseman shines brightly in our own day, and is surrounded by a galaxy of distinguished converts, Newman, Faber, Wilberforce, Manning, and others. I do not pretend to begin your catalogue for you, for which you will find materials in the essays of Bishop Spalding, his review of D'Aubigné; the great work of Balmes on Protestantism and Catholicity; the "Genius of Christianity," by Châteaubriand; the "Ages of Faith," by Digby. Pugin, recently deceased, is celebrated for Gothic architecture. Milner was a great antiquarian, as well as controvertist. I presume you can borrow most of the above works from Dr. Butler. I send you Murphy's catalogue. Sestini, whose works you will find noted there, is at Georgetown, professor in the Jesuit college; he is an Italian and his eminence as an astronomer, as well as mathematician, is well known. I have heard, not long ago, from Mrs. Allen, and even from the professor, who for a long time had not favored me with a line. They are well

and fervent. Bishop Fitzpatrick has been here; he spoke with much interest about you; he was in good health and spirits.

Your devoted friend in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

MISS ELIZA A. STARR,
Chicago, Ill.

BALTIMORE, March 21, 1857.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your lines, which appear in to-day's *Mirror*, will reach you probably with this letter, since I have directed the publisher to send them. Dr. Kane was not a Catholic; it is stated in a private letter that he became such previous to his death, but this needs confirmation. He was introduced by letter from me to Catholic clergymen abroad, and always professed special regard for me, as he named a promontory in the Icy North after me. He was fond of some Catholic poetry, such as *Dies Iræ*, or the *Stabat Mater*, which he occasionally sung. His parents are Presbyterians. The judge, his father, has kind feelings towards us, having been for some years under the care of Rev. J. Brosius, a Catholic priest, who many years ago had a school of high grade at Mount Ary, near Philadelphia. His mother is of the Lieper family. I think it probable that they are descendants of Scotch and Irish ancestors. General Patterson, who is an Irishman, is a near relation. He also is a Presbyterian, but showed great sympathy for us at the time of the riots in 1844. I am glad that my suggestions have met your wishes. I saw in a late number of the *Standard* that Milton had died a Catholic; whether this be well founded or not, it matters little as long as we have Tasso, Dante, Ariosto, and a long list of men of genius, whose names are found in Tiraboschi and Andres, writers on Italian literature. Hallam does great justice to Italy in his work on Mediæval Literature. I

have borrowed from it freely in my chapters on Science and Literature, in the work on the Primacy. The relict of the late General Carpenter, with two of her daughters, is now here on a visit. One of them is a Catholic, as also another sister (who has not come on), having followed the example of their father, an eminent lawyer of Rhode Island, who several years before his death joined the Church. The others have not yet got rid of their Unitarian difficulties, although they otherwise have excellent dispositions. They will probably remain some time here. Bishop Spalding is to deliver a lecture here on Monday evening, and Dr. Brownson on the 2d of April. The Jesuits give retreats in two churches next week. Death has just snatched from us a very pious Redemptorist father, as it had carried away a few weeks ago a holy Jesuit. I never regret deaths like theirs. They have finished their course, and reached the goal. Our daily prayer should be that our end may be like that of the saints. I pray for your good mother; Miss Johnson is greatly solicitous to obtain prayers for her mother, who is very aged, and very affectionate to her, notwithstanding her elopement to a convent. In England, conversions continue. Father Coffen, a convert, has received Rev. Jabez Watson, M. A., of Cambridge within a few weeks. I think I mentioned another in my last letter. Hoping that you will continue to strike the lyre, I remain,

Your devoted father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

MISS E. A. STARR.

Archbishop of Baltimore.

P. S.—A Jesuit has just returned from Havana and heard nothing there of Dr. Kane's having died a Catholic.

BALTIMORE, April 11, 1857.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Dr. Kane procured, a short time before his death, a crucifix to be sent in his name to Miss Gray, a lady of Catholic

sentiment, nearly related to him. For many years she is a constant attendant at church, although she has never made the necessary advances to become a member. I mention the fact as an evidence of his not being hostile to our faith, which appears from various traits in his narrative. It is stated that his mind wandered considerably before death. If we cannot claim him, we can balance him with Columbus, who was greatly influenced by religious zeal to extend the Kingdom of Christ, in his perilous adventures.

I am unable to pronounce on the case of your friend. It is well never to despond, but to appeal to divine goodness in behalf of our friends. Resistance to grace sometimes renders most hostile those who once appeared on the eve of conversion; whilst others after violent opposition acquiesced with child-like docility in the teachings of faith. Two weeks ago I visited Annapolis, where Rev. F. A. Baker is doing much to make truth beloved. His eminent piety makes him a general favorite. He brought me to visit Mrs. Steward, the sister of Bishop Johns, a lady who embraced the faith at Philadelphia above twenty years ago. She is steadfast, although her son, Dr. Steward, and her daughter, with whom she lives, are staunch Episcopalians. She is above seventy years of age. Rev. F. Baker visits her frequently to give her the consolations of religion. I recommended your dear relatives to Almighty God in the holy sacrifice. We must still pray and hope, and bow before the divine judgments, which are unsearchable. The present joyous festival should inspire us generously to offer ourselves to God, and confidently to ask His succor. "Suffer me not to be separated from Thee," is the prayer of the priest before receiving communion. Wishing you all the joy of these holy festivals, I remain, dear Miss Starr,

Your devoted friend in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, May 5, 1857.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I sympathize with you greatly in your trials, which, however, are all divinely directed to draw your heart closer to God, to whom it is good to cleave, putting in Him all our trust. Misconception happens even to kindly disposed persons, and must be borne with patience. Calmness and serenity of mind dissipate the gloom which untoward events cast around us. I am glad that you have an engagement in the schools of the Sisters, although I do not advise you hastily to yield to the enchantment of the place, as it is well to weigh all the difficulties before assuming the obligations of the religious state. It is indeed a happiness to flee from a world which in so many ways tends to estrange us from God, but we should not leave the beaten path unless we feel that God calls us to mount the rugged hill of perfection. Your sweet lines are to appear in the *Mirror* of next Saturday. We have had the consecration of the new Bishop of Natchez, William Henry Elder, on Sunday last in this Metropolitan Church. His parents were present in good health, although full fifty-four years have passed in holy wedlock. It was remarked by the preacher, Dr. McCaffrey, who refused the miter of Charleston, that William Elder was the name of the first settler of Emmitsburg, who died there in 1732, of whom the present bishop is a lineal descendant. Bishop Wood, coadjutor of Philadelphia, consecrated in Cincinnati on the previous Sunday, was one of the assistants. He is a native of that city, a convert from Unitarianism, and of English parentage. The Bishops of Richmond and Philadelphia were likewise present. Another Philadelphian, John B. Byrne, of Washington, is just announced coadjutor of the Bishop of Pittsburg, whose health is precarious. I shall be always gratified to hear from you, and I trust your trials will be succeeded by many

consolations. We must pray humbly and earnestly for perseverance, which is the crowning grace.

Your devoted friend in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

MISS ELIZA A. STARR,
Chicago, Ill.

BALTIMORE, Whitsunday,

June 2, 1857.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your sweet lines will appear in the next *Mirror*. Although this is used as my official organ for the publishing of pastoral letters, it is not under my supervision, for which reason some extracts occasionally appear in it quite foreign to my judgment and taste. You are mistaken in supposing that saints did not write long letters, for many of their works were in epistolary form, and their correspondence, one with another, such as St. Augustine with St. Jerome, as well as their general communications, was frequent and prolific. I have now before me the letters of St. Jerome, which fill three large volumes, many of them addressed to pious ladies. The first to Læta, on the education of her daughter, fills three folio pages, and is remarkable for the classic elegance of the style, as well as the wisdom of its counsels. "Let her love," he says, "instead of gems and silks, the divine books; let her learn the psalter in the first place, let her occupy herself with these canticles, and let her be instructed how to conduct herself by reading the Proverbs; from Ecclesiastes let her learn to trample under foot the vanities of life; in Job let her follow examples of virtue and patience; let her pass to the Gospels, never to lay them out of her hands; let her, with all the delight of her heart, drink in the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles. When she has filled her heart, as a wine-cellar with these riches, let her commit to

memory the Prophets, the Pentateuch and the books of Kings and Paralipomenon, as also the volumes of Esdras and Esther. Then, at length, she may learn without danger the Cantic of Canticles, by reading which in the beginning she might be injured, by not understanding the hymeneal song of Spiritual nuptials under words of carnal sound." I give you this long extract that you may have an idea of the task assigned to young ladies by a grave Father of the fourth century.

I confirmed a week ago Dr. Dyson, a physician of Charles County, in this State, formerly an Episcopalian, who has been brought to the faith through his wife, a sister of Mr. Healy, formerly of Boston, now of Chicago, a distinguished artist. The Doctor and his lady feel solicitous for Mr. Healy, who is married to an Episcopalian, but is not remiss in his religious duties so far as to let his children be educated out of the Church. There is loss as well as gain, so as to prevent our exulting overmuch in the occasional accessions. Dr. D. is in a very precarious state of health, which circumstance probably influenced his conversation. He is very intelligent and deeply convinced. I hope the example and influence of Mrs. Judge D. will be equally successful. Miss Juliana Chatard entered last week as a postulant among the Sisters of Charity. Her father, Dr. Chatard, is among our first physicians. Both parents feel deeply her departure, but for nearly two years she was determined to make the sacrifice. Her great piety and humility give reason to believe that she will persevere. On this great feast I pray that the Holy Spirit may continue to teach you all-saving truth, and comfort and sustain you in all your trials. The close union of our spirit with Him is our best security. When depressed we should flee to Him, and beg Him to guide and save us. I am pleased to find that you are so much edified by the humility of Dr. B. This virtue is the safeguard of every gift of God. May he grow in grace, and prove a faithful

dispenser of the divine mysteries to the end. Father Baker continues to excite the admiration of all by his unaffected piety and zeal.

With great respect, I remain, dear Miss Starr,

Your devoted friend in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 12, 1857.

DEAR MISS STARR:

After long silence, I received your welcome favor of the 2d inst., informing me that you were safe once more under the parental roof. This must necessarily afford you consolation, and may have happy results. God gives us religious succors for a time, and then leaves us apparently deprived of them, that we may draw nigh to Him interiorly with greater earnestness, and experience something of the power of His grace working directly on our heart. All does not depend on the ministry. He still teaches us by His inspirations, moves us by his secret impulse, consoles, supports, and strengthens us. The Spirit truly breatheth where He will, though we know not whence He cometh, or whither He goeth. Mrs. Allen did not visit Georgetown on the occasion of the ordination, as she had intended. Besides Mr. Fulton, I ordained Mr. Young, brother of the Bishop of Erie, both converts, natives of Maine, and four others. On the day you penned your letter, I consecrated Dr. Barry bishop, at the age of fifty-nine, the miter being forced on him at this advanced period of a faithful ministry. I confirmed, a few weeks ago, a convert who had been class leader among the Methodists above twenty years. No very remarkable conversion has recently taken place. Two young physicians, Silas Chatard and McCauley, are about to go to Rome to study for the priesthood. They have always been exem-

plary. Miss Chatard is a postulant at Washington with the Sisters of Charity; Miss Edwards, of Philadelphia, recently joined the Carmelites; Mrs. Bauduy made her profession on Friday last; I had married her nearly twenty years ago; she leaves wealth and friends to sanctify her widowhood in seclusion, after the example of her mother. I am edified and delighted at the instances you give of approaches to Catholic faith, and pray that He who has begun the good work may complete it. How often may a kind remark or a meek reply win to truth some anxious inquirer; how often may salvation be endangered or actually forfeited by postponing to comply with some impulse of grace, that prompts us to obey the divine call. The late work of Faber, styled "The Creator and the Creature," is read with great avidity, even by non-Catholics; it is full of beauty and unction. Many have been already gained to the faith by the writings of this illustrious convert. The wonderful fact of which you have got precise information from the good German family, is one of those events which confound worldly wisdom. At the time of the Crusades, the Western Christians brought from Palestine various precious relics, kept there from time immemorial; among them, I presume, was the seamless garment since kept at Treves, and believed, according to ancient tradition, to be that which was worn by our Lord, and for which lots were cast by the soldiers, that one might have it entire. How it was recovered from the happy winner, and by what means it was preserved, it is of course beyond our power to tell or to divine; and it does not interest us to know it, as facts of this nature belong not to faith; but to confirm the tradition by which the relic was accompanied, various wonderful events occurred a few years ago, of which one was told you, which electrified all Germany, and brought millions of pilgrims to the Shrine. Although without injury to faith we may set aside the whole, the amount of human testimony challenges belief. After all, is it incredible that

the overwhelming mystery of the Incarnation should be supported by occasional manifestations of divine power in regard to whatever was hallowed by contact with Deity? My own feeling is, that the mystery itself is properly the only difficulty. When, under divine illumination, we bow down our reason in homage to it, we need not be startled at its consequences, or its accompaniments. We should often say, "I believe; do Thou, O Lord, help my unbelief." By fixing our mind on the Incarnation, the veneration of the Blessed Mother will become easy, because it is a necessary consequence of her agency in it; God, Who is powerful and Whose name is holy, having done great things for her, that she might be a fit instrument of so great a work. I find myself preaching, and so break off lest I prove tiresome. I pray that God may increase His light and grace daily in your heart, and give you perseverance, the crowning gift of His mercy. How often should we not say: "Suffer me not to be ever separated from Thee."

In the heart of our Lord, I remain,
Your devoted father,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

MISS E. A. STARR,
Spring Bank.

BALTIMORE, OHIO, Oct. 24, 1857.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I am in receipt of your favor of the 13th inst., which discloses your inclination to the religious state. I think that you ought not hastily to adopt any determination, since the human mind is inconstant, and the charms of a secluded life sometimes vanish when the first fervor of conversion has passed away. There are indeed many instances of persevering devotedness, especially on the part of converts, but prudence requires that nothing be done from impulse, or without serious consideration. Your attention to your dear

mother is highly pleasing to God, and may be crowned with a happy change in her sentiments. At all events, you discharge a duty, without sounding the depths of the divine judgments. I would not advise you to bind yourself by vows or promises, unless after much reflection, and with the approval of an enlightened director. Unless special indications be furnished of a divine call, it is safer to pursue the ordinary course of human life. Prayer should be frequently directed to this object, that we may know the divine will, "Teach me to do Thy will, for Thou art my God." I recommend you to consult a priest of experience on the important point of your vocation. A Jesuit father of the name of Dahmen or Damen, residing in Chicago, has been favorably mentioned to me. St. Francis de Sales gives great importance to the choice of a director, especially as regards our vocation. It matters little what place we fill in life, provided we be where God wills us, and study to do His will with simplicity and unwavering reliance on His Providence.

Ps. lxxii. *Adhaerere Deo bonum est: ponere fiduciam in Domino Deo meo*, means "How good it is to cleave to God, to place our hope in Him"; in all the vicissitudes of life we may remain unchanged by this union with Him who is Himself unchangeable, free from all shadow of change.

Mrs. Allen has lately reminded me that the tenth anniversary of the reception of herself and family into the church had arrived. I thank God for the many graces bestowed on them. Sweet Mary is always present to her remembrance.

I hope that Bishop O'Regan will return speedily, with courage to meet all the difficulties of his position. The cross which bishops bear on their bosom, is for instruction as well as ornament, to teach us to follow in the footsteps of our Divine Master. In the best ages of the church, the episcopal office was one of great labor and danger, since the government of men is a most difficult science. When

trials and scandals occur, we must remember the predictions and promises of our Saviour, and pursue our course tranquilly and confidently, knowing that in Him all our hope is placed. I have directed the paper of this day which contains your very sweet lines to be sent to you to the care of Rev. Dr. Butler. I am always pleased to hear from you, and remain,

Your devoted father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

St. Raphael, who guided young Tobias, is honored to-day. May he direct your cause. "God has given His angels charge of thee."

BALTIMORE, Dec. 3, 1857.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your last favor came to hand in due time, but I missed the lines and delayed writing, thinking that you would have discovered the mistake, and inclosed them in a new envelope. Mrs. Allen now tells me that she has just heard from you, and at her suggestion I write to explain my silence. I do not wish you to trouble yourself to strike the lyre anew, if the lines have been mislaid. I pray earnestly for you and your good parents. You must have courage under your trials, and cherish good hopes of happiness hereafter. Life is full of trials and sufferings, but heaven is our home.

Your friend in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

MISS ELIZA A. STARR,
Chicago, Ill.

Christmas Eve, 1857.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I have hitherto deferred answering your favor of the 9th inst., waiting for the publication of your last piece, which

by some accident was postponed. I wish you great consolation at this holy time when the mystery which we celebrate, so overwhelming to our weak reason, displays so wonderfully divine condescension, and love for mankind. I am glad that St. Frances de Chantal is your patron saint, as her virtues are full of attraction, and suit various states of life. Her daughters are remarkable for their mild, unaffected demeanor, and increase rapidly. I do not venture to direct your course, which I prefer should be pointed out by some enlightened confessor, but you must certainly derive advantage from having the example of so great a saint placed before you. I trust that your situation and prospects will improve, and that your health will be preserved. It often happens that great trials follow conversion; God being pleased to draw converts effectually to Himself alone, and to require the abandonment of all earthly advantages in return for the pearl of priceless value, which He has bestowed. The unexpected death of a dear brother—a purser in the United States navy—has taken from a recent convert here her chief means of support, but she is serene and happy, notwithstanding her altered circumstances. I am glad that you feel so powerfully drawn to our Lord in the Eucharist. Who that believes He lay as a helpless babe in Bethlehem, can be shocked at the mystery of the altar, which is, as it were, the continuation and extension of the Incarnation? The devout Kempis or St. Alphonsus is a useful companion in those visits of love. They will suggest holy thoughts, and communicate something of the ardor with which their hearts glowed in the presence of their Saviour, the hidden God. How earnestly should we pray to be drawn to Him effectually. Mrs. Lyman and her daughter, Mrs. Meade, were confirmed by me a week ago. They have been Catholics for a year or more, but had not had the opportunity of receiving this sacrament. The old lady is in the neighborhood of eighty, but preserves her faculties. The Rev. E. D. Lyman, her son, assisted at

the ceremony. His brother, the minister in Pittsburg, was in the city, but not present. Again wishing you a happy Christmas, and a great increase of spiritual gifts, I remain,
Your friend in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

MISS E. A. STARR.

Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 4, 1858.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I have just returned from the Convent of Mount de Sales, where I received the religious profession of Miss Anne Johnson of Germantown, a convert above twelve years since. Your case is full of interest, as the present seems to be a crisis, in the judgment of your enlightened director; I do not know whether any age is fixed by rule, but I believe that the superiors are slow to approve the vocation of those who tarry long in following the calls of grace. As you are encouraged by your director, I would advise you to go at present, if you can do so without failing in any duty. Yet I would not advise you to enter into a religious community without a strong and decided determination to devote yourself to God. I pray that you may be divinely directed at this most important crisis.

Last week I was visited by Hon. William Low, a relative of Lord Ellenboro, and formerly a minister of the English Church. About four years ago he parted with his fine livings, and embraced our communion. His wife and twelve children followed his example. One of his sons, then in the navy, is now a Jesuit, another is an Oratorian; one of his daughters is a nun of the Visitation. I pray that you may be directed in your final determination. The order of the Sacred Heart is specially devoted to education, and enjoys a high reputation for piety. They imitate the rule of St. Ignatius. It requires great denial of one's own will, in a

spirit of perfect obedience, to pass the ordeal. Say daily with the psalmist: "Make known to me Thy ways, and teach me Thy paths." It would not be well to hasten within the cloister, on account of the difficulties you meet with, but if God draw you by His grace, it is advisable to obey promptly.

With great interest in your happiness, I continue,

Your devoted friend,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

MISS E. A. STARR.

Archbishop of Baltimore.

P. S.—A former Puseyite nun, as far as this term can apply to ladies living after the manner of a community, arrived here two weeks ago, and went forward to St. Louis, to apply for admission among the Sisters of the Visitation. Her name is Agnes Kebby. She has been a Catholic for the last seven years. We have not many books illustrating the progress of the Catholic religion in the United States. The history of it by De Courcy, the Missions by Shea, the Catholic chapter by Archbishop Hughes, are the principal. Dr. Butler might put you on the way of getting them.

BALTIMORE, Feast of St. Mark, 1858.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your favor of the 20th inst. reached me when preparing for the consecration of the Vicar Apostolic of Florida, Augustin Verot, a Frenchman, and member of the society of priests of St. Sulpice. He is a man of learning, being acquainted with the sciences, besides theology. His piety and zeal are very distinguished, and he has attained the age of fifty-three. I give you these details, as being calculated to edify you, since although our faith does not depend on men, we are greatly aided and supported by virtuous example. He is truly an humble disinterested man, and is animated with apostolic zeal.

I am pleased with the happy disposition in which you continue, and I trust that you will be directed to know the will of God. Any disappointment in entering on the religious state is painful and discouraging, on which account it is better to calculate the difficulties beforehand, that there may be no occasion for retracing one's steps. Miss Johnson is very happy since her profession.

The labors of Dr. Butler and the other clergyman are well employed in adorning the altar, as well as in singing the divine praise, and instructing the people. No one can as well appear at the altar as the priest of God. Although female tasks and piety do much for its decoration, yet the stricter duty devolves on the clergy. St. Jerome praises the young priest Nepotian for his assiduity at the altar in prayer and worship. I am surprised to find the Dublin folks so little to your taste, as I had a very favorable opinion of them, having spent my earliest days among them. You surely did not suspect this when you censured them so unsparingly. However, they are very forgiving. The dispositions of your Chicago friends are encouraging. I have two cases of preachers desirous to enter the Church; one is held back by a wife and two children; the other has not yet stated his difficulties. Neither of them is here. They are not Episcopalians, from whom we generally gain recruits. Pray for them, that the way be opened for them. You will accept this short letter at the close of a day of ceremony from one who hastens to acknowledge your favor. Continue to pray and walk with God in entire dependence on His Providence. If we can cling to Him without anxiety, we shall be happy.

Your devoted father and friend,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

MISS ELIZA A. STARR,
Chicago, Ill.

BALTIMORE, March 26, 1858.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I delayed answering your esteemed favor of the 12th until I should see in print your sweet lines. In the mean time I sent you two small pamphlets from the pen of the son of the great English jurist, and brother of the present Lord Ellenboro, member of the cabinet. Although seven years nearly have elapsed since he became a Catholic he retains the fervor of his conversion. The statement made in some secular papers, that the sister of Mr. Everett was about to take charge of the orphan asylum at Richmond, was erroneous. Two nieces of this gentleman are Sisters of Charity since several years, one of them now stationed at Emmitsburg, the other at Alton. The intention of the superiors had been to send the former to Richmond, but as soon as the paragraph appeared they substituted another Sister, to avoid all display. I shall not forget to recommend to God your parents and sister, who manifest such kind feeling. I saw at Washington Mr. Healy, the artist, whose residence is at Chicago, and found with pleasure that he practiced his duties as a Catholic, although his family is still under the influence of Mr. H., an Episcopalian. Mr. Seaman's conversion is consoling. Three ministers, Frazer, Baillie, and Wilson have lately submitted to the church in England. Mr. Baillie gave up a living which yields £4,218, and had laid out £6,000 on the church out of his own resources. In regard to your vocation and the time following it up, I cannot do better than to recommend you to take the advice of an experienced director, after laying before him the feelings of your own heart, and the circumstances in which you are placed. You can in the mean time renew the offering of yourself to God, and love Him with all devotedness and zeal, caring only to live for Him. Perfection consists in the entire abandonment of ourselves to Him, and divesting ourselves of all anxiety, since He has care for us. We should

often repeat the words of the Spouse: "Draw us, and we will run after the fragrance of Thy perfumes." How much depends on prayer, fervent and persevering; we know not our weakness, or the dangers which surround us; we must flee to Him who alone can support and protect us. I wish you great consolation at the coming festivals, and remain,

Your devoted friend in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

MISS ELIZA A. STARR.

BALTIMORE, Easter Sunday.

DEAR MISS STARR:

On the feast of the Seven Dolors, on which your last favor was dated, Mr. Henry Major made his renewed submission to the Catholic Church, from which he had fallen away about two years ago. I had received him from the Episcopalian ministry above ten years previously, and had given him charge of the *Catholic Herald*. His wife, after ten months, followed him into the Catholic Church, but did not join him in his apostasy. Her fidelity has been no doubt a great means of regaining him. His sentiments are those of a very sincere penitent. It is not, however, his desire that his return should be reported in the Catholic papers, although he publicly approached communion with his wife on Palm Sunday in Trinity Church at Georgetown. It is probable you may have met him at Professor Allen's. The mortifications and disappointments which converts sometimes experience, especially ministers, tempt them to return to their former views and pursuits, although very rarely does any of them yield to the temptation. After apostasy, return to the Church is a moral impossibility, as St. Paul intimates in his letter to the Hebrews, yet grace sometimes prevails. Sister Stanislaus of the Visitation, daughter of the late Commodore Jones, is a cousin of Mr. Major, and herself a con-

vert. His two sisters belong to the Order of Mercy. I am at a loss what advice to give you in regard to the proposal of Mother Angela. The chief point to determine is your call to the religious state. If you are advised by your director that you are called, I would prefer your entering into the order of your choice as soon as practicable. Half measures are seldom advisable. If your director be not satisfied with your vocation, it would be for you to weigh the terms offered you for your services as a teacher in the institution, and to compare them with your prospects at present. At this distance I can scarcely say anything more precise. Dr. Butler, or Father Damen, can best advise you. Mother Angela is daughter of Mr. John Gillespie, whom I knew well. Her father entertained me at Brownsville thirty-seven years ago on my arrival from Europe on my way to Kentucky. The family was at that time wealthy. As your thoughts were first directed to the Order of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, it may not be desirable for you to look to any other, unless you feel strongly attracted to it. The efficacy of prayer in leading persons to the church is very manifest. A religion which teaches the mysteries of the Incarnation, and the Redemption through the sufferings of the God-man, cannot win the assent of the understanding by the mere evidences of its truth. The mind must be divinely enlightened, the pride of the human heart must be subdued by grace. Mysteries are hidden from the wise and prudent according to the world, and revealed to those who are little in their own estimation. How many learned men, sincere and exemplary, remain estranged from the Church and from all Christian profession, even after much research with apparent earnestness. Is it not because they rely too much on their capacity, and do not humbly seek light from above? Faith is a gratuitous gift of divine mercy. The first inspiration moving us to inquire should be followed by fervent supplications on our part, that we may be led to the knowledge

of the truth and strengthened to embrace it. The same prayers should be offered daily for our perseverance, since dangers beset our path, and our will needs to be supported by new aids of grace. The whole Christian system is supernatural, although its adaptation to the wants and instincts of nature may lead us to apply to it the words of Tertullian concerning the heathen, who, notwithstanding their idolatrous usages in moment of peril, by involuntary impulse, implored the God whose throne is in the heavens, "Oh testimony of the soul naturally Christian!"

I have preached long enough for this time; I pray that God may make you know His holy will, and unite your heart to His, and draw your dear parents and sister to the faith.

Your devoted friend in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

MISS E. A. STARR,
Chicago, Ill.

BALTIMORE, May 7, 1858.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I have requested of the publisher of the *Catholic Mirror* a second copy of the song for Thursday, although I do not recall having seen it. Probably it is a hymn in honor of our Lord's passion. I am greatly edified by your account of Holy Week. It is by meditating on the sufferings of our Redeemer, that His love is kindled in our heart, and strength is imparted to us to bear the trials of life. The patient endurance of life's evils is the great test of piety. In your state of health, the propriety of entering a religious order is very doubtful, as it is painful to be in a community without being able to join in the exercises. Your best course is that which may be pointed out to you by a prudent director. It matters not where we are, if our heart be united with God. I have in press a work on Job and the Prophets, which I will send you. Miss Davis, a convert from Boston, has been

here on a visit; she is a maiden lady of mature age. The lady of whom I wrote is not yet a Catholic. The late Post-master-General Brown expressed a desire to see a Catholic priest before his death, and was visited by Rev. E. Waldron, who did for him all that circumstances allowed, Mrs. Brown being present, and unwilling that he should be disturbed. The present post-master was taught Latin by me in St. Joseph's College, Beardstown, Kentucky. He is not, however, a Catholic. We have not had any remarkable conversion, except that of Peter Corrie, one of the four victims of justice executed for murder a month ago. His mother was a Catholic, his father a Scotch Protestant; it is not known whether he had ever been baptized. Being visited in prison, he received instruction with docility, and manifested deep penitence. I confirmed him; mass was celebrated in his cell; his exhortations to his mother and sister have been successful in inducing them to practice religion, and his brother, a dentist, is expected to follow their example. His aunt, however, has died suddenly, having failed to correspond with the grace which was proffered her. Cropps, the actual assassin of Rigdon, was moved to tears by the few words addressed to him by Corrie, his accomplice, and consented to see Rev. F. Foley at once, although he said he had done too great evil to Catholics ever to confess it. The hope of a reprieve led him to prevaricate until he was going to execution, when he handed to a friend a few lines avowing the murder. Gambril died protesting his innocence, hoping, it is presumed, that a reprieve from the governor, dependent on that circumstance, would be forthcoming. An old man seventy-eight years of age has since been received into the Church on his death-bed, who declared that he was moved to embrace the faith by the penitence and humility of Corrie. The influence of the Catholic religion is never more apparent than in the charity and tenderness evinced when the culprit is received, when

about to pay the penalty of crime. The confidence with which he unbosoms himself to the priest, the humility with which he bows to the sentence of the law, the fortitude with which he meets its execution, are fruits of faith and compunction. The friends of the other culprits are said to regret that they were not visited by Corrie's confessor, Rev. T. Foley. One of the ministers has published a pamphlet containing his affidavit grounded on Cropp's statements, inculpating the mayor and others, as arming and encouraging their political supporters and bullies.

When you see Madame Gallwey, please give her my compliments.

Your devoted friend in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

MISS ELIZA A. STARR,
Chicago, Ill.

BALTIMORE, June 26, 1858.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your last favor has been unattended to in consequence of my diocesan visitation, which has occupied nearly four weeks. Your sweet lines appear in to-day's *Mirror*, but without your initials, which I suppose is the oversight of the publisher. I fear you have taken too seriously my vindication of the dead-lines, which was, of course, but a joke. When I got your letter it was too late to think of sending letters for Mrs. Brackett. I met several interesting converts on my visitation. Last Monday I confirmed Mrs. Brook at Washington. She is of a Virginia family named West. Mrs. B. was present, and appears very favorable. Mr. Stoulenberg, an old Episcopalian, was confirmed at Alexandria; he ascribes his conversion to the reading of Bishop Hopkins's last work against the church. He was struck by its inconsistencies. I saw Mr. Major at Georgetown; he is very penitent. Mrs. Major is greatly consoled at his return.

Rev. Bernard Keenan, the parish priest of Lancaster, was for a week the President's* guest, enjoying the kindest hospitality. His nieces vied in their attentions to the aged priest. It is honorable to the head of the nation to practice friendship without regard to public prejudice. Their acquaintance dates thirty years back.

In the lower counties of Maryland, Charles and St. Mary's, the Catholics are numerous, and chiefly descendants of the early settlers. There are very few foreigners among them. The slaves are numerous and crowd forward to receive the sacraments. I confirmed nearly fifteen hundred persons. I was edified at the facilities afforded to the servants to attend church, even on week-days. They seem to appreciate their religious privileges. Most of the ladies of those counties were educated in some convent or religious community; the gentlemen are for the most part *élèves* of our colleges. They appear like one family, availing themselves of their journeys to church, to visit one another, and exercise hospitality. The spot where the first pilgrims landed is no longer in the possession of Catholics, although the Jesuits possess several thousand acres of land in the neighborhood. They still have St. Inigoes and St. Thomas's Manor, with mansions built with English bricks. The site and scenery are enchanting, but the country is not considered healthy. I hope to hear from you soon again.

Your sincere friend in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

MISS E. A. STARR,
Chicago, Ill.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 14, 1858.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your sweet lines are delayed until next week. In the mean time I offer you my congratulations on the success of

*President James Buchanan. ED.

your efforts, and on your enchanting party. At home you will enjoy what you wanted at Chicago, the society of your good parents, who, as they advance in life, must be still dear to your heart. We can never repay the cares and tenderness of parents, and we should be anxious to prove to them our gratitude and affection. Miss Johnson is in hourly expectation of the demise of her very aged mother, who is not likely to change her sentiments in regard to religion. I believe she has never been baptized. Three or four years ago Mr. Hopkins, at the age of eighty, sought baptism, and he has recently closed his course.

I do not think you ought to be over-anxious about going to church, with great inconvenience, when you are so far away, and likely to be disappointed. You can invite our Lord into your heart at home, keep close union with Him, and send up fervent prayers for yourself and friends. Mental exercises are greatly to be practiced that we may truly live by faith, and walk with God. In the many trials of life our only security is to cling to Him, seek His guidance and direction, and beg to be preserved from the snares which beset our path without our suspecting it. Aspirations greatly aid us; when depressed in spirits, a short ejaculation may inspire confidence and impart joy. You see I am forever preaching.

The son of Mr. Law, a sub-deacon of the London Orationary, has come to this country for his health. He is very pious, as is his father also. It is very edifying to see their fervor. I had a letter from Mrs. Allen the other day, on occasion of the birthday of Heman. She is always anxious for prayers that her children may be kept in the straight path. I have just returned from ten days' journey to the Alleghany Mountains, during which I confirmed nearly five hundred persons. Eleven out of one hundred and two I confirmed in the Church of the Redemptorists at Cumberland were converts. A good number of converts are in a

remote part of the county near a small church at the Cross Roads. The marriage of Miss Browning to Mr. Mattingly led to her conversion, which was followed by that of her father and several others of the connection. Mr. Browning is now about eighty, and has passed his life in the country, although born, I believe, in Virginia. He is a man of considerable talent, and his life has been marked by many incidents, which he is engaged in recording. I received Mrs. Davis, an English lady, into the Church at Western Port on Thursday last. There are ten churches in Alleghany County, most of them having crowded congregations of Catholics. The miners and laborers form the most numerous portion, but there are several American families of the old Maryland stock. The Redemptorist community contained above fifty students and several lay brothers, besides six bright priests. The discipline is strict, and their examples most edifying. It is wonderful what attraction religious austerities have, since so many flee to this community to practice self-denial and humility. The members take on themselves to atone in some measure for the disorders of the world.

Your devoted father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

MISS ELIZA A. STARR.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 23, 1858.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your favor of the 19th inst. has relieved me from some anxiety arising from your long silence. I sympathize with you in the trials of your good parents, and the difficulties and disappointments of your brother. All the events of life are under the direction of a kind Providence, which we must adore with entire submission. I am glad you have become acquainted with Madame Gallwey, my friend nearly thirty years. Oh, please give her my respects, and tell her that I

wish her to take a great interest in your spiritual advancement. I am not eager for you to take any step that would pain your beloved parents, but you can attain to high perfection in the world by keeping close to God, and walking with Him in faith and love. I do not send the inclosed as in return for your lines, but I request you to accept this token of my sympathy in your distress. I claim the privilege of a friend and father. As I am going to-morrow to the country to give confirmation, I write you a short letter.

Your devoted father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

MISS E. A. STARR.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 24, 1858.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Christmas Eve brought me your favor, but with sad news of your sickness. I had neglected to write to you, expecting to hear from you soon again, with some sweet lines for the *Mirror*. You have need of great patience and resignation, but you have learned that afflictions are blessings, since all things work together under God for those who love God. Why should we repine when our Heavenly Father visits us with sickness or distress? The peace of heart which He grants His devoted children surpasses all conception. Let us never grow weary under discipline. Conformity to the divine will is a greater virtue than zeal or generosity, which elicits human praise. I pray that you may be strengthened to suffer, and may be drawn still nearer to God by the entire abandonment of yourself into His divine hands. It is not in the power of nature to love the cross, but God enables us to issue forth from trial unscathed, and even triumphant.

I am glad that you have seen Mrs. Nichols and been benefited by her advice and prescriptions. Rev. E. D. Lyman, a convert, received a spiritualist named Cooke into

the Church, who has furnished me several books on this matter. He continues fervent in the practice of his religious duties.

I must hurry to the confessional, which will excuse my short letter. Allow me to inclose a token of my sympathy. I feel as a father for you, and you must not allow any delicacy to interfere with the acceptance of the small gift of friendship.

Your devoted father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

MISS E. A. STARR.

Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 2, 1859.

DEAR MISS STARR:

The gift of the cod-liver oil which you recently received determines me to inform you that I drank three bottles of it a few months ago by order of the physician, who thought that a bad cold was likely to fasten itself on my lungs. I am now entirely relieved, and with a feeling of health and vigor which constantly leads me to calculate on years of life. I pray that your strength may return in like manner, and that you may live many years in close union with God, till you shall be ripe for heaven. Yet what is this world that we should cling to it? Why should we wish to live an hour longer, if we may hope at once to find mercy, and a place in the heavenly kingdom? "Thy will be done" should be our constant prayer. "Who will give me the wings of the dove, and I shall fly and rest?" We are journeying towards our true home, where joys pure and lasting await us.

I have received the Novena, and to-day a letter from Mrs. Allen in reply to my acknowledgment of its reception. The piety of this good family edifies me greatly. How favored by Almighty God was little Mary, who left her parents so precious a legacy. I shall send you the *Catholic Mirror*, in

which you may view yourself. The lines please me much, but I would not have you overtax yourself whilst your health continues delicate.

Your devoted friend in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

MISS E. A. STARR,

Chicago, Ill.

Feby. 17, 1859.

DEAR COUSIN MARY:

I have written a long letter on St. Anthony, but I have some other matters still to talk of. First, don't forget Dr. Steele. As he grows better, he seems less anxious to be safe, though he is still very good. He said yesterday he should call to-day on Father Burke. After the Doctor preached his sermon on the Last Judgment, a Miss Drummond called to see him; she had caught sight of him at the Sisters of Mercy, and she determined to consult him, and after the sermon made a direct call upon him. She told me when he came down to the parlor to see her he looked awfully stern, and said, "Madam, do you wish to see me?" I suppose she had been in conversation with him an hour and a half when I called to see him. I supposed he was talking with a Catholic lady, he seemed so blithe and merry, but he introduced her as an almost Catholic. She then told me her father, Judge Drummond, had given her the choice to attend a Presbyterian school or a Visitation Convent at Wheeling, he being an infidel. She choose the convent, was there nearly three years, and is now only a few weeks out of it. She will be received on the Feast of the Annunciation, or the Doctor has promised it to her if she is very good and reads. She knows her catechism already; she is a sweet, innocent girl, all enthusiasm about the nuns, and means to be one herself. The Doctor thinks her extremely good. Her father is perfectly kind and liberal towards her.

You will pray for her, I know, all of you. Tell Bessie and Julia. She is so young and fresh and innocent, with all the simplicity of an infant. We are great friends. Poor Mrs. Sargent is with her father in Watertown, Massachusetts, and suffering all sorts of terrors from the dread of being deprived of a home if she ever goes to Massachusetts. God help her, with her excitable brain! It seems as if her father must be out of his own head. Is there any more need of proof of the oneness of our faith with that of the early Christian than to see how it is hated by the world? Tell Julia I prize my "St. Genevieve" dearly; I prize, too, her little marginal notes; I begin to miss them if they do not come; I gave her my communion on the octave of St. Agnes; Bessie has a regular one from me. Do tell me about Hemy and George. The letter has not come from Mrs. Smalley. I shall try not to send you any more penciled letters. According to your promise I ask you to join my Novena to St. Anthony for father and mother both; God grant they may both attain to the vision of glory! Why are they still blind? I shall commence, on next Tuesday, February 22d, my Tuesday communions for Julia Metcalf for her brother George. You will join, I know, but will you give father and mother an occasional communion? I must write no more.

Your loving cousin,

ELIZA.

CHICAGO, Feby. 17, 1859.

DEAR COUSIN GEORGE:

I ought to send you a letter exquisitely penned with a royal margin in return for the beautiful Novena, whose wide margin and amber-tinted pages, which so fill my eye, are yours, to say nothing of the introduction and all its scholarly beauties. I am a little bit proud of my dear Cousin George, always, and the dear Novena I admire and love just one

tender degree more for coming through his crucible. The Doctor knows this little weakness of mine, but in spite of his intended perversity on the subject, he went into an involuntary rapture over the last one. It touched his fancy altogether, and I know of no fancies I am better pleased to hit than your own and the Doctor's. I hope you will some time know each other; and this reminds me of Dr. Brownson, who has been in Chicago. He remained all the time at the Bishop's, who would not allow him to leave him any more than if he had been a bishop, too. They all doted on Dr. Brownson. It was something more than respect, it was real love. The Doctor managed to have me see him without any formality, and the great Doctor was so good as not to wait to have my name called to him. He took my hands as if I had been an old pet. It almost made me cry, for I had a notion I should be afraid of him. He wanted to know whom I knew among those he did. I mentioned you and Mr. Allen, indeed, and when I told him you were my cousin, he gave me such a funny look, as if "you little thing, you have a nice cousin." I laughed, and then he went on talking of you and Cousin Mary, and wanted to know if her sisters were converts, Sarah especially. I told him about Wendell's death, of which he knew, but not of the circumstances, and he gave one of his grunts of emotion, and when I told him the hope I had always felt, he said, "Yes, yes." He was very fond of your brother Wendell, I judge, from his appearance that morning, for he seemed deeply moved. He is such a huge man that when he is moved his emotion looks big like himself. He said, when I spoke of Mrs. Ripley, "Ahl don't I know her; she is a good Catholic, but very fussy, as I tell her, being a sort of Sister of Charity at large." Then he raised his eyebrows and gave one of his laughs. It makes Dr. Butler laugh only to think of this laugh of Dr. Brownson's, and he cannot help giving his own regular eyebrows a jerk. They had a great deal of fun with

the big old Doctor, whose very bulk they loved. He gave them very ludicrous descriptions of himself when a minister, and of his congregation. His first lecture drew a crowded house, as many Protestants went from curiosity. The finest talent of the city was represented, and Mr. Arnold, "our greatest lawyer," as he is called, went on to the platform to be presented to Dr. Brownson. I think, however, the lectures went over the heads of a great many, and they were obliged to think a little to follow him, whereas the idea is to have a lecturer do all the thinking for one. One sentence in his lecture was above description; he was combating the idea that Catholicity degrades human nature; and after a train of proofs of its constant care to save the soul from degradation, he burst into a strain of angelic eloquence, upon the immortality she gives to the body, the powdered bones, the scattered dust of the good Christian, hinting at the union between our dying bodies and that divine and mystical Body, which is our Viaticum. I have heard some eloquent expositions upon the dogmas of "the resurrection of the body," but none so rich in celestial unction. The strains of this little hymn of holy exultation will live in me until my own body is laid away, deposited among the green turfs of some kind spot of mother earth, awaiting the trump of the Archangel. Dr. Brownson says there is no place at the West so fitted for a good theological institution as Chicago, and that our two Roman doctors are a host in themselves. We laughed very much when the priests huddled around and said, "Miss Starr was a regular Puritan," and then delivered a panegyric on the old Puritans which sent me off with flying colors.

I am reading Winckelmann's "History of Ancient Greek Art"—you can understand with what delight. I read portions of it to my older pupils when I am able. They have been copying from the antique all winter, and are full of enthusiasm. I fancy I am killing out their common notions

of beauty by planting a better and nobler ideal in their docile minds. It makes me very happy. A celebrated Dr. Paddock, father of one of my pupils, is delivering some splendid lectures on anatomy. I have been able to hear or see but two, for you see as well as hear. There is a brother of James Freeman Clarke here, himself an amateur of uncommon taste. He studied drawing nine months in Rome, and anatomy in Paris. They sent for me lately, and I rode over to spend a Sunday afternoon with them; he was here last evening again, and promises to come for me another Sunday. They are people who refresh me, and almost all Protestants, and many Catholics, tire me now I am not strong. He lent me any number of splendid Roman engravings after the antique, and adapted to the needs of pupils—some of them by Raphael Morghen. They were all obtained from the government house, and are splendid accompaniments to Winckelmann. The latter places Raphael above Michael Angelo; one feels as if Mrs. Jameson (and some lesser critics) had never read Winckelmann, when she speaks as she does in the *Diary of an Emuycée* of some "Grand Duke, who like all good Catholics, had a portrait of the Virgin at the head of his bed," and then scolds that such a gem should be thus selfishly appropriated, when the merest daub would answer the same purpose. That living tie between beauty and devotion, as mutual incitements, is so unobtrusively brought out by the great Winckelmann. Was he not a great Catholic? Please take the trouble to tell me. He has opened avenues and vistas of surpassing grandeur and lofty calm to me, and has settled and methodised many of my own diffidently held ideas. Sometimes, Cousin George, when I think, or rather ponder for a moment upon my inner conceptions of beauty and truth and grandeur in art, and my meager performances, and increasing inability to perform, I am reminded of that northern sea which, far beyond glaciers and ice-bound coasts, lies calm and clear, on whose mild margins the sea

fowls find shelter and brood their young, and where vegetation again flourishes. Perhaps a few more icy peaks and straits crossed, I may come, this side the grave, to this calm sea of beauty and of performance, and sit tranquilly down under the shadow of some hallowed protection to work out visibly what presses on my mind and heart. You know Liszt is in a monastery, and Fiesole painted, under such sweet and holy influences, pictures which worldlings even reverence, to say nothing of admiring. I wish you would pray for me. I am better, very much, but I am not well. Take this, not very well written letter, as a token of love from your cousin. I can write now only to those I love very much, except on pressing or immediate matters. Madame Gallwey says I must pray to recover and make a promise, for "God loves a contract." I don't much expect to see you again, but perhaps I shall. They are all well at home. They were never more tender towards me. Oh, if I could see them safe in our Lord's fold, I would mind nothing! It is the only earthly consideration which makes me waver in my own desires. Write to me when you feel like it. Dear coz Mary is so good to me (which does not mean certainly that you are not), but write yourself to

Your affectionate cousin,

ELIZA.

BALTIMORE, March 4, 1859.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your lines on the "Empty Tabernacle" are already in print, but over the signature of Anna, I know not by what mistake. I am glad that you are tuning your lyre anew. The lines on the Virgin's name will appear. Dr. Butler could have satisfied you on the litanies. The popes have always resisted the multiplication of litanies, on account of the exaggerations to which they are liable. The Litany of the

Saints is the only one which can be strictly said to belong to the Liturgy. It is said in various forms, in ordinations, processions, and in the prayers for the dying. The Litany of the Blessed Virgin is sanctioned and encouraged. God directs the chief bishop, in what regards discipline and doctrine. I respect consequently the rule laid down on this head, notwithstanding the contrary usage of many places.

I sympathize with you greatly in regard to your delicate health, and am not much inclined to advise bargains. Give yourself wholly to our Lord, without solicitude, desiring only to do His blessed will, and you are sure to be right. The entire abandonment of ourselves into the divine hands ought to be the study of our lives. What matters it that our race be long, or short, if we reach the goal? We are not indeed required to be wholly indifferent, yet it is a happy and perfect state.

I am not without hope of ministers, be they Unitarian or others, since the grace of God draws some of every class. Dr. Brownson is a memorable example. The converts here and in England are in a great measure ministers. Lately Maturin of Halifax gave up his curacy and was received by Cardinal Wiseman. I do not suspect the sincerity of ministers generally, but faith is a divine gift, to which their position presents great obstacles. This last convert was eighteen years examining before he took the final step.

Miss Allen is engaged in a Novena for the conversion of Mrs. Demuy. The professor is preparing a life of St. Anthony. They cherish this devotion as a legacy of their loved child. How remarkable it is, that they should feel such confidence in his intercession!

I saw quite a flattering notice of the pieces of the Abbé Rouquette in a Southern magazine some months ago. I have not seen the pieces themselves, although I recollect some which appeared a few years ago.

I pray God to give you renewed health, and spare you many years for His service. You see where end my exhortations to holy indifference.

Your devoted father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK.

Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, March 28, 1859.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I expected to see your lines in the last *Mirror*, but a previous communication, as I presume, claimed the poet's corner. In the mean time I cannot leave you in anxiety about my health. I feel quite well, and count on years of life, according to human probability; but of course my age forbids me to be oversanguine. I am in my sixty-second year. Last week a most inoffensive devoted priest, Giustiniani, of a high Genoese family, was near being deprived of life by robbers, who took his watch and some money as he lay in bed in the dead hour of night, and inflicted a deep cut on the skull and a heavy blow on the temple. He is likely to recover, although not yet out of danger. How easily are the young and healthy snatched out of life by the hand of an assassin, or by some accident.

I have heard nothing of the intention of Julia Allen, although I think she asked my prayers some time ago for some special intention. It is well to keep such matters secret, until about to be put into execution. Miss Johnson, *alias* Sister Bernard, is now mistress of novices, having succeeded Sister Agnes in that charge at Mount de Sales. This appointment is an evidence of her great favor, which has won the confidence of her superiors.

I am delighted that Dr. Duggan is created Bishop of Chicago; if his health allow him, he will do much for the prosperity of the diocese.

I believe I asked your prayers for a young lady whose family were Friends, but some have become Methodists, she herself an Episcopalian, and she has been for some months an inquirer; she is almost a believer. She has been under the direction of Rev. E. Sorin. The opposition of her mother and brother, a preacher among the Methodists, keeps her back.

I hope your health will improve, and that you will be strengthened to bear your trial. The cross is truly the path to the crown. If we suffer with Christ, we shall reign with Him. But who can love suffering unless grace be given him from above? Your devoted father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

CHICAGO, May 23, 1859.

DEAR COUSIN MARY:

You would not grudge your second kind letter if you could know how much pleasure it gave me, coming as it did undeserved, and in the midst of one of those turmoils of moving, which come to me annually in Chicago; if the family does not move, the house is raised, and this time the house was fairly on screws when I left it; a dismal-looking place, truly. My present landlady could not take me a day sooner, and I was thankful for any place. This is a firm, airy house on the countryside of the river, and a good summer residence. But the chief convenience is being near my pupils. Beside the moving, which wasted a great deal of time (excepting as it taught me patience), I have been busy with my painting. Then the May devotions, which cannot be slighted this year without great loss, since we have benediction every evening, and being on the North Side, it takes more of my time. There are several other causes which have hindered my letters to you, such as every odd minute being occupied by visitors and those who have claims upon

my time, but they can all be summed up in a general press of affairs from which I am this day emerging. I have written to Eunice to-day, the first letter in a long time. My health is improving as the season grows mild, but the sense of hidden malady I never can lose. It is upon me at this moment, and I must stop. To-morrow I can finish my letter without pain. I have written so much to Eunice to-day that I am very tired.

25th.—I have so many things to talk of I hardly know where to begin, but shall first ask for a dozen small Novenas, if you can spare them and send the stamps, and in addition, stamps for the raffle chance. You must not think me indifferent to the raffle. I should have taken more chances, but my small incomes are very much disproportioned to my needs, this year especially. It is not necessary to enter into details. You can understand how a person can be straitened without any show of poverty. God's providence keeps me from this, but I live like the birds of the air, hardly knowing where my next worm is to come from, but quite sure it will come, or that I shall not need it. I gladly send you the mite you so kindly subscribed for me. It is not enough to hurt even my purse, only I was not at liberty to take more chances. My present Novena is made with Julia M. for her brother George. I have not missed a Sunday in all our Novenas as yet. Be assured I have fulfilled all your requests, especially in behalf of Mrs. Tucker. How is Catherine? Remember me most kindly to her; I have still some of the dresses she made for me; they make me sad sometimes, for they remind me how the poor, perishing materials of a gift outlive the giver. The beloved hand turns to dust, but the gift lingers on and outlives its own joy. I would write a note to Mrs. T., but I am hardly equal to it. When I am drawing a good deal, my pen is not a ready one. Tell her when you write, that I always remember her and her intentions at mass, and at all those times she

would most desire. I have never forgotten the intense solicitude she expressed for her mother, a solicitude so like my own, that my own suggests a recollection of hers. I hope she does not forget to pray for me or my intentions, especially for my family. The Doctor says I am quite right in giving them everything. I obtained two masses for the intentions of her Novena. Dr. Butler and Father Bourke were the donors. The Bishop is going and coming so much that I am never sure of him. I obtained the masses you desired. Now I think of it, the masses were obtained for you and for Mrs. T.'s commemorations. I could not give her my communions, as my own Novena was in progress. You remember my Wednesday communions are offered for you and your intentions. Accept an almost weekly one from your fond cousin instead of the prompt letters you deserve. May the ineffable smile of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph be your consolation and joy. I know of no other. I am charmed with your description of the birds. I have a good many flowers and am hoping a bird will give the joys of sound to my room. It will come to me, I think, by autumn. Tell me more about your birds, for I can almost hear them, and let me hear how the one like Cousin George continues to demean himself. The bird is as near as I shall ever get to Cousin George, I fear. But I shall be very patient until the book is out, and for some time after, so he need not think I spite him at all, only I like to hear of something which resembles him. It was Dr. Butler's bird I told you about. His wondrous pet came to an untimely end during one of the Doctor's visitations abroad. He sighed over his beautiful bird for months, and his eyes grew longing whenever his sweet singer was forgetfully alluded to. You know his musical necessities, and this bird supplied these and sang God's praises for him. A few weeks ago I called to see him; he gave me one of his fingers, and without a word of introduction, his head turned to his shoulder, for all the world

like a robin-redbreast, and his face joyful as his only is, I sometimes think, nodded, "do you hear my bird" then rubbed his hands, "don't you hear him? Dr. McMullen's brother gave him to me," and away he actually *danced* (this is no figure of speech), and in one breath came in with his bird. "Isn't he beautiful! hear his note! sweeter than any I ever heard, excepting my little darling's last summer; he was the sweetest singer in all Chicago!" I felt like excepting the Doctor himself, but left him to his eulogistic rhapsody. That bird note would reach him from the most distant corner of the palace, I believe. You must know the Doctor some time; if you never see or hear him here, you will see and hear him in heaven. He has conducted the May devotions this year, and you would only need to see him in these to know him entirely. We have benediction every evening, and the Litany of Loretto by the Doctor and the choir, responding all to the Roman melody, no modern variations. Lecture three times a week. After all this lavishing of opportunities to gain graces, the Doctor was scandalized to see them so little noticed. People seem to think the May devotions of little consequence. Forthwith his zeal kindled, and at the eight o'clock mass he came out in a scorching denunciation of "those who did not care to get our Lord's blessing," warning them "that they might soon be where they could not get it," to use his own expression. "He got very mad" after the fashion of your Dr. O'Brien, who had in Boston the most delightfully hot zeal in the world; the Doctor is a true Celt, like him. Their anger is a flame as pure as a sunbeam, and as searching. The news of the Doctor's scandalization spread far and wide. That evening he preached to a crowded house, and the numbers have increased steadily. One evening after giving a lecture of remarkable richness and fervor and eloquence, he had kneeled and received the robe for the benediction, stepped to the altar rail, hushed the organ, and in his own rapid, enthusi-

astic speech, told them "the best proof they could give of love to Mary was to bring as many as possible with them to the devotion in her honor." His suggestion has been obeyed. They all say, "O, we had no idea the devotions could be so beautiful!" The Doctor has great faith in attracting people to the Kingdom of Heaven. He will write to you, but the present is very powerful with him, and what is not present sometimes is procrastination, but never out of mind. It will come around, and the note if struck at his will is always harmonious. He has such a troop of Protestants to convey into the harbor of rest that the Catholics are made to wait. He is with the Bishop on a visitation just now, but returns to-day. Do you remember praying for a Mrs. Fitch? her name was on the New York confraternity list; she is dead; died without making one sign of faith beyond her Unitarianism. My heart aches. I heard of it to-day; I have never ceased praying for her, but I fear almost being accountable for some sin of omission in regard to her. Is it not dreadful? They told how peaceful and patient she looked in her coffin, and because the dead clay cannot speak, they think all is right. God grant all the prayers and masses offered for her may have won an invisible grace in the hour of her death. To think any bearing the name of Mary, as she did, should fail of her blessed intercession! I think I must join the New York confraternity. Will you send my name to Mrs. Ripley and obtain the conditions (which you once gave me, but I have forgotten), and do this with my sincerest love to Mrs. Ripley herself, and tell her I hope she remembers me and my intentions half as often as I do hers, for the mass is seldom ended when I do not remember her by name. I must run no risk of losing my prayers for one soul by not joining the confraternity. Now I am on the North Side. I assist at the Mass of the Sacred Heart. Madame Gallwey makes me perfectly at home there. I dread to think of my summer vacation, but I think

of Spring Park and its loveliness, and shall not linger here after the last of July; perhaps not as long. It matters not how we work or where so God works with us, and to fall into His way and His plans is to win. I say this not for your instruction, but because it does me good to write it. Send me another of her lovely letters when she writes. Have you seen any of R. H. Dana's letters from Cuba, especially on the Sisters of Charity? Cousin George must oblige me by feeling a deep interest in the exhibition of pictures now open in Chicago. Several belonging to Madame Gallwey, the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, and a full-length St. Jerome are here contributed by Colonel Graham, one of the heirs. He claims the St. Lawrence to be a genuine Titian, the St. Jerome as a da Vinci. People laugh at such claims, but for no other reason than a general skepticism. These pictures have been on exhibition in Philadelphia, and will Cousin George, if he can do so without too much trouble, send me an old catalogue containing the mention of them, or the opinion of any connoisseur as to their genuineness. Dr. Butler asked me this morning (26th) to write a counter-criticism upon them, the one which has appeared being worse than frivolous. He says I may take time, but insists upon my doing it. I send you a copy of what Mrs. B. writes of her visit to Padua. I asked her to visit this church, which lies in the way, I believe, of even the most general tourist. On the 20th and 21st pages of Faber's "Dolors of Mary" is a fine condensation of all martyrdoms, but this is the St. Lawrence paragraph.

Believe I am your devoted cousin, though I am so tardy a correspondent, and send me my saint for June. St. Jude helped me through my moving.

Your affectionate cousin,

ELIZA.

I could not forget any of you on the feast of St. Philip Neri. The Doctor was prefect of the Camerata of St. Philip

in the Propaganda, and has a singular devotion to him. I received holy communion from him this morning. I told him St. Philip was your family patron. *Ora pro me.*

BALTIMORE, July 4, 1859.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your favors of the 8th and 13th ult. have been long unanswered; I was some days absent from the city, visiting Washington and Georgetown, and when at home, greatly engaged with Job and the Prophets, who paid their last visit, in the form of proofsheets on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. I am edified at the account you give of the death of the culprit, for the power of religion is manifested in healing the wounds of sin, as well as in preserving innocence. The young lady of whom I speak as an inquirer has, I believe, abandoned the idea of any change. Some think that a marriage with a Catholic physician was in contemplation, and led to the inquiries. When in Georgetown I spent the evening with Mr. Major and his lady, and met there Mr. Guthrie and lady, Virginian converts. Mrs. Blount, of our city, has been inquiring of several of our clergy, which gave occasion to the report of her conversion. Like many others who get a glimpse of Catholic truth, she may never embrace it.

I hope the compositor has done justice to your lines; the papers were sent to you by my request, each time that a contribution from your pen appeared in it, but recently the publisher informed me that they send it regularly. It is conducted by Rev. L. Obermeyer. Dr. McSherry contributes the leading articles; he is a pious physician of some distinction. Your pieces are well received.

I am pleased to receive the message of Madame Gallwey, whom I esteem so highly; her advice will be of great service to you, being a lady of such piety and long experience.

The Allens are busy with St. Anthony. Mr. Howard,

of Philadelphia, a convert, is the fruit of their prayers; I looked forward for the life with interest.

We are just celebrating the Feast of the Sacred Heart, postponed from Friday to Monday; it is well calculated to draw all our affections to Him, and to excite particularly gratitude and love. The Italians say:

Dolce cuor del mio Gesù
Fa, ch' io t' ami sempre più.

Heart of Jesus I implore:
Make me love Thee more and more.

It coincides by its translation with our national festival.

I am happy to perceive that with your change of location your opportunities of spiritual aid are increased. Everywhere, however, God is present to the soul that seeks Him earnestly and humbly. I pray that He will continue to protect you, and that He will draw you powerfully to Him.

Your friend in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 25, 1859.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your favor of the 14th inst., dated from home, gave me great pleasure. It must afford you great consolation to be at the side of your good parents, and to comfort them in their advanced age, amidst the disappointments and trials of life. I was delighted to see you so fervent, with all the zeal of a recent convert. I trust that this will go on increasing from day to day, and that nothing will be able to separate you from our Lord. How earnestly we should pray for light and grace, that we may advance in His knowledge and love. The great proof of devotedness is in suffering patiently the many trials that Providence sends us. Several of the saints desired to suffer. If we can submit to such sufferings

as come to us unsought for, we shall be very acceptable to our Lord. A family highly respected here lost, on the very day on which I was in Chicago, a son, Francis Chatard, recently admitted to the bar; he was accidentally drowned; his mother, a convert of many years, was and is deeply distressed, but she bows to the Divine Will. His father, a distinguished physician, always attached to the faith, but for nearly thirty years had not approached communion, from extreme scrupulosity, has returned to his duty. Miss Juliana has been a Sister of Charity for the last three years, and Silas is studying for the priesthood in the college of the Propaganda at Rome. Their resolution to devote themselves to God had displeased their father, but he is now entirely reconciled, seeing that he has lost a dear child in a far more painful way. Juliana consoled her good mother by letters full of great tenderness and affection. Silas had practiced for a short time as a physician, and was expected to take the place of his father, who had succeeded his own father in the same honorable profession. He, however, chose the better part. Miss Emily Jones, daughter of Commodore Jones, died on the 13th inst.; she was a convert; her step-sister is Sister Stanislaus, an aged nun at Georgetown. Miss Emily entered the convent at Frederick, but she soon returned to her home, probably in consequence of ill health. She lived and died with great sentiments of piety. It matters not where, or in what state of life we live or die, if we be where God wills us and love Him with our whole heart. Will be pleased to hear from you, and to receive some lines for the *Catholic Mirror* when you feel inspired. Give my respects and good wishes to your parents, with whom I feel acquainted through you, and believe me,

Your devoted father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 18, 1859.

DEAR MISS STARR:

The two volumes of the New Testament which I published are entirely out of print. "Job and the Prophets" await you, I presume, in Chicago, as I gave written orders to the publishers to forward them to your address. Your friend Mr. Burnap has gone to the bourne from whence no traveler returns; his death was very sudden. I am happy to learn that you have so much to gratify your religious feelings, even at a distance from church. We should strive to realize the Divine Presence in all places, and to walk with God. Miss Jones, a daughter of Commodore Jones, who after her conversion entered the Visitation Convent at Frederick, and soon left it on account of ill health, has died in sentiments of piety. It is not after all important that the religious state be embraced by converts, or others, since the fulfillment of the Divine Will is all perfection, but it is a privilege and blessing to be called to retirement, far from the world's dangers. To-day—the Festival of the Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin—we can approach the cross in her company, sympathizing with her and contemplating her love for the Divine Victim of our sins. It is the easiest way to learn the mystery of a Crucified Redeemer and to advance in His love. We should ask for fortitude to endure the ills of life, and grace to love the Cross. With regard to medals, scapulars, and other objects of devotion, they may serve to awaken pious sentiments in those who wear them, and may obtain for them the prayers of the Blessed Virgin and the saints, but we cannot ascribe any certain virtue to material objects. Prayer is powerful. Let us pray with earnestness and confidence, and we shall in the end be consoled.

Your devoted father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28, 1859.

DEAR COUSIN MARY:

You will wonder what has become of me. I left Spring Park a little more than two weeks ago, and I received your letter some time before. But I could not write much at home. The time I spend there is necessarily so short and there is so much to be accomplished that I give myself up entirely to them. God knows if any good seed has taken root in their hearts. But I have only to obey the injunction "Sow, and at the evening withhold not thy hand." The only solicitude which I allow myself is for them, so far as this, to leave no means untried, which lies in my power, to win them to the consideration of the truth, and while I am really with them my faculties seem to renew their vigor and watchfulness. Nothing but such fidelity would allow me a moment's peace of mind or the hope of a happy death. The result I endeavor to leave in the hands of Him who loves them better even than I do, and whose power is limited only by Himself. Since my return to Chicago I have been obliged to be very active in arranging my own little concerns so as to meet my necessities. The "times are hard" beyond anything I ever knew, and they affect my classes, I think. Still I shall do very well if I am well. At present I am so, though I suffer from premonitory symptoms, and find I must give up all evening entertainments abroad. The air from the lake is sharp, and it is quite impossible for me to breathe it freely as I walk about the town. I have commenced my cold water applications, and all this gives me a feeling that the dreaded winter has set in, for me at least. But perhaps I shall have a more comfortable winter for being obliged to practice these precautions. I accuse myself for saying the "dreaded winter." I ought not to dread sickness, for it has been the source of my sweetest consolations. When it is really upon me, I know this; I know it, too, in prospect,

yet I shrink involuntarily. A few prayers, I think, will not be amiss for one like me.

I was delighted with your account of your visit to Burlington. I have not seen Mrs. Burley yet, but I know her very well. The other day I went into Mr. Burley's store, quite accidentally, and was glad to see him, for he spoke of you immediately, and said his wife wanted to see me. She is quite delicate, and I promised to call, and shall do so. You tell me nothing of George; try to in your next letter. Burlington is a lovely place; I should like to go there once more. Hemy must have enjoyed it very much. This reminds me that I have a friend quite near me who has a musical evening every week; she asks me sometimes; her husband is a Prussian, and many of the finest German performers in the city are his friends. Mr. Tobey is wedded to mass music; a German lady friend of mine is now likely to sing with him in our choir, and will be at the house often, and, by the way, she is a lover of St. Anthony. I showed her a rosary Mrs. Brackett brought me, on which is a St. Anthony medal from Padua. "Ah," she said, in her broken English, "he is my patron, and my pet." She told how she lost a very precious picture of him on vellum, she knew not where, which a good priest, himself a Franciscan, had given her; she said immediately, "Dear St. Anthony, please bring me my sweet picture, and I will say to your honor a whole rosary." The next morning the sacristan of the great cathedral brought her the precious picture on vellum, saying a little boy had found it about the church. After a while some other good father asked her "to give him a picture, to allow him to choose one for himself." "Yes, Father, only one I must retain." "No, no, let me see all the pictures and I will choose." He chose the St. Anthony on vellum. "Ah," said she, "I felt my heart quite leave me, I was so afflicted, but I would not deny him." She said, too, that she once had a Novena to St. Anthony loaned to her, but

had none now. I promised her one of yours, which put her quite beside herself. She says, "He is really and truly her patron." I shall surely give her a Novena. I have a bird; the lady who gave it to me said it was a female, but if I would accept it she thought I should love it. It is, they all tell me here, a singer, however, to my great joy. It's a young bird, but its note is truly dulcet. I could hardly believe them when they told me it was a singer. The cage stands by my side, and it is a very dear little companion; its name is Chiquita. I may not spell it correctly, as it is a Spanish word, which I remember hearing years ago in a way which made me wish to speak it sometimes. Will Bessie send me the word and its signification? Tell Bessie I am making the Novena with her. I have made all my Tuesday communions for her intention since my return, and pray as fervently as I can for her success. She will tell me the result; i.e., if we are heard favorably. Tell Julia, too, that as I could not give the communion she asked for her confessor, I gave the communion on the Feast of St. Raphael for him. I am sure he will pray for my parents; I beg for them altogether. Have I told you about my plants? they make my room look like a garden; this moment I have had a present of a passion plant. I make my own bed now, and attend to my room daily myself; I like it, as I am less busy than last year, and am somewhat determined to remain so. I am not strong enough to keep up business habits, and try to be lazy, but am constantly finding myself whisked off into some exploit. These little duties at home serve to keep me quiet by giving me regular duties within. By the time my bird, my flowers, and my rooms are in cosy order, I am calm enough to be lazy awhile. I left them well at home, but mother finds it a trial to let me go. I had a most quiet summer with her, and she seems very different, though she took pains to tell me "she was no more a Catholic than ever"; I never dispute her; it relieves her mind to tell me such things occa-

sionally; if it was not for politics, my father would not find much difficulty in being one; as it is, they put an obstacle between them and grace which appals me. I can only keep silence, but silence is a strong weapon against this noisy world. I shall not write a long letter if I can help it, for I want to send it forthwith and secure my saint for November; I had none for October, owing to my not writing to tell you where I should be; that is, I trust this was the reason, and hope you are not sick, as I almost fear. You are so good to me that I confess your silence has something ominous in it. Write when you receive this if you can; if not, I am sure Julia will; I hope she received the long letter I wrote her from Spring Park; I received one from her after I sent that, and inferred that our letters met on the way. The first Sunday after my return the Bishop preached and the Doctor sang mass. This is the perfection of a St. Mary's Sunday. They are both well and grow holy, I think, every day. The Doctor preached last Sunday on confession, and was more than "happy" in his sermon. My dear little convert America Drummond, who dreads confession like a whipping, and has put it off until I really trembled for the child, was so touched by it that the next day she made up her mind to go to confession; she said she was miserable after that until she went. I cannot tell you all about it, but the Doctor, Madame Gallwey, and myself have been in a state of jubilation over her ever since in our hearts. Her father had told her to leave his house forever or give up her religion; she left him, but she seemed to have run from one danger to fall into a dozen others; the trouble is all over now; she is as soft and gentle as a dove; is it not wonderful that the good-intentioned people in the world cannot see these things? The Bishop and the Doctor were on the very point of visiting Spring Park while out on their visitation in September; they were as near as Rockford, but the whole week was rainy, and they must ride ten miles at least over a

very bad road, and could get no train to venture over it in such weather. It was a grievous disappointment to me, but we must believe it for the best; I was so sure of blessed results from such a visit; I could almost say, "I see heresy as lightning fall from heaven"; I hope it may be accomplished next year, and they may all be happier for it. Mr. and Mrs. Brackett have returned, and bring back not a word of scandal; a great deal to say of American travelers. They are great friends of the Franciscans; Mr. Brackett says "he found the Catholic clergy among the most agreeable, polite and least bigoted he had met," and at the head of all he places the Franciscan Friars. Last week I invited them to meet the Bishop and Dr. Butler at Mrs. Tobey's; they all came to tea, and a delightful visit it was; all four seemed perfectly happy; they like the Doctor very much, you know, and Mrs. Brackett was impatient to see him, and they both talked as fast as their tongues could wag; they had not seen the Bishop before, but liked him so much that they will soon call upon him to invite him to their house; they called him "a very elegant man," "but," Mrs. B. says, "as much as we like him, we shall not give up the Doctor for anybody." They brought home a St. Michael and a Magdalene from Perugino's pictures. Mrs. B. cannot say too much of Fiesole, or Fra Angelico, as I like better to call him; she says his bad spirits of all sorts are ludicrous, as if it was impossible for him to imagine them, but that the grace and joy of his good spirits, angels, and saints are beyond expression, beautiful, and celestial, without any rival. She never talks of them without a moist eye. St. Francis she reverences, and the revival of art she traces directly to him. I tell you this to show the state of her mind at present. I must write no more. Give my dear love to Cousin George, whom I want to see, as seeing is my one sense over all others. My love, too, to Bessie, Julia, and Hemy, and George when you write. I must speak again of my German friend's love for

St. Anthony; it had a St. Anthony simplicity about it quite beyond anything I have ever met.

Adieu, my dear Cousin Mary, and believe how dear you are to the heart of your affectionate

COUSIN ELIZA.

Do write to me about Lydia and Mrs. Hastings.

BALTIMORE, November 8, 1859.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your favor of the 4th inst. pleased me very much, as I perceive you have gained a victory in the partial consent given by your mother to devoting yourself to God. If she understand that you will enjoy entire liberty to retire at any time during the year of probation, she will be less reluctant to allow you to make the trial. I seldom urge any one to enter into the religious state; but in your case I pray it is better to come to a determination, since postponement will leave you in uncertainty and pain. Be advised, however, by your director and by Madame Gallwey, and yield yourself wholly into the hands of God, Whose will is our rule and our happiness. We should earnestly ask His light and guidance.

I have just received a letter from Mrs. Allen, full of devotion; she tells of several favors obtained through the prayers of St Anthony. Sweet Mary has the merit of propagating this devotion, which, when dying, she recommended to her good parents. Whatever draws us nearer to God is useful in the spiritual life, yet it is not well to burden ourselves with minor practices. The heart that can truly say "My God and my All" is most secure. I pray that you may know His holy will, and be strengthened to fulfill it. I shall not fail to recommend your good parents to Him at the holy altar.

Your devoted friend and father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 25, 1859.

MISS STARR:

I am sorry that your health is again delicate. Of course I could not advise you to enter a religious community whilst it is so precarious. I sent all your pieces to the *Mirror*, which, I thought, published them, although I do not recollect seeing the lines on the Angelus. It is possible that they may have been mislaid. As the office is at some distance, I do not know. I sympathize greatly with the children whose trials you describe, but such is the order of Providence. The path to heaven is planted with thorns. Our fidelity is put to many severe trials, sometimes from our dearest friends. Salvation is the reward of those that persevere, at the same time that it is a boon of divine bounty.

Mrs. Allen has just visited me on her return from Georgetown, where she has passed the week; she is in fine spirits. Mrs. Gugan, a convert, accompanies her.

The Advent reminds us of the great mystery of our Lord's Incarnation, which is replete with so much consolation and hope. Glory to God and peace to men are the fruits of the mystery. I wish you renewed health and ever-increasing fervor.

Your devoted father in Christ.

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, January 26, 1860.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I sent your lines to the publisher's office, but do not find them in the *Catholic Mirror*, which I have just received. Probably the poet's corner was occupied. I look for that pleasure next week. In your former piece I found a misprint "varieties" instead of vanities, which displeased me, but compositors are not poets and cannot always catch a

poet's thought. I should be delighted to see the collection of your poems published, if you can find an enterprising publisher who will duly reward your genius. Our publishers are cautious, and offer little inducement. Perhaps you might find some in the West more liberal. I directed your paper to be sent to Mr. Perkins.

I am glad that your health has somewhat improved, but I fear that you are scarcely strong enough to enter a novitiate. It is better not to enter unless you can hope to remain, as to withdraw afterwards is painful. Madame Gallwey will direct you.

Dr. Huntington, of whom you make mention, is an estimable convert; his lady is most amiable. Judge Burnett, ex-governor of California, has just published a ponderous octavo, styled "The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church." He is a native of Tennessee. The reading of the controversy between Archbishop Purcell and Dr. Campbell led him to investigate the claims of the Catholic Church, and to embrace it when he was chief justice in Oregon. Since that time he was elected governor. He has gone to New York to publish the work, which is highly spoken of. I have not yet seen it. He is a practical Catholic, and has for his spiritual director a good Jesuit at Santa Clara College. It is gratifying to find a man in his position employing his talents to point out to others the way which he so fortunately discovered.

The death of Bishop Neumann was very sudden, but his great piety inspires full confidence of his acceptance with God. A man of prayer who is always mindful of the Divine Presence cannot be unprepared. I saw Mrs. Allen and the children, and had the happiness to give them holy communion in the cathedral chapel. I missed Professor Allen, who stayed at home in the expectation that I would call, which I was prevented from doing. I am going to Annapolis, where I am to give Confirmation on Sunday.

The Redemptorists have erected there a large church, and are about to build a novitiate. There are nearly twenty novices at present in the old mansion of Charles Carroll, which Lady Wellesley transferred to them. Rev. John H. Connell resides there, a New York convert, and a great master of music. Mrs. Steward is in that city in the house of her son, Dr. S., and her daughter. She became a Catholic in Philadelphia some twenty-eight years ago, and perseveres with great constancy. She is blind for several years past. The Protestant Bishop Johns is her brother, as was also Dr. Johns, of Baltimore. She has a son a minister. The priest attends her frequently with holy communion. She is very aged, and her case is remarkable.

I hope this letter will find you in improved health and spirits, yet God will have us bow in all things to His holy will. We must bear the cross, and clasp it to our bosom; *spes nostra salve*. What matters it that we suffer for a while to enjoy God for eternity! May we meet in His happy presence

Your friend and father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, April 16, 1860.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I fear I have forfeited my reputation for prompt correspondence by delaying to answer your favor of the 20th, but I waited some time to get a formal reply to your proposal for publishing your collected pieces by a Baltimore house. My own experience deters me from encouraging you to take on you the risk, although heavy books can scarcely serve to show the chances of light pieces. Poets, however, can generally say with Goldsmith:

“Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so.”

Notwithstanding my disappointment, I am again in press, and far advanced with Genesis. I am surprised to find that your health is somewhat better, as from your long silence, I feared it had declined. I hope you will be consoled in many ways. We must pray and cast our solicitude on God. I write in haste,

Your devoted father in God,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, May 21, 1860.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I conveyed to the publishers of the *Catholic Mirror* your request, and trust that they have already complied with it. The Pentateuch is at its close. I expect to receive the last proofsheets to-day or to-morrow. One other volume, to contain the books strictly historical, will close the work. I have already sent it to press, and hope that in three months it will be issued. The *Catholic Mirror* in an editorial of last week states that Cardinal Wiseman and myself have been appointed by the Pope to revise the Douay version. This is entirely groundless. I know not what led the editor (Courtney Jenkins) a respectable lawyer, to make such a misstatement. You must not lose hope for your good mother, since I confirmed yesterday an old lady, a recent convert, above eighty years of age, with her daughter above thirty, and several other converts, at St. Peter's Church of this city. We cannot, however, rival Father Damen, S. J., with his sixty neophytes at Detroit. Dr. Roby, husband of Miss Sharp, of Boston, daughter of a Baptist minister, is low at the point of death. His wife and her sister are converts, but he is not disposed to join the Church. He has never been baptized, and scarcely believes the necessity of baptism, but he professes his belief in the Divinity of Christ,

and has some wish to be baptized. I do not altogether despair that the prayers of his pious wife may obtain for him faith, but there is scarcely any ground for hope. St. Augustin tells us, that while life lasts we must not despair of any one.

I shall send you the Pentateuch as soon as published. The volume is not at all as large as "Job and the Prophets." The forthcoming volume will be of medium size.

I hope your health improves, and that the Holy Spirit comforts you in all your trials, and leads you into the secrets of the spiritual life. To walk with God, united in mind and heart with Him, resigned in all things to His blessed will, should be our constant study. "My God and my All" is the expression of a heart entirely devoted to Him.

Your father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, July 8, 1860.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your favor came after the departure of your Bishop, who left us on Friday for Washington. As he intimated his intention to make but a short stay there, and to pass through this city without stopping, I sent it to Philadelphia, where he will stay awhile. I had learned of him that your health was improved, and that you were busy doing good. I am glad that you visited South Bend and found it so agreeable. Mother Angela's mother is among my earliest acquaintances in this country thirty-nine years ago. Madame Gallwey will not be the less interested in your spiritual welfare. Please remember me to both. Your good Bishop preached for us on Sunday, and presided at a distribution of premiums on Tuesday at the Visitation Convent. I hope you have got the Pentateuch ere this. I sent a copy with your name

inscribed, to be forwarded by my publishers, two weeks ago. If it be delayed, please notify me. The historical books are already in press, so that in two months I hope to have the whole Bible published, not in one volume, but rather the volume of my revised version will then be issued. Mr. John Henry Wilcocks, of Boston, was confirmed by me a few days ago. He is an organ-builder, and a very intimate friend of Father Cornell, who has succeeded in inducing him to follow his example in joining the church. Both of them have great musical talent. If my brother should visit Chicago, you must not fail to see him. He will be amused to learn that I sat for my portrait. He is a much better subject.

I hope you will be consoled in regard to your good parents. Pray with confidence in the goodness of our Heavenly Father.

Your devoted father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK.

Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, July 24, 1860.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your three favors are before me, and I hasten to answer your inquiries concerning Dr. Roby and Miss Sharp. The Doctor died without priestly aid, and his prejudice was strong and prevented any approach of a clergyman. He professed his belief in the divinity of our Lord, and he was inclined to admit baptism, which he asked Mrs. Roby to administer as he was dying. Her sister, on account of ill health, left the Convent of Mercy, intending to return. I am sorry for the wavering state of mind of Mrs. H. Prayer is the best remedy. Mrs. Beecher Stowe, in her account of European travel, somewhere says, that Protestants may not sufficiently consider the relation the Virgin Mother bears to

us in the Mystery of the Incarnation. Faith is a gift of God, which we must ask with humility and cherish with love. We must, however, treat all with kindness and forbearance. I was surprised to hear of the trip of Mother Angela to Europe. The ocean has no terrors for ladies in our days, and charity gives wings. I hope she will soon return with increased means of good. I am happy to hear of Heman Allen. I hope his travels will increase his usefulness, and strengthen his health. I pray for all blessings to your good parents and yourself.

Your father in Christ,
FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 13, 1860.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your favors, filled with edifying details, reached me as I was on a short journey, to give confirmation in the chapel attached to the Carroll Manor. Fifty-eight persons, many of them colored, were confirmed there yesterday; fourteen converts are in the number, a Mr. Hammond, with his family being the most conspicuous, as he is a gentleman of about fifty, and possesses property in the neighborhood. Mr. Charles Carroll, grandson of him who signed the Declaration of Independence, is the owner of the mansion and estate. The chapel, on which he expended several thousand dollars, is made over to me in trust. The College of St. Charles is in the vicinity on ground given by his grandfather, and is devoted to the education of aspirants to the priesthood. One hundred and twenty youths are now trained there. A considerable addition is being made to the college building, besides an elegant chapel to be used by the collegians exclusively. Six priests of the Society of St. Sulpice, are engaged in this institution. The president, Rev. Oliver Jenkins, is a

Baltimorean, most devoted and conscientious. His life, besides a considerable private fortune, is consecrated to this good work. It is wonderful to see clergymen seclude themselves from society, and even from the exercise of most conspicuous functions of the ministry, in order to devote themselves to the forming of youth for the priesthood. This strikes me as no less admirable than the delight which pious ladies find in the retirement of the cloister.

I shall offer up the mass as you desire. Several conversions are reported, one in Louisville, one in Cincinnati, and one in Detroit. Judge Wilkins is said to be the one who was received in Cincinnati. Professor Allen has given me interesting details of Heman's travels. Mrs. Allen has also written to me. You, of course, have heard from them.

Your devoted father and friend in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 15, 1860.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your lines on the Leaf are already in print, and the publishers have promised me to be careful in forwarding your papers to Spring Park. I share your joy at the improved state of feeling among your relations in regard to Catholicity, and hope you will have further consolation. Judge Wilkins, of Detroit, whose conversion I announced, is probably a different person from the minister at Pittsburg. Mr. Caldwell, of Cincinnati, is father to a convert, whose example he has followed. The son resides at Richmond, and is the chief benefactor of a hospital recently founded by the Bishop. His wife is of the Breckenridges of Kentucky, a convert likewise.

I have just returned (17th) from the visitation of White-marsh, at about thirty miles distance, not far from Annapolis,

the capital of the state. It is an old settlement, where the Jesuits have officiated from the earliest period of our history. The congregation consists of some white families, and a great number of persons of color. Of two hundred confirmed yesterday scarcely forty were white. A few converts were of the number. Five years had elapsed since my former visitation. My book-making has interfered somewhat with the episcopal duties, but I have just finished the volume of the historical books, and completed my version. I purpose visiting Bohemia (on the east shore of Maryland) next Sunday, and spending a considerable part of the coming month in visitation.

Mr. Healy paid me a short visit, as he passed through the city toward the end of last week. I was pleased to see him in fine health and spirits. He gave me a good account of your improved state of health. I hope it will continue to improve, and that you will be still more strengthened in the spirit.

Your friend and father in Christ,
FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 31, 1860.

DEAR MISS STARR:

On returning yesterday from my visitation, I found your favor of the 23d. The pleasing news you give me of your mother's health and vigor at so advanced an age delighted me, and filled my hope that she will receive further blessings from God. Mrs. Lyman, the widow of a Presbyterian preacher, came to the Church when still more aged, through the influence and example of her son, now a Catholic priest. Her three daughters, one of them the relict of an Episcopalian minister, also embraced the faith, and Theodore Meade, her grandson, is studying at St. Charles for the

priesthood. The old lady soon seized the true principle of devotion of Catholics to the Blessed Virgin, namely, the relation which she bears to us in the mystery of the Incarnation. I have communicated to the publishers of the *Mirror* your request, which I am confident they will comply with. I have also directed them to send you the last volume.

With regard to Sarum, it is one of the English churches which had special rites nowise interfering with the general unity of faith and worship. Dr. Lingard, in his history of the Anglo-Saxon church, published before his history of England, and since republished in an enlarged form, speaking of the ritual diversities in various churches, observes "Such diversities were not understood to interfere with the unity of religious worship. They were to be found in England till the Reformation in the breviaries of the churches of Sarum, York and Hereford" (Vol. I., Ch. 7, p. 300, Psalmody). They regarded chiefly the divine office. I wish you may procure from some of the Chicago clergy this most valuable work, which gives full information on the ancient faith and worship of the British and English churches. Edmund, treasurer and prebendary of Sarum, was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury by Roger, Bishop of London, on the second day of April, 1234. His election was the result of the expressed wish of the Pope (Waterworth, S. J., England and Rome, p. 305). This shows the communion of the Church of Sarum with that of Canterbury, and with Rome. There was no diversity in the substance of worship, or in doctrine. If the book to which your friend refers were shown to Dr. Butler, he could easily prove its agreement with the Roman Missal in all things essential, and even in most details. A French author says that the Sarum liturgy resembles in many points the Gallican, although the basis is Roman (*Encyclopédie Théologique Liturgique*, p. 734). On the Feast of St. Raphael, I was at Hancock, a small village of this State, and preached on the veneration of angels, as

conformable to the Old and New Testament, and of an elevating character and influence. Twenty persons received confirmation in the church of this town. My journey has been pleasant, safe, and full of consolation. I was called back to assist at the obsequies of Rev. T. Shomme, superior of the seminary, who at the age of sixty-six closed a holy life by a peaceful and happy death. He was a Frenchman. I go on my visitation again next Friday, to return after ten or twelve days. Pray that my journey may be free from ills of body or soul. These are often imperceptible, so blind is our self-love. Mrs. Allen announces an edifying essay of some conversions. We have here one in hand. We must not be premature in proclaiming it. I pray that you may be speedily consoled.

Your friend and father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 24, 1860.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I was much pleased with the account of the visit of your good parents to Chicago, and of the attention paid them by Madame Gallwey. I hope the seed sown will bear fruit; I missed your poetic contribution. Yes, the time is gloomy here in consequence of the movements in the South. We do not enjoy this happy season as freely as we ought. We are not without misgivings, especially since South Carolina has taken the initiative. Our currency is deranged, our commercial affairs embarrassed, and all wears a threatening aspect. The exchange is so much against us that a ten-dollar note of our city has just been returned to me from New York, where it would only pass for eight. In return for the picture of St. Jerome I send you St. Raphael, who, I pray, may guide you like the young Tobias, and comfort

your parents. These symbols are innocent and useful, inasmuch as they direct our hopes to a happy future. I wish you much consolation at this holy time, and a life of faith, and have same crowned with never-ending happiness.

Your friend and father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 16, 1861.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I have sent your sweet lines, with the directions regarding your papers, to the publishers, and trust that they will be attended to. I recommend you not to trouble yourself about refined and indirect exercises of devotion to the souls of purgatory, but to simplify your practices, and always prefer that which leads you straight to God, and unites your heart with Him. The less complicated and intricate our exercises are, the more easily shall we persevere in them. One act of divine love is worth many practices which may be matters of routine, or may become burdensome by material observance. I fear that my theology may appear at fault or unapplied to the case, but I like what is simple and direct, rather than subtle inventions.

Our national interests, I trust, will come undiminished from the ordeal through which they are passing. As collision has been avoided, I hope for a peaceable solution, and even for a speedy abandonment of the Southern confederacy. In this I may be mistaken, yet I cherish the hope, illusory as it may prove.

We buried to-day Mrs. Harper, daughter of Charles Carroll. Something of princely style was seen in the mourners—slaves—that stood near the cenotaph. She had received all the aids of religion in death. Her age is thought to exceed ninety, although she is reported as eighty-four. She

was present at Annapolis in 1783 when Washington, at the close of the war, laid aside his sword, and she was one of the figures in the group represented in the painting.

The daughter of a Baptist preacher, Dr. Fuller, lately married to Dr. Thomas Buckler, visited Rev. F. Foley several times with a view to become a Catholic, but was hurried out of life most suddenly. As she had been for some time alarmed at her symptoms, she left a note with her husband, asking for Catholic prayers, in case of her death. He consulted her father, and obtained his consent, although she was buried as a Protestant, not having actually entered the Church. Her case was extraordinary. I have just confirmed a female convert of a less distinguished class of society who has found her way into the Church. Rev. F. Foley received a gentleman a few days since on his way. The cases, however, are like angels' visits.

I hope you will take care of your health during the penitential season, and confine yourself to spiritual exercises of compunction, confidence, and love, which are sure to be acceptable to the Searcher of hearts. I shall be pleased to hear from you at all times. When you see Madame Gallwey remember me to her.

Your sincere friend and father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, March 9, 1861.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I sent your lines to the *Catholic Mirror*, but it appears that their columns were preoccupied, since to-day's paper contains others on a pious Jesuit scholastic, and another piece is announced for next week. Yours can bide their time, and will be still fresh and sweet. I advise you still to be simple in your devotions, and not over-anxious for indul-

gences, but to entertain a general intention of gaining all such as are attached to the prayers and devout exercises which you perform. One aspiration from the heart is worth much more than many formal ones. When we say to our Lord, like Thomas, "My Lord and my God," we exercise faith and love and worship, and our souls draw near to Him, to rest in Him as our only true happiness. I am glad to hear that Miss Gove has been aided by my writings in her progress to the church. I hope she will daily advance in the knowledge and love of our Divine Master.

Bishop Bayley, of Newark, New Jersey, has just published a sketch of the life of Bishop Bruté, the first Bishop of Vincennes, with his notes of facts connected with the French Revolution, which had fallen under his personal observation. It is full of interest, although the life is not fully elaborated. The good Bishop was a man of eminent sanctity and learning, and from infancy to the hour of his death served God with great fervor. He was for many years professor at Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, and helped to form many priests and some bishops. His episcopacy was only of five years' duration, but he did much, and laid the foundation of much more. He was for several years director of Mrs. Seton, foundress of the Sisters of Charity, and of Bishop Bayley. Simplicity of manners, purity of life, tender love of God, great compassion for the poor, zeal for the conversion of sinners, with great learning, marked him as one of the most distinguished of our prelates. His mind led him forward to survey this country and its vast population twenty, fifty, a hundred years in advance. As he stood in one of our early councils, and directed attention to the future state of the Church here, his mortified appearance and earnest appeals gave him something of the appearance of a prophet. When within a few hours of expiring, he contrived to pen some lines to exhort neglectful Catholics to practice their duties. Twenty years have passed since his

happy death. The Memoirs will be read with intense interest by all who knew him, and indeed by all who esteem piety, but they are not in the book-stores. Bishop Bayley has had printed a limited edition, which he distributes to his friends. I have had a single copy, which is already in other hands. I mention the fact of this work having been printed to make you acquainted with the outlines of his character. Our ex-President has been received in our city with great honor, and escorted to the railroad station with music. Four years ago on his way to the capital he was received very coldly, and almost insulted. The actual President, I venture to predict, will be equally successful in gaining the respect of our citizens, whose greetings he wisely shunned. My hopes of peace and the integrity of the Union are still strong. As I am no political partisan, I look to him only as the providential means of saving the national institutions, and winning back the seceding states.

Lent is already half passed. The Passion of our Redeemer will be the chief object of our meditation in the last weeks. The saints found in it the greatest incentive to His love, and said with St. Paul, "I live in the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and delivered Himself up for me." Let us take refuge in His heart. I hope your good parents will be drawn soon to His love.

Your friend and father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, April 26, 1861.

DEAR MISS STARR:

The riot of this day week caused the death of ten or more of our citizens, and five or more of the troops of Massachusetts. I do not know the names of the soldiers. No citizen of note fell, but Thomas Davis, a merchant, who

was no party to the conflict. Much alarm was felt on Sunday in consequence of the approach of Pennsylvania troops to the neighborhood of the city, but the President sent them back, and a new line of communication has been opened with Washington by Annapolis. The danger is thus removed. Our citizens had armed to prevent their passage. The legislature now convened at Annapolis may take measures to define our position and secure us. Religion does not enter into the contest, so that we have suffered nothing. I still hope against hope for peace and union. Pray for us and for the country at large. Horace deplored the frenzy of the Romans in rushing to civil strife. Our citizens have much less cause for discord. Please present my respects to the Bishop, should you see him.

Your friend and father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, June 25, 1861.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Yesterday I received your favor of the 7th inst., the day on which I began my visitation in Prince George's County. Since then I have been engaged almost daily in administering confirmation. The people in the lower counties, Charles and St. Mary's, are greatly agitated and alarmed. My peace anticipations have been sadly disappointed. I pray that peace may be granted us, at any cost and sacrifice. Among the congregations which I visited was that of St. Ignatius, in Nanjemoy, a neighborhood of Charles County, where Dr. Dyson died last year. Rev. Samuel Barber, S. J., built a church there for a few Catholic families last year; several converts have been received, and many hear instruction eagerly. The good father is a son of Rev. Virgil Barber. I presume you have often heard the history of the

conversion of the grandfather and his sister, Mrs. Tyler, of Connecticut, and of Virgil and his wife and the children. The son of Mr. Tyler became Bishop of Hartford, the wife of Virgil died a few years since a nun of the Visitation Convent at Spring Hill, Mobile. Samuel was an infant when his parents became Catholics.

The death of Judge Douglas without the consolations of religion is greatly to be lamented. Politicians engaged in the pursuit of honor seldom bestow the requisite attention on the one thing necessary. I conclude abruptly, as several other letters await a reply.

Your sincere friend and father in Christ,
FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 5, 1861.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I am surprised to learn from your favor of the 30th ult. that Dr. Butler is sworn in as chaplain for three years. I thought the office was voluntary. I hope the speedy termination of the war will release him. No immediate prospects appear, but after all my disappointments, I love to hope. Here we have had no fighting since the 19th of April, but parks of artillery were planted in the very heart of the city, and still are pointed against us from the fort encampment. All around us troops are going and returning daily, and soldiers, even the zouaves, constantly meet our eyes. Still we have suffered no outrage but the humiliation of military rule.

I am sorry to hear of Heman's delicate health. I hope it will improve, and that he will return in safety to his good parents. They are greatly comforted by his religious sentiments. Mr. Healy must have a better subject; you have made the best of it; remember me respectfully to him. Your

visit to Laona will no doubt afford you great consolation, although it may not be complete. Mrs. Lyman, at the age of eighty, followed the example of her son Dwight, and is still a fervent Catholic. Her grandson Theodore Mead is a student in the Seminary of St. Charles; Dwight L. is parish priest of Govanstown, in the neighborhood. Two unmarried daughters, besides Mrs. Mead, became Catholic. Theodore, a son, an Episcopal minister, is now traveling in Italy with his family; he is altogether opposed to Catholicity, although a high churchman. We have had no remarkable converts of late. A Baptist clergyman applied above a year ago, but took no final action here. It is probable that he was received at New York by Rev. Mr. Baker, to whom he sought an introduction.

The *Catholic Mirror* is scarcely loyal enough for your taste. Courtney Jenkins, a lawyer, is editor. The sympathies of Marylanders generally are with the South, especially since we are treated as a conquered people. I do not interfere, although from my heart I wish that secession had never been thought of. Shall we ever again be a united people? The issues of war are uncertain. Providence may strengthen the government by the means taken to destroy it. The danger is, that in becoming strong, it will cease to be free.

In your retreat you will scarcely hear the many reports that constantly circulate in the cities. Extras are carried about twice or thrice in each day. Newsboys are multiplied, and society is kept in an excited state. The whole country suffers from this unhappy strife. How beautiful is the prayer, "Dona nobis pacem!" I shall be pleased to hear from you soon. My visitation is nearly over, although I expect to make one or two short excursions in September.

Your devoted friend in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 1, 1861.

DEAR MISS STARR:

My publisher in November of last year charged in account the volume which I had directed him to send you, but now pleads want of opportunity. Fortunately a Sister of Charity takes charge of it, on her way to Chicago, so that you will surely receive it. I am surprised at your thinking of buying it. Poor Rev. Dr. Butler returns from the fields of battle with some memorial of danger encountered. I hope he will soon reach Chicago. Dr. Huntington and lady have been on a visit there; they are excellent converts, that have suffered great distress; he is in bad health. Rev. John Hickey, of this city, a priest about seventy years of age, celebrated mass in the camp on the western side of the town on Sunday last. We have many chaplains in various parts, but not as many as are needed. It is dreadful to die on the battle-field without a moment's preparation. We are now hopeful, because so long spared, and the struggle is going on in other quarters. When will men cease to delight in mutual destruction? I desire greatly to republish the New Testament, but there is no immediate prospect. I am glad that so many circumstances contribute to make your home pleasant. I hope your consolations may increase.

Your devoted friend in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 15, 1861.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your lines on prisoners will be understood here of state prisoners, since numbers of our prominent citizens, on suspicion of Southern sympathies, have been torn from their families at midnight, and imprisoned in various forts. Their treatment is not such as you describe, but very severe for

men accustomed to good living, and especially for those of delicate constitution. Parkin Scott, a most respectable lawyer, above sixty years of age, is obliged to take the common prisoner's fare, being without means to secure better treatment. Messrs. Kane, Howard, Wallis, Gatchkill, and our Mayor Brown are prisoners. There is some likelihood that several will be forthwith released, as they were imprisoned apparently to prevent any action of our State adverse to the administration. The election having been carried by the friends of the general government, there is no motive for detaining the prisoners. My address on Christian Patriotism was short and unsatisfactory. I feared to be explicit as spies are everywhere who might wrest my words, and the people are apt to take as hostile to the South whatever favors the Union. This is absolutely unpopular. I ventured to ask what is properly the country of an American—his native State or the United States? I answered that these were, until a few months ago, claimed as our country. I felt that I was touching on a delicate point, and preferred abruptly to close after twenty minutes. All were evidently disappointed, but if I had opened my mind fully they would probably have been displeased. The crushed condition of this State, which is overrun by the military and governed by them, leads many to think that whoever favors the Union is an enemy of State rights. The Union which I love is founded on the Constitution.

My health is not impaired. Old age brings with it infirmities. Others discover changes in appearance before we are conscious of them. At the close of my sixty-fourth year I dare not be too confident, but I am free from the symptoms of consumption, which alarmed my physician three years ago. This year I owe him nothing.

I feel great sympathy for Rev. Dr. Butler; he is fortunate in being restored to the society of his friends and the ordinary exercises of the holy ministry. The office of mili-

tary chaplain is no enviable post. The soldiers for the most part are without Catholic chaplains, although the President is not averse to their appointment. He lately, in his own handwriting, asked Archbishop Hughes to present one or more priests for hospital chaplains, for whom, however, no provision is made by law. We are no longer apprehensive that our fair city will be laid in ashes, although the guns of the fort and others on the hills around are pointed to it, and soldiers are encamped here. There is little danger that the Confederates will advance hither, since the contest is likely to be on the soil of South Carolina. Our powerless condition constitutes our safety, since the administration has nothing to fear from a State which it rules with military force. All the pride of State sovereignty has vanished.

I participate in your satisfaction at the kind dispositions of your relatives and friends, and pray that you may be consoled by their embracing the faith. An officer of the United States, married to a Catholic lady for several years, is preparing to enter the Church, previous to entering on the campaign.

Your friend and father in Christ,
FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, February 1, 1862.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Whilst waiting to see your lines in press, your second favor of the 27th ult. reached me. I thought it would be affectation to refuse Mr. Healy, although I have often reproached myself with weakness in putting it in the power of art to exhibit me to the world. At all events, vanity has no share in it. What may gratify you more is that I have sent to press the New Testament. I found in our library a large and old volume, published in 1617 by Fulke, a Protestant,

in which are the Rhemish version and that of the Bishop's Bible, as Parker's was called, more ancient than James's. It has given me the opportunity of comparison, which is by no means unfavorable. Close adherence to the Vulgate, and the retaining of some outlandish terms, detract somewhat from the Rhemish version, which, however, is much superior in strength to our modern editions. Some four or five months must elapse before I send you the forthcoming volume. I expect the first proofsheets early next week. To correct them is no trifling part of the labors of an author. It is well that my sight is still vigorous, and my hand free. George Allen was fortunate in getting the clerkship; he owes it to the kindness of a gentleman who professes personal regard for me. I have no political influence, as I am no partisan, although as you are aware, I heartily desire the maintenance of the Union in its integrity. We appear to be in a state of transition. Remembrance to Madame Gallwey.

Your friend and father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

CHICAGO, March 3, 1862.

DEAR COUSIN MARY

Before this letter goes I shall write to Cousin George, but I write now to you that you may not be neglected this time. I send you a photograph of my young friend Julia. It is very like her, especially in its air and entire bearing. She is delicate, gentle, fastidious, but with a clear, spiritual look, and a great deal of vivacity when among her friends; in society she passes for a very demure little lady, neither a girl nor a come-out young lady. Some like her, and if at all, very much; others seem to have a social spite against her, yet can never name a thing she has done; but she seems little con-

scious of either, and only when some dear friend comes by, her eyes dance, the soft smile plays over her features, and the little hand presses yours with an energy others never dream of as in her. Last week I spent an evening there, quite informally. I found them just seated at the tea-table, and Dr. Brainard still absent in Washington. We had an evening all to ourselves, and in the course of it Mrs. Brainard played and sang several of her own compositions, musical and poetical. She has promised to send a copy of one to you. Neddie showed me a new pet, a wee bit of a mouse, who makes his hiding-place in a wee bit of a gourd, into which Neddie has put a supply of cotton, and to emerge from which he is obliged to squeeze quite energetically. Oh, it is very droll. He puts his head out occasionally, and is fond of looking into a bit of a mirror, which his young master holds before the door of his little cell.

The Bishop has been quite ill for several days in bed, and threatened very strongly with typhoid fever. He is not yet in his usual strength and Lent is before him. I sigh to think how like a shadow he will appear when Easter comes to us. On Sunday evening next he will deliver a lecture for the relief of our sick prisoners, who are in need of many comforts notwithstanding the generosity of the government and individuals. Great numbers of them are seriously ill. I have not been down to see them, as I can do so little for them, and Doctor Butler has expressed himself as quite opposed to visits of curiosity. As my own feelings went in this current, I have not been disposed to go down until I can do something. Yet my heart aches for them, and aches, too, for our own wounded fellows, so far from home, many of whose wives and children are like widows and orphans. The prisoners fare the same as our own soldiers. Colonel Mulligan has the camp now, and everything is going on splendidly.

Ash Wednesday evening. Dear Cousin Mary.—Your

own letter with Cousin George's I have just read. My room was full of scholars when I came home from my other class, and when they were gone there came to me a case of sorrow and suffering which puts wounded soldiers, every ache and ill of mere flesh and blood out of my head. I am writing this for yourself, but, dear Cousin Mary, if there is a House of the Good Shepherd in Philadelphia, do all you can, and get others to do all they can for it. My heart is absolutely broken over this poor girl. I shall offer up my holy communion for her to-morrow morning instead of for Miss Ewing, as I do on Thursdays. Some way may offer of escape for her if she has not too far abused her graces, but all looks very dark now. Yet her own cry is, "Oh, I want to be good, but I can't go back to that asylum." As long as she is there she is safe, but, Cousin Mary, we are so apt to say they should be glad to do this and go, and we know what the great penitents who have become saints have done, almost forgetting how grace came to them often through the merit of some saint in advance. Never forget the Good Shepherd Sisters and their intentions in your prayers. Pray especially for this poor child for a week after you get this letter, and get prayers for her, for one week only, that may save her. I shall see Mother Baptiste to-morrow. I do not know if she is aware of the girl's relapse, although she has spoken anxiously to me about her. Pray for her is all I can say. I cannot write to Cousin George now; must wait until I am more quiet. There were so many things of which I wished to speak to you, but they are all out of my head. I hear that eighteen of the prisoners have died since Saturday. Dr. Butler said mass and preached at Camp Douglas on Sunday; he is in the camp hospital every day, and he says he never goes down that he does not find the Colonel in the hospital. Oh, I remember one item; General Stone, you know he is in prison on a charge of treason. Now, Cousin Mary, he is the son of an old and dear friend

of my mother's; he was a school-mate of my own, a noble, sturdy, honest, absolutely upright fellow, and a splendid scholar. I never heard him speak an impolite or indecorous word, never knew him to receive a reprimand from his preceptor, but I do remember his olive-brown face, with its firm mouth and dark fine eyes, and the studious head and figure as it bent unremittingly over his book. The papers tell how he stood at West Point, how he has stood ever since with the first officers in the service. His father was a staunch Episcopalian and a Democrat. Charles (the General) is a Democrat; a Catholic. I do not know if I told you how it came to my knowledge. He was walking with another old school-mate of mine and a West Point comrade in Boston. They came to a Catholic church when Stone stopped, raised his hat reverently, long enough to make a devout ejaculation, and passed on, remarking to his friend that he was a Catholic, and never passed a church without some mark of respect. Now, Cousin, do you believe this man guilty of such a mean sort of treason as they charge upon him? Dr. George Riordan knows him, and the other priests have heard of him, and they tell the secret of this suspicion, as a Democrat and a Catholic, as an officer in the regular army he refused to serve under General Banks, a civilian, a rank Abolitionist, and a Know-nothing. It has never been forgiven him; his Balls Bluff disaster was caught at by the Abolitionists. Charles Sumner gave out his biting censures upon it in the Senate, and openly attacked him. General Stone gave an indignant reply to his base insinuations and open insults, and the Abolition eye of ill-omen was fixed on him. It moves one's very soul to read his manly appeal to his brother officers for a trial for "how," he says, "can a man be disloyal who has never had a disloyal thought?" He pines in his narrow room for action and the service of his country, in which he has lived all his life from a boy. O, Cousin Mary, this is a very hard world. I can write no

more; there is a weariness on me of more than the body, my chest aches and only the sleep of a long night can cure me. I pray always for your intentions. Pray always for

Your affectionate cousin,

ELIZA.

BALTIMORE, March 29, 1862.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Your lines are in print and read with much pleasure by the subscribers to the *Catholic Mirror*. I am gratified to learn from your letter that the prospect of the New Testament afforded such satisfaction. It is already nearly half printed. I flatter myself that it will be regarded as a great improvement on the former edition, since I have availed myself of the suggestions of many learned friends. I think it will be out of press early in May. Good Dr. Huntington yielded his meek spirit to God on the 10th inst. at Pau, in France, as I learn from the letter of Mrs. Huntington, dated the 11th. Rev. Stephen Dubuisson, S. J., an octogenarian, who passed many years in the United States and administered the holy sacrament to Mrs. Mattingly on the occasion of her extraordinary cure in 1824, attended him in his last illness, and during all the time he was in that city. This was a providential circumstance which must have greatly supported the Doctor, and comforted his devoted wife. Her situation at present is very desolate. The twelve years which the Doctor passed in the Church were years of severe trial, his health being frail and his means very straitened; yet Providence tries its favorite children in this way. The combat for him is over, and the crown, I trust, is secured.

I am sorry to learn that the health of your good Bishop is so delicate, but hope that the visit *ad limina Apostolorum* and to his native land will restore him to vigor.

The demand of the hospital is not according to my views

of propriety. Our strength lies in doing the good which Providence plainly puts within our reach. Last Monday I confirmed five converts prepared by Father O'Callaghan, S. J.; a young gentleman of a wealthy and respectable family was the most remarkable. His name is Samuel J. Donaldson; he is a poet. A German of some literary merit, named Schilling, with his wife, was also confirmed. He has already undertaken to translate into his vernacular tongue the life of St. Francis Xavier. A Mr. Woodward and a Miss Wills were the others. I yield the palm in chirography to Mrs. D. You may dispute it, as your penmanship is excellent.

I hope your good parents are well and advancing towards the faith. I am never surprised that mysteries are not believed, but the fact that they have been believed and are still believed by millions forms, to my mind, a presumptive evidence of their truth and divine origin. We must pray and hope that light and grace will be given to those for whom we are specially interested.

Please remember me to Madame Gallwey.

Your devoted father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

CHICAGO, April 25, 1862.

MY DEAR COUSIN GEORGE:

Mr. Healy returned Saturday night in time for Easter. I did not see him, however, until Tuesday, on account of our quite missing each other Sunday and the weather Monday. Tuesday I was at the Bishop's, passing up from the back entrance in time to see Mr. Healy's head and dear red nose passing through the street door. Of course I tore through the hall, opened the inner door, through whose gauze I had caught a glimpse of him, and then the street door in time to call him, even with my faint voice—that voice which never

increases, and can hardly be said ever to diminish. Of course he heard me and ran up the steps, and nothing but the publicity of the street steps prevented him giving me all the kisses which any canon of the Church would allow. We could only speak—I to say I would call at the studio, and he that he had seen my cousins, and had a book and letter for me. I got it the next day, and O, Cousin George, it is such a gem! The Doctor almost kept it out of pure covetousness; he could not admire it enough, and really knew how to appreciate it better than your unlearned cousin. I told him I wanted him to write the presentation latinism, and in his very prettiest manner, which is saying a good deal; he has done it, and so beautifully that it adds a new grace, if possible, to the book. You may be sure he admired it, or he would never have taken this pains. It would give you pleasure to see it. And now for Mr. Perkins—like the Doctor he is learned enough to see its rarity, and he was perfectly confounded when I told him it was for him—his fine, kind eyes filled with tears; he has a profound respect for your judgment, and it pleased him that you should select anything so truly *recherché*. I cannot thank you enough for the pleasure you have allowed me to give him; I will tell you what the Doctor voluntarily, and out of his own head, wrote, “a testimonial of esteem and gratitude”; you can understand from this his regard for our friend Mr. F. Dear Cousin George, now you have selected such a bewitching book for him (it bewitches him as diamonds would some ladies), pray for him, for I am certain God intends to save him. I will some time send you a copy of the whole inscription as the Doctor wrote it. And now, my very “gentle” and beloved Cousin, you must tell me the price, for you know it would not do for me to give away your presents. I could not think of giving away the gift of such a cousin. Do you see the delicate point upon which it turns? You will, of course, tell me, and let me tell you that you can get it better

now than sometimes, and it is not best for a wise man to lose golden opportunities. Don't let us quarrel over money.

Ah, did you see the picture of the dear Archbishop? was there ever anything more living, breathing, speaking? We are all delighted, and do you know, could you conceive it possible, I am to copy it in miniature, and have it in my own room. If I do not grow good upon this, I shall be a very obstinate resister of grace. And now my letter turns into its minor key; the dear Bishop, so gentle, so gracious, so inexpressibly charming, has left us for his European trip. We are all glad to have him go, for we know he deserves this pleasure, and his health needs it. The testimonials of affection were very touching. A purse of gold, accompanied by a note which no one could read without tears, was sent to him by the Catholic gentlemen, and any number of presents. Some one person sent him twenty-five dollars, another a gold-headed cane, and I could not tell you all; he is indeed beloved; I am sore at heart, and with a certain sense of bereavement hanging about me, which it would be hard to explain. He was so very, very kind to me; it seemed impossible for me to do anything he would take amiss, out of his own amiableness towards me. I could never tell you all his goodness towards me, you would only wonder what could incline him to be so kind to me. My thumb aches yet whenever I write, and troubles me seriously, only I paint as if it were well, which is a great mercy. I expect Eunice and Mary very soon; they will be here in May; will not all of you place them among your special intentions for your May devotions? It must be the Virgin Mother will take notice of us for them. I shall give them straight up to her. I am praying hard for Hemy, and will get all the prayers you could ask. I shall not forget, and the Fraulein Herzog has a plan, too.

Affectionate cousin,

ELIZA.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 3, 1862.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I had thought of you often, with some suspicion that you had given up our correspondence. Your favor of the 20th ult. puts all right again. The color of my cape is not ecclesiastical; a primate is not distinguished from an ordinary prelate, and my precedence is merely honorary. I do not know who gave me the cape, which I wore without much reflection at the time Mr. Healy was here. This spoils the poetry about the cardinal flower.

I am glad you enjoy so much consolation in your family, and I will not fail to recommend them all to God, especially your good mother, on the 9th inst. Prayer is good at all times and in all places, but the birthday has special attraction, especially for those advanced in life. Our Heavenly Father looks down on His children with complacency, and bids them to call on Him with confidence and affection. Mrs. Lyman, mother of Rev. E. D. Lyman, is eighty-four years of age; she was at table a few weeks ago when I gave confirmation at Govanstown. When you were writing, I was at Marlboro, seventeen miles below Washington. I celebrated mass in a private chapel at the mansion of Mr. George Graham, whose wife is daughter of Judge Gaston, of North Carolina; she and an old colored woman were the only communicants. General Stone was present. Governor Arnold, now Senator from Rhode Island, with his lady, was at the breakfast-table. About one hundred and twenty were confirmed in the church at late mass, nearly one hundred being colored. Some regiments had been stationed in the neighborhood, with great annoyance to the planters, and much injury to the servants. A nephew of Mrs. Graham, Hugh J. Gaston, is among the wounded prisoners. Albert Carroll, descendant of Charles Carroll, fell at Harper's Ferry in a skirmish; he was with the Confederates. The Convent of the Visitation at Frederick has been forced to receive

wounded prisoners, and the Jesuit noviceship is also a hospital. Colonel John McLeod Murphy has, I believe, succeeded in relieving the convent. The beautiful church of St. Aloysius, newly erected, was demanded for a hospital by the Washington authorities. No way to avert the calamity was found, but to erect a frame hospital. Five hundred of the congregation, including General Stone, worked at its erection. Several Protestant gentlemen also volunteered. The demand for Sisters as nurses is far greater than can be met. General McClellan telegraphed for them at the time of the battle of Antietam, but the Sisters of Emmitsburg had already sent all they could to Frederick, Washington, Point Lookout, and other hospitals. Surgeon-General Hammond is most anxious to have them. Philadelphia has many, New York has other Sisters, and the Western States are attended by others. Some from Cincinnati were in attendance on the camp in West Virginia. Their services are highly appreciated. I am sadly disappointed in my anticipations of peace. The two great parties are unyielding, and threaten mutual extermination. No hope appears of compromise or submission. We must pray that our institutions may not be finally destroyed. The strength of the country is still great, and its resources apparently inexhaustible, yet the sacrifice of human life and waste of treasure are enormous. The last battle was fierce, and without decided advantage on either side, although it resulted in the withdrawal of the Confederates, who were exhausted by two days' fighting, while forty thousand troops just arrived to reinforce McClellan. De Maistre, a distinguished writer of the early part of this century, accounts for the ardor with which men rush to mutual destruction in war, by an instinctive feeling that they are agents of Divine Justice, punishing the sons of men. About two hundred thousand have fallen since the commencement of the war, and the end is not yet. We have not suffered in this city, but business is greatly

embarrassed by restriction, oaths are administered, sometimes arbitrarily, and in unauthorized forms, and many families mourn the absence of some members prisoners or in the ranks, besides many slain. Many look back on past times with self-reproach, in not having been sufficiently sensible of the blessings which we enjoy.

I hope your health will continue to improve, and that you will enjoy many consolations. We should ask Our Lord to fulfill in our regard, and with regard to our friends, His promise, "When I shall be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all things to Myself." Please express to your parents and friends the interest I feel in their happiness here and hereafter.

Your friend and father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

MISS ELIZA A. STARR.

Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, NOV. 11, 1862.

DEAR MISS STARR:

Encouraging examples of the conversion of aged parents are not rare. An aged lady, whose daughter was married to a Catholic, left Westminster for this city some three years ago, as on a visit, and returned after a week, having received the sacraments in the mean time. On the other hand, Mr. Vinton, Senator from Ohio, died in the house of his daughter, Mrs. Goddard, a convert, without embracing the faith. He avoided everything that might give her pain or conflict with her convictions. She has lately published a translation of some works of Donoso Cortes; the counsels of God are unfathomable. Our duty is to love our relations and fellow-men in general, and pray for them in hope.

Your complaint of the sympathies entertained for the Southerners is well founded. It is a morbid sentimentality, which cannot be remedied. Religious persons partake of it; from their accounts you might imagine that all virtues adorn the Confederates, and that they are devoted friends of

Catholic interests. Prayers proceeding from illusion cannot be effectual. We should embrace in our affections the country and its citizens at large, and pray for the peace and welfare of all. The *Catholic Mirror* does not reflect my sentiments and views. It is conducted by Courtney Jenkins, a lawyer of good principles and sincerely attached to the faith, but of strong Southern sympathies. I avoid interfering not to give annoyance. I have had nothing to do with the controversies which have recently filled its columns. I have sent your poem on All Souls, with a request that extra copies be furnished. The best edition of "The History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church," by John Lingard, D.D., was in two volumes, published at London by C. Dolman, 61 New Bond Street, in 1845. It may have been republished since, but the author revised it then for the last time.

A grandson of Dr. Metcalf, named Theodore, is a student at St. Charles College with Theodore Mead, son of an Episcopalian minister, and grandson of a Presbyterian parson, Dr. Lyman. His uncle, Dwight, Ed., mother, aunts, and grandmother are converts. His Uncle Theodore is an Episcopalian minister, now traveling in Europe. Above one hundred youths are preparing for the sacred ministry at that college, which is under the care of the Sulpicians, excellent priests and disciplinarians. I have heard from Dr. Butler since his return to his post; he is taking measures for his retirement at Christmas. I am pleased that the health of the Bishop is improved; I hope he will be spared many years to his devoted flock.

The same mail which brought your favor brought likewise a letter from Professor Allen and Mrs. A.; they are well. I will send your other piece to press next week. Remember me to Madame Gallwey, and believe me,

Your devoted father in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Feast of St. Francis de Sales, [Jan. 29,] 1863.
DEAR MISS STARR:

I was wondering why I did not hear from you, but did not suspect that you were sick. From your favor just received, I perceive you have had a very severe attack, but hope that you will steadily improve. The activity of your mind is a serious obstacle, whilst calmness and repose are of great advantage. I was slow to write, as I could see no prospect of peace, and I did not like to be a prophet of evil. Although all is uncertain, many think we will have peace before long. The death of Lieutenant-Colonel Garesche, at Murfreesboro, afflicted us greatly; he was a most religious man. On his way to the post he took supper with me, having spent a couple of hours with my vicar-general and myself. His brother is a Jesuit; his father and uncle were of Huguenot extraction, but were both won to the faith by the virtues of their wives, two sisters. The children were natives of Cuba, of French parentage. Mr. John Keating was related to these families, and exercised a happy influence by his edifying life. He died at Philadelphia a few years ago, at the age of ninety-six.

When I shall see Theodore Metcalf, I shall deliver your message. I do not go often to St. Charles, although it is only fifteen miles from the city. Above a hundred youths are there engaged in study under several Sulpician priests, whose whole time is devoted to this important duty. A grandson of Commodore Jones bore away the golden medal for Hebrew at Rome two years ago, and for moral philosophy this year. Thomas Lee, a descendant of Charles Carroll, is in the American Seminary in that city. Rev. Silas Chatard is already elevated to the priesthood. These youths trained at Rome will excite religious emulation in others educated here. I made my first confession at Rome, in November, 1815, to Rev. Felice d'Andrea, a truly apos-

tolie man. Dr. Dubourg was still there, but Dr. Rosati had left it two weeks before. I knew this prelate well; he was the chief leader in all ecclesiastical matters which came under deliberation in our councils; his learning, judgment, moderation, and zeal gave his opinions great weight. The suavity of his disposition endeared him to all. Madame Gallwey, I presume, recollects him. Perhaps she had not reached St. Louis when he left it, in the fall of 1841.

The Jesuit fathers of Frederick report many consoling conversions among the wounded soldiers. The Sisters of various institutes there and at Washington have contributed to similar results. This counterbalances to a small extent the evils and horrors of war, which has hurried thousands unprepared into eternity. Conversions of officers on their way to the regiments have also taken place. General Foster, married to a Catholic lady of this city, entered the Church at New York before he went to Newbern. One or two others of inferior rank were received here. But on the whole we cannot boast of any considerable accessions. I am pleased that Dr. Brownson has been kindly received, and that his Catholic attachments are strong. I will send your lines to the publisher of the *Catholic Mirror* with a request that you be furnished with extra copies; they will, I presume, appear next week; this week's number is printed. I hope you will rapidly recover strength and soon be able to enjoy the society of your friends, even the loud talker. Writing is not so dangerous to convalescents as talking, so that you can enter into conversation with your old friend when you feel disposed, being sure of a prompt rejoinder. I endeavor in this way to make up for short missives. I commend you to the protection of St. Francis de Sales, whose sweet spirit imparts consolation and courage. I presume you are familiar with his "Introduction to the Devout Life." Please remember me to Madame Gallwey, as also to

my friend Mr. Healy, and to the Bishop. His address on Rome has delighted me. I wish you much consolation on your visit to your good parents.

Your devoted friend in Christ,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

P. S.—A Universalist in the Far West wrote to me a letter of inquiry about my New Testament, which led to an exchange. I presented him with a copy; he gave me in return Sawyer's translation, some explanations were given, and a correspondence of a few weeks entertained with tokens of kind feeling. His father was a Hicksite Quaker; he has a brother a Methodist minister, and another a Presbyterian, if I recollect right; he is a mechanic, an advocate of temperance, and education; from his first letter I took him to be a preacher; he needs the aid of prayer.

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, March 2, 1863.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I think it scarcely worth while to send your correction to the *Catholic Mirror* of the misstatement borrowed from the secular papers, since these have already made the correction. I have avoided interfering, as it would have annoyed the editor, who is a very worthy lawyer. Many statements are rashly made, and then forgotten. Courtney Jenkins is by no means disposed to be unjust, although his Southern sympathies betray him occasionally into error. He is a brother of the president of St. Charles College. I am pleased that you are improving, but fear that your exertions and your anxiety about your parents may injure your health. We must in every circumstance hold ourselves in humble dependence on God, and adore His will, without venturing to scan His counsels. His ways are mysterious, but just.

Let us continue to pray for our relations and friends, that light and grace may be given them. Salvation is something supernatural, for which prayer is the apt means. I hope you will soon get better news from home. I shall not fail to recommend your parents in the holy sacrifice. The vicar-general of Chicago paid me a short visit, as also Sister Angela and a French Sister came on their way to France. I made particular inquiries concerning your health. He told me what you confirm, that the Bishop had instructed his clergy to use my version in the reading of the Lessons; the Archbishop of Cincinnati generously gave the example; the Bishop of Louisville uses it, and means to introduce it generally; the Bishop of Fort Wayne encourages me to publish the Bible in one great volume, but I must first dispose of the present edition; the Bishop of Buffalo is favorable; it has succeeded far beyond my hopes, although its circulation is not yet general.

Mr. Kickhoover, a banker of Washington, has recently joined the Church; he was a Unitarian, of New England, I presume; his present wife is a Catholic; he is to be confirmed here two weeks from yesterday. The Paulists recently received an Episcopalian minister named Robinson at Scranton, in Pennsylvania.

The good Archbishop of Orleans, Odin, a French Lazarist, is here on his return from Rome; he is quite apostolic. I hope this letter will reach you before you leave to visit your good parents.

Your devoted father in Christ,
FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

CHICAGO, April 25, 1863.

DEAR COUSIN MARY:

Since I took out my paper and pen, before I had time to make one line or letter, I have had two calls. I was almost

in despair. The silence, on my part at least, has been so long that it is past excuse; only an out-and-out pardon can touch the case. I was, as you know, sick in the winter, immediately after New Year's; for six weeks I was a decided invalid; and even after I found myself driving at my lessons again, I was too feeble to do anything else. I am not thin or pale, and am, I think, more fleshy than you have ever seen me, but I can never be strong, and after my illness, my old tormentor, this unhappy chest of mine, nearly destroys me, and I believe the pain, I may say torment, is neuralgia in the chest from the weakness of my lungs, and all the sickness there has been about them; it is a great mercy that I can draw, even when very weak, for writing is, for some mysterious reason, the most fatiguing of anything I need to do; you know how garrulous I am on paper as well as with tongue, and it is a great trial to me. My classes are very full, and new pupils are coming in constantly at this season. I have drawn and painted a good many heads, too, and as my classes take me almost the length and breadth of the city, I am occupied as only such busy people can find time to be, though I may almost say I never make a visit. I am if possible the more liable to visitors and long for quiet, for solitude, for a cave; my walks rest me a great deal because I walk too fast to allow of any one as a companion. I miss innumerable people, to my great relief, and yet, when I am at home, I am glad to see them, and I am cordial and delighted; I have, in fact, made up my mind that my time is not my own; I try to use it well as the hours come one after another, and leave to Him, who has ordered the events, the harvest; I should die of impatience but for this. Do you think you can at all imagine my way of life? it seems to me you cannot, and yet I know a dear little woman who has affairs enough on her hands for three stout, energetic performers. This is all that leads me to think the dear little woman can at all understand such a multiplied existence as my own.

I wish I could tell you how good all my friends were to me while I was ill. Dr. Butler was at the war, but Dr. McMullen was—I cannot tell you what to me. I was miserably nervous, indeed I was never in all the dreadful illnesses I have had since you saw me been so near losing my senses; I could see none but the clergymen and the Sisters; my room was dark as possible, and the voices of my chatty friends in the parlor even was too much; it was a full month before I could see my friends. In that time the grave, recollected countenance of the D.D., who had been for months my holy confessor, was a rest and solace; as long as my fever lasted he came in three times a day, and was often the only one I could see. The Bishop came to see me as soon as he had heard I was so ill, and though I have known him so long and have thought no one could tell me of a new charm in the Bishop, I learned it then. He was obliged to go to St. Louis at that time, but I was improving, and when he returned—I could ride if I could not see chatty friends—my first visit was to him. The Sisters, too—the Sisters of Mercy, my old and true friends, and the Sisters of Charity, who are quite near me—after their visits I was like one who had had a visit from angels. I can seldom recall, without tears, the Litany of Our Lady, as it was softly breathed, rather than recited, by these doves of mercy at my side. Dr. McMullen, once in so often, brought me the Blessed Sacrament, and my little altar stood for six weeks in my room, a constant joy and benediction. How often I wish I could see you all! When I saw you last, nine years ago, almost to a day, I was a miserable heretic; now how differently the very sun shines to me in heaven; more, and better still, how different a heart I bear in my body; what a different present and different future; my unceasing labors have an aim which blesses even the sorest fatigues and robs sickness of its sting; my work goes on whether I am sick or well, and thanks to that tie which binds the pastors and

flock, I never want for anything. Like the manna, I have never anything for the morrow, but to-day is always supplied.

I have some news to tell you. A little cottage, 18 by 40 (Cousin George will scold if I have it in figures) eighteen by forty, with a parlor and bedroom front, each with its south window to the floor, a pretty hall at the side, bedroom for a servant, closet, pantry, kitchen conveniently arranged, and at the end of all this, a room with a skylight—such a cottage is building scarcely a block from the cathedral, a little more than two from the street cars, and in the midst of all other necessities of life and position, and of which I shall take possession the 15th of May! Can you believe your own eyes? A little while after it was commenced, Miss M., a Catholic lady and teacher, who has boarded with Mrs. T. a good deal, and is one of my friends, met a Sister of Charity near this little building, who said, "There is Miss Starr's cottage." "Miss Starr's cottage! what do you mean?" "I mean," said the Sister Beata, "that it is the cottage Miss S. is building." "How can that be! Why, Sister, I know that Miss Starr has not five dollars in her pocket." "Nevertheless," persisted Sister Beata, "it is Miss Starr's cottage." I am myself in almost as much of a maze. In the autumn before I left home an idea struck me to hire a cottage, take in a domestic, and be comfortable on the same money I board upon. Eunice fretted so much when she was here, and indeed, would not stay with me, and I owned to myself, not without reason; while I could see no help, with my train of pupils I must be with an amiable person. Mrs. Tobey was this, and here was the secret of our long union. On my return I was full of the notion if the Bishop and Dr. Butler approved. Dr. Butler was at the war, but the Bishop, when I found courage to talk to him, applauded my scheme, advised me to go to a gentleman to engage a house for me. Dr. McMullen also was quite interested, and in the midst of our inquiry I fell ill. Before I

was out, Dr. McMullen decided that we could not *find* and would *build*, and then in his style of making everything easy, told me how the money would be advanced and my board money applied to the house as my possession instead of rent. I was overjoyed. The Bishop gave a nod and smile, and the first I knew, Dr. McMullen's father, who attends to a large part of the Bishop's outside affairs, had rented a lot in a very desirable part of the town near church, my pupils, and my friends. I made a plan of the house so far as to give an idea of what I needed, and Father Roles made it the base of his own architectural labors, until Dr. McMullen pronounced it complete. Father Roles gave out the contract, and forthwith the little cottage was begun. It is now nearly ready for painting, and though it will not be ready for a few days after the 10th of May, as a safe abiding-place night and day, I shall get in my furniture as fast as possible, and you may expect my next letter to be dated from my little solitude. Now comes the grand disclosure. After Dr. Butler returned from the war, i. e., a month ago, he took me quietly aside and began to lecture me in a very marked manner; I was, according to Rev. D. D., "to be very quiet, not to worry or to be in any way solicitous"; finally, "I was not to be foolish," but to accept of any kindness my friends might feel disposed to show me. "Of course," I said, and that I had great reason to love my friends for their interest in me, naming to him some who had laughingly insisted on contributing to my furniture. "O, yes," said he, "but I mean something more. You are not to think of your house or pay-day." "No," I replied, "Father Roles said I should have a distant pay-day. I am certain he will not hurry me." The Doctor was puzzled; I was incapable of taking his hint; finally he blurted out, "No, child, you are not to pay for your house at all; we, the Bishop, Dr. McMullen, Father Roles, Dr. Dunne, and myself take the affair into our own hands. Do you understand?" If the heavens had dropped

down, I could hardly have been more surprised. I cried and stammered, which only made the Doctor imperative. "You understand, do you, child, that we do this to relieve you, not to burden or put you under a compliment. It was intended from the first, only you have been allowed to think as you have to make you independent." The next day Dr. McMullen took me to task in the same way, and in a key of kindly minor after the Doctor's imperative manner, made me understand I was not to disappoint him. Father Roles had his own way of enlightening me, and finally the Bishop gave me the final talking. It is impossible, Cousin Mary, to tell you all, or even hint at one of the kind ways in which it has been managed. I try occasionally to get into a grateful mood, according to the way people talk of gratitude, but I find it such a small, mean return, that I let it go and simply enjoy receiving as much as they do giving. I have never been able to tell you all the kindnesses which have come to me in my many straight ways here, and which have made me feel as much at home with our Bishop and priests, as I could with so many fathers. Lonely, so often ill, always delicate, buffeting a hard world, yet feeling I had no resting-place to win in it, I have always cast my anchor in their kind harbor. Dear Archbishop Kenrick first held me up from utter destitution, so long ago as when I had not money to buy a crucifix; then Doctor Butler accustomed me to feel at home with him. "Not to be foolish," as he said. Then the Bishop got up all sorts of excuses for being kind, and Dr. McMullen no sooner was my director than he took the charge of my temporalities into his own hand. It is difficult to explain such matters. I have earned a great deal of money, but I have been peculiarly situated, and the Divine Providence was determined to teach me a lesson, indeed two. When we get to heaven, Cousin Mary, we can talk this matter over; we can only talk on the edges here. One thing, let me tell you, I call it St. Joseph's house, for I believe it the result of devotion to him

to find me a suitable house. All the nuns call it St. Joseph's house. I was telling Sister Victoire about my plan for building and my prayer to St. Joseph. "Oh," said she, in her eager French way, "St. Joseph will build it, pay for it, and furnish it." Her prediction is coming literally true; he has built and paid for it, and is now doing most of the furnishing. Mr. and Mrs. Healy have given me my carpets for parlor, bedroom, hall, and studio; Mrs. Wright, one my pupils, has given me my sofa. Have you a "Raccolta?" You will see in that the five Psalms and Hymns in honor of my dear saint. You shall hear from me as soon as I get settled, and let me say that Archbishop Kenrick does not know it yet. I must have the pleasure of telling him.

Pray still for my intentions and for your devoted cousin,

ELIZA.

April 26, 1863.

DEAR COUSIN GEORGE:

I am resolved to look sharply at my s's and r's now I am writing to you. Dear Cousin Mary! I have scribbled an awful manuscript for her to decipher; but, shall I tell you I am really homesick for one of your letters? I begin to think you do not love me since you do not take the trouble to scold me. I shall send some little rhymed productions, which will perhaps rouse your criticism. Will you not be tempted to come to Chicago when my cottage is finished? I shall send full descriptions when its arrangements are complete. To think that I can have my father and mother with me for a visit of weeks, that the children can be with me, that my brothers and sisters can spend a cozy time as they go back and forth, and to think how many snares I can lay for their conversion in this little cottage! It will be duly blessed after it is completed and furnished, and here, busy as the hive will be under the skylight, I hope to find a holy little solitude, a quiet covert, a blessed silence after the toil and

tumult of the day. It is so small a harbor! but many a friendly craft will find rest from the coast winds in its still waters. Rose Howe stipulates for a "Holy Week," with me every year. I hope it will bring all the blessings which its sacerdotal designers certainly intend for me, and all who enter its cheery door. You heard that Dr. Brownson was here in the winter; he called twice to see me on account of my illness, and I enjoyed the great man more than ever before. The Bishop was at St. Louis most of the time, and he was the guest of Dr. McMullen and Mr. Healy. The clergymen paid him marked attention, and moreover, made up a nice purse for him on leaving. He left them with tears and said they had re-established him among the clergy. I assure you they were more than courteous, absolutely affectionate. Mr. Healy's portrait I consider little less than a miracle, which was replied to by Mr. Healy in this wise, "then it is a likeness, for Dr. Brownson is only less than a miracle." You know he is an enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Brownson, as is Miss Mary, who reproaches me for not admiring him, as she thinks, sufficiently. I believe my dear Cousin George has the same reproach laid up for a convenient season. Can I tell you how I feel? I am not good at analyzing my feelings—now laugh at me, but I shall finish my sentence in spite of you. Dr. Brownson would never keep me alive, or make my devotion thrive; I need other nutriment; it makes my head ache to think about temporalities; I have no more head for them than for mathematics, and if I tried to follow his reasonings and plunge into the deep waters that the big whales sport in, I should simply drown. I have the strongest faith in the Doctor; I admire him, more still, I venerate him, but I cannot read his essays and keep peace in my heart. It does not humble me in the least to make this confession, any more than to say that I am utterly unable to understand diplomacy or the political relations of the Church. It always worries me to hear people

scolding about temporalities, but it is because I have no head for them. Do you think I have made the matter worse by trying to explain myself? You can explain me better than I can myself. You must see the portrait; it has been sent, together with those of the dear Archbishop and Mr. Longfellow, to the New York Exhibition. What do you think about General Stone at present? Does not the sky clear? Mr. William Clarke, of Chicago, knew his wife (whom he tells me recently died) when a child; he says she was a sweet little girl, not a Southerner. If I ever see you, I shall tell you how she is connected with him by marriage, i.e., by his first wife, who was a Catholic in all but practice. General Stone's wife was a good Catholic, I hear; I hope he is innocent. Dr. Butler is at home for good; his parish had become clamorous, and besides, the Bishop thought he had been in the army as long as was just to himself and the diocese, and the poor Doctor, too. You know he is young, and the tax was tremendous. If you have seen the *Boston Pilot*, you have seen how sincere was the sorrow of the regiment. Their enthusiasm for him was most touching, and the Doctor reciprocates it. If you wish to hear good, patriotic talking, come to Chicago and hear the Doctor—and he is not the only one—Dr. McMullen and Dr. Dunne are as sound as himself, only Dr. Butler's enthusiastic heart and demonstrative manner make a certain wonderful impression. The Doctor is really a Democrat, but not a Copperhead, and all the shades of copper are lashed out of his presence. His patriotism is guarded like his faith, at all points. It would refresh you to hear his grand voice on the side of government, justice, and the hosts of Michael against all rebels. His church is becoming a gem; his sanctuary lamp is the most beautiful one I ever saw; the organ is ordered, and in less than three months it will displace his piping melodeon; his choir is from his own parish, and you would love its devout music, all under the Doctor's supervision. His vespers are

different from any I have ever known. He sings alternately with the choir, and you could not hear "In exitu Israel de Egypto" without tears; it is in the minor key, and the Doctor's voice is too beautiful in it for praise. The choir catches his plaintive questioning tone, and the effect is wonderfully moving; he also intones the "Magnificat" and sings the alternate verses of the "Lucis Creator." He is in fine spirits, and is possibly more splendid than ever. The good heart and the wise head and the, I may say, wise innocence of the holy priest is, if possible, more touching as he grows in years and grace. I want you to know Dr. McMullen and Father Roles. I think on politics Dr. McMullen and yourself would agree better than any. Dr. Butler knows no more of politics than I do; his patriotism is from a deeper source, and therefore leads, but mere politics is an unknown science to the Doctor. Dr. McMullen, on the contrary, is an American and naturally bright in politics, and he has a grand, impassioned manner; his heart is like a still fire; you do not know its heat until you stir it. I shall always look upon him as a friend above price. The Bishop is more charming than ever; his health is better, but he is still delicate. The Bishop and Dr. McMullen put the red-headed Dr. Butler into the college, the best and happiest of all arrangements; he hears the classes in dogmatic and moral theology and history, and vociferates at the top of his voice, as if charging at the head of his column; the two D. D.'s enjoy it wonderfully. The accounts from Spring Park are better; poor mother has not been as well this winter; do pray for them; God knows I should go to my own grave sorrowing if they go to theirs unchanged. Do write to me; it is very late, but I would not lose this quiet evening; I do not know when I shall have another. I shall remember you all in my May devotions; do the same by me. Tell me the family news.

Your devoted cousin,

ELIZA.

CHICAGO, June 5, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I have just read your kind letter; by this time you have received the long one I wrote to S., though when I first read yours I thought not. Very likely when yours was posted mine was received; I have been housekeeping fully three weeks. I wrote to S. that my refrigerator was ready for the butter; the sooner it is sent the better, as the summer heats will soon come upon us. I can keep quite a jar of butter in my refrigerator. I shall need what Mr. P. does not need. I am so nicely fixed that I constantly wish some of you were here, especially you and father, for I want to improve the time which, at the longest, must be only too short. It is a consolation to me to feel that I can have you come and make me a quiet visit. I shall not attempt to tell you about it, for on paper it is difficult, my tongue will give you a better notion, and your own eyes a better still. This afternoon Mrs. L. M. and her boy and Mrs. S. came to visit me, and R. came to tea. I had really nice home-made bread, muffins, and cake, strawberries and real cream, and a choice cup of tea; it was not showy, but I think good and nice. My pretty mantel came for my parlor to-day, and is up; it is clouded marble, a small slab on iron brackets. My classes are very full, and my house arrangements have taken a good deal of time and strength, and still more the constant dropping in of visitors—really my friends—but they leave me no time to myself. It is now nine o'clock, but I could not go to bed without writing. I am glad that hard piece of land is planted, and truly do hope that it will reward the labor bestowed upon it; I pray for good crops, as well as spiritual blessings, for I believe we are encouraged to pray for temporal good so we only pray in a spirit of submission to God's will. Is the garden making at Spring Park? The flowers are a great consolation, and the strawberries and the vegetables really necessary. We have had fresh peas; I

never eat them without wishing you had them. I go into the country Tuesday to spend the day. I am very tired, though quite well. Dr. McMullen proposed to me to take his little nephew, his horse and buggy, and go to his sister's, about eight miles from here, and go into the fields and woods and get flowers and recreation. The Bishop is on his visitation through the diocese; he preaches every day, and has confirmed over two thousand.

Your affectionate daughter,

ELIZA.

279 HURON ST., CHICAGO,

June 24, 1863.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:

You will begin to dislike my house if it makes me less punctual in my letters home. But I trust it will soon leave me more leisure. There are so many odds and ends to be looked to now, in order to its perfect completion. Almost every day the house is thrown into perfect confusion for some job or another. I do not fret, however annoying it may seem, for I feel that to bear any little annoyance of this sort is no more than my share. To-day and yesterday the men have been at work on the drain. All of yesterday's work proved a failure, but I am resolved not to complain. Very likely the hammer will be heard on the premises all of this week. I enjoy housekeeping if possible more than I expected. The peace of it is beyond all expression. I am better in health and better in temper, which last is a great consideration. I take my meals in peace, go to bed in peace, and get up in peace. Of course I have plenty of disturbances, but I mean that the general tenor of affairs is tranquil, and I really need it, for the labors of my life are anything but tranquilizing. The children enjoy it very much, and my scholars never did as well as now. Before I began people said I should be so lonesome, but so far I have only to

complain that I am so seldom by myself. I presume this will not last, yet to a person living as I do, with such a retinue about me, it is very likely to continue somewhat. There is a freedom, too, in coming where there is no "man of the house," and but one person to suit. You will remember Mrs. A., Mr. B.'s mother-in-law. Her son S. is one of the lieutenants of the Irish brigade; he is a fine, handsome fellow. While he was home on two weeks' furlough I asked him to spend an evening with me. His sister, Mrs. B., has a little boy only a few weeks old named for him, and I am godmother; she could not come, but Mrs. A., Mr. B., and W. A. came; I drew his picture in the winter. I knew S. would like to meet Dr. B., and then I bethought myself of Dr. W., the brigade surgeon of Lexington fame, and his young wife, then Dr. McM. and Father R. they would all like to meet, and you see I had quite a party. I asked Mrs. C. and Father B.'s brother, who is in her store, but she had company and could not come. We had a gay time; they declared there was not room enough, that I had not chairs enough, and Dr. B. called the tumblers "old maid" tumblers, and they abused everything and enjoyed themselves. They were really happy, I believe, and I am sure I was; I had the table in the studio and my red tea-cloth, and strawberries and cake. I shall have my house blessed as soon as it is really done, and then I shall have Father D. and Father B., Father R. and the Roman Doctor for the occasion, and have them stay to tea. I hope the strawberries will last. I was intending to have Mr. and Mrs. C. and Mr. and Mrs. H. this week, but the opera keep them engaged, and my carpenters keep me in commotion. I feel as if I wanted to give a little pleasure to those friends who have so disinterestedly assisted my little household affairs. Last Friday I ran in to see S. B., and asked her to take tea with me; she said her brother J.'s wife was in town, and they would come Monday evening instead. I got some *nice* strawberries, had S. make

some plain cake, and sent for a half a pint of rich cream, and we had a good supper. I showed brother J.'s wife all my pictures and crucifixes, and she grew quite complacent over them. S. is a very pleasant, sensible girl, and is not quite as afraid of me as Mrs. J.; I mean to have her come in often. J.'s wife was very pleasant, but she seemed all the time to be looking out for a mouse, which amused me. Tuesday evening Miss M. W. came up and taught us how to preserve fruit according to her method, which is really the nicest as to results I ever saw. Mrs. B. used to say that Miss M. and her sister E. made the nicest preserves she ever tasted. I bought a dozen glass jars with big corks, and we filled five quart jars with strawberries; I sealed them the next morning; I think I must take a few jars home for your preserves. I bought berries for twelve cents a quart. I suppose Mr. P. has written for his butter; he wants all you can send him. I shall write a line to S. in this, and tell her how I have managed for her; I am very glad she can go while I can be at home; it will be so much better all around; I think, mother, you and I can manage the work very pleasantly, and the summer will not be so lonely. It will be a great relief to your mind, as well as mine, if S. gets home while her father lives, and since it is possible, I am all anxiety to have it accomplished. I will do my best to economize for such things and get her through Chicago as cheaply as possible. It is such a pleasant season of the year; I think she had better stay long enough, as she goes on, to see the city. I wish I could keep until I go home some of the pilgrim's-cup or sidesaddle-flower plant; I have a dish full, which has been sent me by one and another; it looks so much like Deerfield that I like to look at it; I shall do my best to keep it until I go home. I have had my gray silk and gray mohair fixed up, and waists with points before and behind, the points are left open in front from the belt-hook, and so make two points in front. It is a beautiful style of waist. I

sent your canvas, mother, by Mrs. S., and when you can tell the colors you need, I will get those; I think you will get time to work on it while I am home, perhaps. It is so pleasant here now that I wish you could come and stay two or three weeks. Chicago never looks so pleasant as at this season. I sent S.'s dress by Mrs. S., too. I have just received a delightful letter from Mrs. B.; she says that is the sunny side of the world. Among other surprises she mentions that of seeing Mr. and Mrs. C.; they will very likely remain in California; I was so pleased to hear about them; her sister, Mrs. A., is dead, and Mr. B.'s brother C., the wonderful surgeon. This evening my drains are all right; my back yard will be very pretty. I want some currant bushes and a Lorton blackberry and other bushes; I think J. will send me what I can plant of this sort. I have a beautiful place for a long or rather two long flower beds, which I will have planted next year. The Bishop is still on his visitation. I am alone this evening, and the quiet is so grateful to me. My letter-writing is all behind. I hope father and C. will have a prosperous season, as to crops and stock. Give my love to them all, to W. too, and kiss the children for me. Love to Aunt C. and all her family.

Your affectionate daughter,

ELIZA.

BALTIMORE, June 27, 1863.

DEAR MISS STARR:

I have read with great interest your narrative of the erection of the magic cottage, and offer you my sincere congratulations. It is an evidence of the kind interest some friends take in your comfort and happiness, and must therefore be valued, although it be small. I hope it may serve to improve your health. I am sorry for the trials of our common friend; we must bear the weakness of others' faith, and pray that it may be strengthened. It is a mysterious

gift, some seem to possess it almost in despite of themselves, whilst others, apparently sincere and desirous to save their souls, cannot believe. St. Paul would have dealt gently with the weak in faith.

We are here in the midst of barricades, alarms are raised from time to time, and we do not venture to promise ourselves security; we look in vain for the end. The first individual confirmed last Sunday in the Church of St. Aloysius, Washington, was the head of police, named Goddard. The lady of the minister of Russia, her name I believe is Stoeckl, of Boston, was to have been confirmed, but left Washington, lest the roads should be closed. Several converts appeared for confirmation there, and in this city, yet no conversion of much note has recently occurred. A judge called on me some months ago, and manifested his strong inclination to become a Catholic, but I fear he has not followed it up; he resides elsewhere. A hospital has been opened here, on the outskirts of the city, on premises given by Charles Dougherty, a sugar refiner, at a cost of ten thousand dollars; other charities are in contemplation by others. The donation of Lady Stafford goes to the hospital. I think I already mentioned these gifts. I remain

Ever your sincere friend,

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

CHICAGO, July 9, 1863.

DEAR COUSIN MARY:

Did you ever think it could be so, that we should see the day when we must look on the world and know the dear Archbishop had left it, left forever, and we behind him? Before me lies a letter from him, written in his clear, even hand, dated the 27th of June. Not a word as to ailment. There is a muffled note of distress for the country, no word of himself; how can it be? On my little mantelpiece, in a

place of honor, stands the copy I made of Mr. Healy's picture of him. How often I have looked at it. Yesterday I looked at it every time I passed in and out of the room; it had such a benignant look; I thought never so much, and yet that saintly face had smiled its last mortal smile; the meek eyes had turned the last time to heaven. Yesterday morning I called in to see the Bishop; he sat in his little room at the end of the hall overlooking the lake; the lake wind came in softly through the open window and through the plants in the window thick with blooms. How pleasant it was there! The Bishop was in one of his rustic chairs; he pointed me to the other, and we had a half-hour's chat, and of whom were we speaking almost the whole half-hour? Of the dear Archbishop; he said there was no such man in this country, indeed, said he, we may almost say hardly another in the world. After I came home some one called; they were looking at the pictures, and above all that of the dear Archbishop. Now, it has often happened so, for I think of him so often; it is always so pleasant to put my thoughts of him into words that I am sure I often do; but now I look at the dear face through tears, although I am sure he is in heaven. At first I knew not how I was to live without him—how all I love could be converted without him, how to be saved, for he has been woven so like a golden thread into my life since that first day of August, 1848, that I seem to have lived ever since in a different air. A few tears—floods of tears—cannot wash out such associations. I know other bishops, other priests, knew them, loved them, lived so as to see them almost every day, or very often. The dear Archbishop I have seen but once since the spring of 1854, but the charming simplicity of our letter visits was all the same. I told him the same long stories, gave him all the details, all the jokes, and the nice touches as if I had seen him yesterday. I might have delayed my letter, but I knew I should have the quick response, and the touch of

humor was as fresh as the soft, kind laugh we all remember so well. This morning I was through breakfast, had said my beads (which I say as a penance this week, and therefore betimes in the day) while waiting for a little class. A dear little boy came in with a letter in an envelope. The scrawled address I know was Dr. McMullen's, and inside a bit from the newspaper. On one side was an organ advertisement; I thought it was a joke on Dr. Butler's new organ; on the other, I hardly knew what, but under it one little line which told all! I caught the child softly by the cheek, he seemed to know I was in trouble, and looked so pitifully at me, and told him to ask Dr. McMullen to "please to come in and see me," but the Doctor was too wise. He knew he could do me no good; he drove on in his buggy and left me to my prayers and crucifix. As soon as I could I went over to see the Bishop. I thought the Archbishop of St. Louis might be going on, and he go with him. He had already telegraphed to him, but had received no reply. He said the death of his mother could hardly have touched him more deeply. He spoke of our conversation yesterday, and then said, "Dr. Butler was there in the evening, and they had it all over again, and got as angry as they could over those stiff-necked Baltimoreans who never deserved him, never dreaming he was in heaven." A solemn requiem mass, attended by all the clergymen, will be celebrated next week. He heard of it this morning before he said mass, which he gave for the repose of our dear holy Archbishop, "feeling after all that he went straight to heaven." I then went up to see Dr. Butler, but he was out. I took a pencil and paper, and in his quiet study wrote something for to-morrow's *Post*. It gave vent to my love and gratitude and veneration which wanted to express themselves. I took it to Dr. McMullen, and he gave some emphatic touches as to his position as a scholar at the Propaganda and his course of Theology, and told me to copy it and he would send it to

the *Post*. It has gone there three hours, and when it appears I shall send you a copy. You will understand one paragraph, if you remember the dreadful way the American Catholic ladies in Baltimore are said to have behaved when our dear saint was asking in that heavenly voice, and as we know it must have been with a look of celestial entreaty, the prayers for the country. I think this had set the Bishop and Doctor off on a new indignation fit about the Marylanders; they thought it so outrageous. Dear Cousin Mary, I suppose the drawing I made of the dear Archbishop is full of faults, but I do want a copy of it, a photograph of a size Cousin George thinks best. I will send you some money in my next letter to have it done; wait until then, but it is so on my mind that I want to speak of it. I shall put all my letters from the dear Archbishop in order immediately, for I have kept everything he wrote religiously. I know I was not worthy of these many letters, and treasured them all the more. O, Cousin Mary, I loved to get those letters so much! When I was sick last winter I was so eager to write to him only to get one, and they were always such a treat. I fed on them mentally for days; their meek instructions sank deep into my heart; heaven seems nearer since the dear Archbishop has gone to it. As Cardinal Wiseman says of St. Sebastian after the martyrdom of Pancratius, "Every friend that fell before him was a bond less to earth, and a link more to heaven, a care less below, a claim more above. He sometimes prayed silently or sat lonely on the spots where he had conversed with Pancratius, but he never felt as if they were separated any more than when he sent him on his expedition to Campania." So sweet is the communion of saints in the church of God! We never feel so about our friends; we shudder at separation, but from our Catholic friends we cannot be separated. All day I have been begging the dear Archbishop to pray for me and for my father and mother. Cousin Mary, I believe he will

obtain their conversion; his prayers cannot be less availing now; he is as near, nearer to us than before, and he can help us all more. I am sure we shall obtain many favors through his intercession. You must tell me all you and Cousin George pick up about this death of our saint. I do hope Cousin George is not at Bethlehem and could go to Baltimore. I had written all about my house to him, and his last letter was one of congratulations. I intended to write to Bessie this time, but you see I cannot. Write very soon and tell me what no one else will think of. I pray for Maria a great deal. The dear Archbishop will surely. I want to write to Bessie about the birds. Love to dear Cousin George, whose home I liked, and especially his own compliments. Love to Bessie, Julia, Hemy, George, and Maria, and thy dear self from

COUSIN ELIZA.

CHICAGO, July 28, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I received your letter and Susan's just as I had finished my dinner, and also as my children were rushing in for the afternoon lesson. I want to send this to-morrow morning, and will answer both in one. If you will send the pattern, I will fit the worsted, as you propose. I have written to Judith for her collar, and you can do it when I go home. I want you to send me the measure of your window by Susan. I shall get a green curtain for it. Perhaps I can get one for the hall window, too. I have two curtain fixtures which I had at Mrs. Tobey's, tassels and all, and I can use them for those two windows, and they will be extremely convenient, for your bedroom especially, so do not forget to measure them. I have all along intended to go home the 17th of August, which comes on a Monday. I do not intend to stay a day longer. It will hardly be possible for me to wind up

my affairs before, but by that time I shall need rest. My classes are all at the house, and they fill my studio to overflowing; it makes a sort of second harvest, which I need when I see the bills coming in. Next year I hope to pay off everything. Caleb wrote to me about the boats. Susan can decide when she comes. The boats are called very fine, and one leaves every day. The fare is nine dollars for an adult, and for children of four years, half price. This includes the board, which is good. I think I should choose the boats at this season, but she must decide when she comes. I shall receive the butter very cheerfully; it will probably be here to-morrow. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins are both away, "down East." Mrs. Tobey is home, and very sad; she has helped me make some currant jelly and wine; I made up one-half a bushel; I think it will be nice. I have bought Bertie's hat, and I think it is a beauty; it is felt, very light and summer-looking; it cost one dollar and twenty-five cents, twenty-five cents less than I expected. I sent Monday a pattern for Nellie's waterproof, given me by a fashionable dressmaker. Little girls wear loose waists in belts for their summer wear; I have no doubt the children will look pretty as possible. As to fashions, they are never out of fashion at home, and a very little primping when they get here will put them straight, so Susan need feel no uneasiness. One thing, Caleb must let me know at what time of the day I am to expect them; I hope she will come as early as Wednesday; she must remember that Sophie can wash them up for the second start. If I find a chance to send Bertie's hat by any one going to Laona or Durand through Richard Sackett, I will do so, if not, send by express in time. Did you get the papers concerning the death of the Archbishop? It is a severe loss to me, and I feel it every day, yet I say to myself, if I trusted to his prayers while on earth, surely I may in heaven. I am glad father is pleased with the wheat crop; it is a great mercy to have a

reward for one's labors. I am very much relieved that the machine does so well. I hope all are in good spirits. Do you not want some more camphor? I will get the items you mention, and if you think of others, write them to me. My love to father and Caleb and Susan, Willie, and the little ones. I suppose they do not realize what they are undertaking; I shall pray for them from the time they start until they arrive in Massachusetts, for a safe journey, which God grant. Love to all my friends, to Mrs. Clarke especially; when she comes down, tell her she must come to Chicago and see me.

Your devoted daughter,

ELIZA.

SPRING PARK, Sept. 4, 1863.

DEAR COUSIN GEORGE:

I am under a twofold obligation to you, to-night for your delightful letter from Bethlehem, and last evening for the pamphlet directed to mother, which I must tell you is a feather in your cap in the estimation of Cousin Lovina. It was a very great gratification to her to recall the various incidents in the life of your father, so well known to her, which were all to the honor of his children. She filled up your outline with many a pithy description and good story, which I very much wish you could have heard. His own brothers, and even his children, can hardly read your narrative with more feeling or with more vivid recollections of its subject than my mother. It seems a pity that you cannot see each other. Age has hardly modified the ardor of a temperament which must be remembered by you, long ago as your visit was, as one of great sensibility and imagination. The tear starts to her eye as quickly as ever, and though her step has lost its brightness, and her hand its steadiness, her eye is full and bright, and her spirits unbroken. She may have forgotten many things she has seen and read of late years, but the

extraordinarily retentive mind of her youth possesses the picture of that early time quite undimmed. It was like going over all that generation of which she is the sole survivor from the Bars, to hear your narrative, and I think you may count on a very safe place in her heart. I wish we could ever hope to see you here; I hardly expect ever to take her East. My father may go, but mother is hardly equal to the journey, and never allows herself to think of it. Remember always, however, whether you can see her or not, that you have given her a pleasure that few have it in their power to give. She is very anxious to have me write to-night and tell you how much she thanks you for the interesting paper you have made out, even in a genealogical way. I think she is quite satisfied with your conclusions, Crusader and all, and of the portrait of your father she cannot say too much for its truth. When it came to the description of his person, my father and brother both exclaimed, and fully bore you out. They began to say to me, "You do not remember Cousin Heman," and began to tell me. "Indeed I do remember him," I said, rather indignantly, "and remember sitting on his knees and seeing my own little round face in his gilt button." "Yes, yes," says my brother, "and that immense corporation of his." I really do remember him perfectly, in this way and sitting by the bright winter fire in our parlor in Deerfield. Mother says she remembers him when he was as thin as a mouse could well be, especially when he was studying at Chesterfield. He spent his vacation at the Bars, and his idiosyncrasies came out strongly. She says Aunt J. used to get out of all patience because he would not talk, but keep his head over some book; "Heman, do talk!" and when she had said it a few times without a reply, he would walk, reading as he went, into Aunt E.'s bedroom to enjoy its quiet. I remember that old bedroom well; we all gave a cheer for the "Minority of seven." Your brother C. has a book given to your

father by Mr. A., with a very complimentary presentation on the fly-leaf; and this reminds me that I have, since my return to Spring Park, written a few lines in a reminiscence of Port Kent. I shall send you a copy, and when it is in print, I shall send one to Cousin C. I was pleased, as indeed I had reason to be, at your offer to assist about publishing if I was doing anything of the sort. I really am not; the printed slips I send you were struck off to allow of sending them to a few friends. Two or three years ago I was a good deal straitened in my worldly matters, and I wrote to the dear Archbishop, who had manifested such a constant interest in my little productions, to know if there was any chance of a book of mine to succeed. He immediately looked about for a publisher, and I have two or three kind letters from him on the subject; but no publisher could be found who would assume any risk, and I have nothing to risk certainly. Under these circumstances he could not advise me to proceed. Shall I tell you that I was half afraid you would be ashamed of me in a book? I shall never fear this again. It was one of the beautiful examples of condescension in our saintly friend that with all his learning and classical taste he always received my verses with so much pleasure and interest. It could never add to my self-esteem, for I always considered it a touching proof of his appreciative mind and kind heart. If I ever do publish a book of my lyrical talk, it will be dedicated, my dear Cousin G. approving, to the memory of my dear Patron, as well as most holy Father in Christ, the beloved Archbishop. I always intended to do this had he lived. Sometimes when I look over my manuscripts I think I could make up a very good volume of what you would accept, but I confess I am very timid. I write because I cannot help it; I need some such outlet, and it serves my tranquillity and happiness. I would not for the world disturb my peace by any under efforts concerning them, but if ever in your opinion a publisher can be found

to take them and bring them out creditably, I shall be quite ready to rely on your judgment, and also to do my part in preparing them. I should need any amount of advice from you. I know the Bishop, Dr. Butler, Dr. McMullen, and Father Roles would assist me in any way in their power, and would feel great pleasure in seeing a creditable volume from me. You could rely upon their good will; you will never, of course, allow yourself to be annoyed by it in press or out; we will trust the benign Providence to arrange the event. The Archbishop, I think, only considered seriously his own publishers in Baltimore. If there is anything to be done, tell me and I will do the drudgery of it. I shall send you some copies of a child's paper which Father Roles is getting up to come out every month; it is quite a recreation to me to prepare articles for it. The H.'s will help us to a translation of the French, and Father R. says, "Will not your cousins, the Allens, help us?" He intends to keep up a choice little sheet, with the aid of Catholic friends. Bessie and Julia could send, if they are inclined to do nothing more personal, nice bits translated from other tongues than the French. I know B. has charming things at hand from the Italian and Spanish; it needs but a word from you to put them at the service of the good father. I do not think there is a paper of this sort for children in the country. You will be more ready to do this when I tell you that on the day of National Thanksgiving Father R. came out in the broadest and most emphatic manner upon the virtue of loyalty and the heinousness of any breach of its laws. On the same day I heard an instruction from Dr. B., whose high mass was earlier, and a more enthusiastic sermon I am certain was not preached that day. It was grand in its theology, and he brought forward as his examples saints, popes, and bishops. He did not content himself with a negative loyalty, but it was absolute and positive, an actual *support* of the present administration and prayers for our chief President—

ardent and persevering prayer. It was one of those grand bursts of a sanctified enthusiasm to which my good confessor is somewhat liable. From the very first year of the Rebellion the Doctor has gone in the face of national feeling and political leanings, actuated by a simple, theological, and humanly logical (would it be correct to say *homo-logical*) persuasion of the wrong of secession, and the heinousness of rebellion. He has come out of it thus far true to the training of the Propagandist, which always declares equality without distinction of race or color, and a horror of slavery. He now says, "Call me an Abolitionist if you please, but I hold fast to my colors." As far as my observation goes, the practice at the Propaganda is all in favor of Northern ideas. I sometimes find even Propagandists with an antipathy to Yankees as a race, though I have never seen it towards individuals, but the good Doctor *goes in for the Yankees now*. I shall inclose to you one of the Bishop's circulars. His council, of which Dr. Dunne, Dr. McMullen, and Dr. Butler are prominent members, were strongly in favor of a very marked attention to the wishes of the President. Dr. Butler went so far as to tell his people, "The President had a right to command them to aid him by their devotion." Thursday I went to mass at a farmhouse four or five miles from here. An Irish family, of course, and its head a leading Irishman in these parts; he is "for the Union, for the administration, though the taxes swallow his farm," my brother says. The neighbor with whom I went made a visit, as well as attended to her duty, so I spent a day among my Celtic neighbors, and everything I heard was "for the government as it is, and the powers that be."

I am having a very quiet and certainly very pleasant visit at home. It gives me more of one with those left here than I ever expect to have again, as S. and the children are all at the East. They spent a week with me, from the 6th of August, and then went to Deerfield. They are now with

E. at Fairmount, a few miles from Boston. Last night (5th September) my brother brought Cousin M.'s letter, dated August 15th; it reached Chicago immediately after or the day I left, and being directed to Mr. P.'s care, who was absent, has just reached me. I am very much pleased to hear of the safe arrival of the little Eliza; I do a good deal of praying for your intentions in that direction. I shall send something pious and of my own work to the baby very soon. I am delighted to see that M. has such a good disposition. Cousin M. says she has a cousin who is a Catholic; how is this? I shall not try to write to Cousin M. to-day or to B. and J., as I really intended, but give you the whole, which I know will not be taken amiss by them. Do you hear anything from your brother J.? If so, tell me what and be sure to give my love to them if you write. I miss them in Chicago; I have all the letters of the dear Archbishop in a book made for them; if I should die before you or Cousin M., I shall will the letters to you; they are a treasure-house of piety and holy counsel, often of exquisite sentiment and diction; I read them as I would the words of an angel. Cousin M. says, "Do you not pray to the Archbishop?" He is my established intercessor now, and many and many a time during the day do I invoke his powerful aid. I received a very sweet and indeed remarkable letter from E. after his death. I will copy what she says of him. "We received the *Chicago Post* in due time, and were very much interested in the article you wrote on your good and excellent friend, Archbishop Kenrick, and which he so justly merited from your pen. You have indeed lost a good friend and wise director. In the last year his benign and pleasant face has often been before me, and I have wished that I could have a photograph of him. As a consistent Christian and loyal citizen I know of none I can place before him." She then goes on to say, "I tell my friends I expect a strong and effective influence from the Catholic clergy in overcom-

ing the riotous element in our country." My good sister says "she does not believe in the draft," and tells some very hard stories of Boston millionaires, but she does not in this come up to the clergy she admires. I read her letter with tears. The Doctor gave an instruction to his sodality on the draft and riots. There will probably not be much rioting in *his parish*. You have no idea how splendid the Doctor is, how much of a man, for he has by his gay disposition won for himself the name of the "wild Irish boy," but the war and years have made him a man, and his every Sunday sermons are wonderful for their energy, simplicity, and apostolic spirit. I am delighted to hear that H. is recovering; I know, although you have all been so cheerful and uncomplaining, how tender must have been your anxieties for this noble, good, and gifted son. I think of him always as just ready to be translated, but I hope he may long be spared to a world which needs an angel now and then, as a resident. The late summer and early autumn days always bring Philadelphia and my dear cousins, the dear Bishop and one other face, to my mind. What a great era it was, Cousin G., in my life! I can never thank God enough for His mercies. And now, whom do you think I saw, talked with, and received his blessing, just before I left Chicago? No other than the brother of our dear departed saint, the himself saintly Archbishop of St. Louis. He came on the evening of the 15th and left the next evening (Sunday) for St. Louis. He kept very secluded, but I saw him on his visit to the Cathedral of the Holy Name in company with Bishop Duggan, our own lovely Bishop, who beckoned to me to come to them. It was close to evening; the stained windows only were bright with the summer evening brilliancy, and the red star of the sanctuary lamp. They passed together down the middle aisle with Father Roles, who was showing them his new and richly carved altar and pulpit, and I waited for them after the Bishop's signal at the front of the aisle. He introduced

me to the Archbishop as a special dear friend of the Archbishop of Baltimore and a cousin of Professor and Mrs. Allen of Philadelphia. He seemed very much touched by the mentioning of his brother, and received me with a gentle courtesy, a look of benignity, and a tone of voice so much like our own dear Archbishop that it seemed impossible that it was any other. In that dim light the resemblance was very remarkable, as the Bishop as well as myself exclaimed. The meek Archbishop said, "he was conscious of a resemblance to his brother, especially in his *voice*" (this word he speaks exactly like him, and no other person I ever knew) "so much so that since his brother's death he had been startled while saying his mass by the sound of his own voice." It was all said in a tone so like the Archbishop, and his eyes had the same expression, that the interview was painfully delightful. It completely upset my composure, not while I saw him, but after it, and even now I can scarcely recall it without tears.

Your affectionate cousin,

ELIZA.

N. B.—With my lines on the Archbishop I have sent some very beautiful ones which appeared in the same issue on the first page; my own were on the inside sheet. It occurred to me that Cousin C. might value the lines more in the manuscript. You will be so good as to send them to him with an assurance of my warm regard and happy remembrance of my visit. Only this summer when a sharp attack of sickness came upon me, and as always my room was darkened to twilight, that lovely picture of Lake Champlain with Mansfield and the Camel's Hump, and my cousin's sweet cottage on the high green shore came over me.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27, 1863.

DEAR COUSIN MARY:

Your letter and the photograph took me by surprise, and I was quite beside myself. Do have your own taken, Cousin

Mary, and Bessie's. Cousin George looks thin to me, but still the same, and Julia, it is astonishing, the very same girl, the head a little turned on one side, as I said, is it eight or nine years ago? I could not believe she could look so like herself. I have Henry's picture, now I should have your's and Bessie's, and George should send me the Georgetown trio. I sent Cousin George and Julia on a visit to Spring Park, but am expecting them back every day. It was very kind of you to think of me; I wanted to thank you by return of mail, but I have been passing through sundry afflictions in my position as housekeeper. My young German girl, during my absence and the mission of the Paulist Fathers, became a Catholic, which was a great joy to me. But now comes the joke of it; almost the first fruit of her conversion, so far as I was concerned, was saying her prayers instead of attending to me. This I bore with considerable meekness, for I was afraid of confusing her ideas, but this was only the beginning of mischief, which ended in her leaving me altogether, and alone in the house. I had a cold at the time, but my desolate condition fastened it on me, and the present administrator of my kitchen affairs came, by a kind Providence, just in time to nurse me. I have not been well since; my cold is the worst one I have had for four years, and only that my general health is so much better it might give me serious trouble. I am kept in my bed occasionally as it is, but I hope to cure it by care and patience. I now have a steady, sensible woman, who knows how to say her prayers and attend to me, which is a weighty consideration, when one considers my arduous duties and anything but reliable health. Poor Sophiel! it fretted me to see her leave me, as nothing would have tempted me to send her away, for I always dread to see that fresh grace of conversion endangered. I persuaded her to go to the Sisters for instruction, which she still does. Do, all of you, say one Hail Mary for her perseverance. She cannot read; so

much for Protestant love of knowledge; she has worn a medal I gave her for more than a year, and before I went home I read to her some little books for children, put out by the Redemptorist Fathers, which touched her very much. When I went home I found a place for her with a Catholic lady who had a pious sewing-woman. To her probably Sophie owes, under God, her conversion. She attended the Paulist mission faithfully, and was baptized by Father Baker. I feel uneasy about her, but I know not what I can do except pray. She was so impatient for my return, but after three days some change came over her, and she was like a crazy person who spites his best friend. I have seen something like this in young converts before; it is a strange way of showing one's new graces, but I think it comes from some upsetting of old ideas before new ones are formed. Is Hemy at home? Mrs. H. told me that Agnes and Mary wrote about their delightful tea with you, but my cold has hardly allowed me a chance to talk with anybody, and I do not know if they spoke of seeing him. When they return I shall hear all the particulars. I have a little friend, very beautiful, and very racy, who is to spend some weeks in Washington this winter with our representative, Mr. A. She is a staunch little Catholic, though her father was a Protestant. In her veins runs royal Indian blood, good French, and equally good American. She shows the qualities of the three nations charmingly balanced in a petite body, but a sound head and noble heart. I want her to know George and his little wife. She is delighted at the idea, and when I see her on the way to Washington I shall send a letter to George to serve as an introduction. I think she will help on Maria's conversion. She is a great favorite with Protestants in spite of her staunch adherence to her faith and its practices. She has shone almost alone as a child of Mary in Chicago's fashionable society. I am certain that Rose and George will understand each other. Her name is Rose

Howe; she has a wonderful mixture of simplicity and sagacity; she has really no love of dress, something very strange in a girl like her in America. Bessie and Julia would like her wonderfully, and Cousin George would find her a study even for him. Miss S. G. (you remember her, i.e., who she is) is in a sad state of body and mind. If she would only be a Catholic! But some infatuation holds her, wretched as she is. The Bishop has just returned from a visit to St. Louis. The Archbishop is well; he left all the dear Archbishop's papers untouched. I saw Father Giesen, the Redemptorist, Wednesday; he told me some remarkable things of our dear saint. I shall see Father Giesen again, as he is to be at Dr. Butler's next week to confer on the mission to be given in the spring, and he will tell me more I hope; he is devotedly faithful to the Archbishop still, whose dear face looks down on me as I write from my mantel. I am sure he helps me, especially when I ask him to get meekness for me. The Bishop is in better health than before his visit to St. Louis, for he was then wretchedly delicate. Dr. Butler called to see me to-day. Since my cold came on he has been very good to me; he always laughs when I get sick, but takes the best of care nevertheless; he heard my confession here last. Oh, Cousin Mary, even you do not know how good the Doctor is, or how good he has been to me. Whatever my trouble is he is ready to hear it, and nothing, even to my domestic, is beneath his concern. I think, Cousin Mary, I must have a hard winter, everything about me looks like it, but I do not despond. God will make all my little affairs right. I am so comfortable in my little cottage, even while ill, and it seems such a godsend to me whether sick or well. I am expecting S. and the children next week, on their way to Spring Park. When she is settled at home, I think father and mother will make me a visit, but perhaps my brother will come first, as he has business in Chicago. I shall see them all, I think, in the course

of the winter. My classes are remarkably good, and now they are full, or will be next week, and they promise to do me much credit; they do not draw from flat models at all, either young or old, but from the round altogether, and some are making beautiful water-color drawings of shells, nuts, and every-day objects in quiet tints. I keep them from bright colors as much as possible. I tell you this for I know you feel interested. Mr. Healy speaks a great many good words for me. Mrs. H. liked the Paulist Fathers very much. A lady is to be baptized so as to make her first communion on Christmas. Mother Angela sent her to me, and instead of taking her to the Jesuits for instruction, I took her to our Roman D.D. The Bishop is very much pleased. She will go to Dr. McGovern, I think, to confession, as she knows him somewhat and likes him. Dr. McGovern came from Rome in June, where he has been for ten years. We have now Dr. McMullen, Dr. Butler, and Dr. McGovern at the college, and a class of nineteen or more fine theological students. They are very anxious to raise up an American priesthood. Dr. McGovern is an American by birth; he has given me a candle blessed by the Holy Father, a relic of St. Joseph Calasantio, beads from the Holy Sepulchre, and I cannot tell you how many holy things. Will not Cousin George write before long? Father Hecker has delivered, the Bishop says, a remarkable course of lectures in St. Louis; the Archbishop is charmed with him. Did I tell you about my interviews with Father Hecker? He is a wonderful man. Let me hear from you very soon, Cousin Mary. Pray for me for an increase of grace.

Your loving cousin,

ELIZA.

I hear often from Spring Park; they were never so affectionate. When you write tell me all about family matters. Remember me in your Novena for December 8th.

CHICAGO, Dec. 16, 1863.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:

The letter dated Sunday came to hand yesterday evening. I was going to Mrs. Clarke's to tea and ran to the post-office and got it. It is a long time since I have heard from the family East or West. I called to see Mrs. Fogg on my way to Mrs. Clarke's. We had a very pleasant chat about Deerfield; they inquired for both of you; Mr. Fogg wants to know if you remember him; you would not know him, he is so gray, but he is still fine looking. I told them, mother, that you would spend Xmas with me; I shall be dreadfully disappointed if you do not; I am sorry, father, that you cannot come, too. Perhaps you think my quarters too small, but I think we could manage. I went to the milliner's to see about your bonnet, mother; it may be done for you to ride in, but I think you will not mind riding in your hood, if you do not get it before you start; indeed, I think we had better not think of sending it; people wear hoods so much that it will be perfectly respectable to wear your black hood. When you do come, father, bring some of your second best clothes, so that you need not feel dressed up all the while. I want to know in time when to meet you, mother, and as the season is tempestuous, and one knows not if a day ahead will be pleasant, do not wait till the day before Xmas if you can help it. I am very glad you are being vaccinated, but I do not believe it will take or put off your coming. I have a very nice cigar-box for Willie, which Mr. Perkins gave me. I shall send it with other things. To-day is a perfectly wild day, snow and wind, and the snow like needle points. I tried to do some shopping, but could not. I think the butter-packing plan is splendid; by the way, they are quite out of butter at Mr. Perkins's, and they might have had the last half pail if they had said so. This evening at dusk Mr. Perkins called to tell me that at half-past one o'clock to-day a little girl appeared to them. Mrs.

Perkins is doing well, and the baby weighs ten pounds, is healthy and perfect, and altogether satisfactory. It is quite a relief to have it safely over. She is in very good spirits. My new girl came to-day; I think she is very nice, but I speak with fear and trembling after my experiences; it all looks fair now. I will write no more now. My love to Caleb and Susan and Willie, and kiss the little folks for me. I have had a trap door made in my kitchen floor to the cellar; it is a great convenience. I have bought Aunt Cynthia's spoons; tell her. Let me hear in time now as to the day of coming.

Your devoted daughter,

ELIZA.

CHICAGO, Dec. 29, 1863.

MY DEAR SISTER:

Ma was very much pleased with your and Charles's and little Mary's presents to her. Have I told you about her birthday? It was a very pleasant day, very frosty, but pa went down into the meadow beyond the spring and picked some fringed gentians (she has pressed one for you), and I gathered quite a bouquet from the garden. Willie drew her a very grand picture, which seemed to please her very much, and I gave her a beautiful cap made of the lace I sent for and your ribbon, and a lovely picture the Archbishop sent me. She seemed quite happy, only she wished the box had come before her birthday; she has all the tenderness of a child in such things. I wish you could have heard pa one day; something was being said, as he and ma and myself were sitting together, about the family affairs and embarrassments, and he said all he asked for was to be out of debt, and to get money enough to go East once to see you all and go to Middletown and Baltimore and Sullivan. He spoke with so much feeling that I nearly cried. Poor father, he does not ask for much, but that little is always flying before

him. It made me sad, sinking like dull, heavy lead into my heart. God knows the end of all things; I give them up to Him, for I find them too much for me. The sympathy I feel for my friends sometimes well-nigh wears me out. I hope you have not stinted yourselves by sending that box of clothing, though if you have, God, I trust, will reward you for the sacrifice. Joseph Toomb's wife gave me a bird; she called it a female, but they all think it will prove a singer; I am very fond of it, and it is a pet for all. I have seen a good deal of Mr. and Mrs. Brackett, and have enjoyed them very much; they found the clergymen abroad very delightful; he says indeed that the Catholic clergy of Europe are less bigoted than any he had ever met. Still he is not a Catholic, or, humanly speaking, likely to be. It is only the acknowledgment of a commonly candid mind. You remember Sallie Latimer? She is living in Paris, and the Bracketts saw a great deal of her; she sent me a beautiful pin, like turquoise, if it is not really turquoise, and wound with threads of gold. It is very beautiful, and is intended to pin a magnificent sash, blue, brown, and white, which she also sent. I will send you a bit of the sash. Were they not rich presents? Mrs. Brackett brought me a rosary, blessed by the Holy Father purposely for me, a model of my favorite St. Anthony of Padua, brought from Padua itself, a piece of the wax candle she carried through the catacombs, a sprig of box from the Church of St. Agnes (Rome), a flower from the tomb of St. Cecilia, some roses brought from the monastery of St. Francis of Assisi, and a beautiful cameo pin after one of Carlo Dolci's virgins. Everybody admires it. She has given me a headdress, too; she seemed so glad to see me, said she wanted to see no one else so much. They have brought home no grand pictures, but some exquisite photographs out of the common way. Last Friday I invited the Bishop and Dr. Butler to meet them at Mrs. Tobey's; we had oysters, as it was Friday, and the tea was plain, but

nice. They all enjoyed it highly, and I was glad to be able at little expense to show some little return of hospitalities. I always wish I could have you and Charles on any such occasion. But I seldom do anything in the way of visitors, never excepting Mrs. Tobey. Tuesday I drank tea with Mrs. William Clarke, and had a very pleasant visit. I feel very much at home with them. Monday evening I went to a musical party, a very few doors from here, quite a brilliant affair. There is more society for me on this side, I think. People run in to see me more. My plants are looking fine; I enjoy having something to take care of. I brought several from home. The Archbishop has sent me a copy of his "Job and the Prophets," a splendid vindication of the Old Testament in its comments, and a very learned and beautiful commentary in itself. Every once in a while I get five dollars from the Archbishop for poetry. I have written a very long letter, longer than I feel able to write, but I have sat at home all the morning feeling as if the time would be as well spent with you as in any other way, and the classes might rest one morning. I have several classes, but my labor has been in collecting them, and I feel tired. I cannot bear much out of the common order, not always within it. How is Charles this fall? very busy, of course, and little Mary, how is she? I am quite pleased with her circular; I hope she is as good as ever; give my love to them both. I have a photograph like the Espousals I sent you and Charles. I wish you could come and sit in my room; all is quiet and comfortable here; I have my flowers, my bird, and my pictures, my books, and my little altar, and a good maple fire in my stove, and an easy-chair. I seldom am in my room so long at a time. Mrs. Tobey allows or offered me her dining-room for my classes, and it leaves my room more free and to myself. Mrs. Tobey makes me feel very much at home. Mr. T. always has the kindest feeling towards me. Nora Paddock is like a child to me, so artless and affection-

ate, and Mr. Perkins has me sit next to him at table to wait on me, does all sorts of kind things for me, orders nice maple wood for me, makes a perch for my bird, in short, does everything a gentleman can do for a single lady. These with the children and our small "servant" make up the family. It is very different from a boarding-house. Yet I often, how often God only knows, think of you and your little family and your lovely home, and of the less comfortable, but dear home at Spring Park. God has given us all our lot in life, and it is for us to make it not only peaceful, though it may be humble, but one acceptable to Him. I once thought I could only be happy in a home of my own. To that all my hopes pointed. Now I have no desire for one. I feel neither strength or inclination for family, and family cares come with family joys. I find a fountain of pure happiness opened for me in the practice of my religion, for the loss of which no family ties, however dear—and dear they would be almost inevitably if I had them—could compensate. The way I walk is the one in which kind heaven, in the diversity of its dealings with men, has placed me, and to live a placid life and a holy one, and enter acceptably upon another, comprises my wish and my ambition. Sickness, I believe, more than anything else has brought me to this state. Bereavement did not do it, it only made me sensible of my loss, but repeated sicknesses have opened heavenly vistas to my sad eyes, and poured balm into the aching wound of my aching heart—the balm of eternity not of time. I name my bird Chiquita, a Spanish name — used to call little Mary by, do you remember it? I will copy you a sonnet I wrote a good while ago. Good-by, my dear sister. God bless you and yours with an eternal blessing.

Your loving sister,

ELIZA

Feby. 13, 1864.

MY DEAR SISTER:

You have, I trust, received Mr. P.'s letter, telling of mother's sudden illness. Thursday evening she had a congestive chill. Yesterday morning (Friday) she seemed to rally all we could expect. To-day (Saturday) my hopes quite waver. She may by the mercy and providence of God recover, but we cannot expect it. I know not how long we can expect her to waver. I know not if you can come in any case. I had a letter sent to pa yesterday; a telegram to-day. I may send a telegram to you, but I act according to her physician's advice. You can realize the awful responsibility and feel for me. May God guide me. Come if you can, and if you think best, 279 Huron Street, remember. Let us bow ourselves and adore the holy will of God in our dear mother.

Your afflicted sister,

ELIZA.

She is very weak, has fever, and is hard to rouse, but is conscious, thank God, when awake. She sends her love.

CHICAGO, April 3, 1864.

DEAR COUSIN MARY:

This is the first hour since poor ma's death that I have had to write to you. Perhaps Dr. B. told you that I was only feebly on my feet after a sharp attack of fever when that awful sickness seized her. It was so sudden, and poor darling, she was not ill long enough to wear any one out, but my weak state, I suppose, or far more, the anxieties passing all flesh and blood and bodily fears, completely prostrated me. For four weeks body and soul hardly held together. I had not strength to guide a pen, still less could I allow myself to recall those scenes which I most wanted to tell you. They have still a sweet dread for me, and my tears

flow until I am sick whenever I speak or write of them. Ma came to me Wednesday before Christmas to spend that festival, so dear to my heart, with me. She was feeble, I knew, from father's letter to me, but when I met her at the car I was faint to see how much she had changed since I left her the middle of October. She was so anxious to have S. stay at the East as long as she wished to do so, that she would not complain of the infirmity which came upon her as soon as I left, and pa and C. only found it out by her increasing feebleness. She had everything about the house in beautiful order, cooked with a care and success which a woman of twenty-five might envy, and did knitting and sewing as the family required. When S. came home, as my brother in sudden alarm urged without giving any reason, mother gave up all care or effort. They all decided she must come as I so much desired and make me a long visit *to rest*. Father said he thought it her only chance for life. When I met her I was shocked at the change in her. From that moment when I met her we seemed to change places to each other; she seemed to cling to me with something very touching in her manner. I petted her, indulged her, and she liked it, really needed it. With this, too, came another change, which had indeed been coming upon her for a long time; she had dropped all her antagonism to Catholicity, and everything connected with it. She did not even bring her Protestant Testament for her daily reading; she said "she knew I had Testaments enough, and she said she would like to see if there was such a difference as people said," adding, in a quiet way, "I do not need my copy to compare with, I remember it well enough for that." So I handed her the dear Archbishop's New Testament, and this with a mission book, Challoner's Meditations, and some other devout books made her daily reading. Only a day or two before she was taken sick a lady brought her a work by Dr. Bushnell, a Unitarian or Universalist work. She took it up the first

time I left her for my classes, but when I came in again, she said, "I have been looking over that book Miss — left me, but it is too hard for such an old head as mine, I cannot follow it; I want something simpler and more to my heart; I believe I like your Catholic books better." She was able to walk but very little, but the Holy Name is only a block from me, and she went on Christmas Day and was very much delighted. She was greatly interested in the decorations for the altar, and so far from complaining that I left her to attend to them, seemed pleased, and liked everything the better for my having done something about it. She went to church with me every Sunday she was able to go, but one. Then she wanted to go to the Unitarian Church, and I took her into the church and found a gentleman to take her to Mr. C.'s pew. Before she went out she said to me, "I wish you could go to meeting with me, as I do with you." It was said very tenderly, I knew it had always been a sore point with her, and it pained me, but I thought the least said the better; so I said nothing, but went on dressing her for church, and made her look even nicer than usual. She never spoke of wishing to go there again. The last sermon she heard was at the Holy Name by Dr. McMullen, whom she liked to hear preach, and she enjoyed the sermon very much. You would have been *edified* by her satisfaction in my little house; she seemed to settle down into it with a home feeling. It was, she thought, "really lovely," and no one could make her say it was small or in any way inconvenient or anything but *right*. She found room enough for all her things, and a good light for her embroidery, for you must know she nearly finished while here a very elaborate pattern in worsted for a chair seat. You would never believe such embroideries could come from a hand seventy-seven years of age. She said she was determined to finish it before she went home, "for," said she, "there will be so much to do there." Besides this, she knit the backs and sleeves for my

brother's undershirts and sent part of them home to him, her last work for him. S. had not made them all up when her cold body returned to Spring Park. She intended to stay about four weeks, but when I fell sick her only thought was to nurse me, and she sent word to pa that unless I needed him it would be better to delay his visit and her return until I was able to be about. She nursed me unremittingly. One night she would give me my medicine every hour, and I believe it was her nursing which made me gain so rapidly. When my seven days' fever left me we had a very nice time together. I could not attend to my classes, and we had each other to ourselves. Before I was sick she made some of her old-fashioned apple pudding pies, and sent one to Dr. Butler, another to Father Roles, and one to each of my nearest neighbors. She became very much interested in some very poor Irish people near me, and would take her little basket and carry odds and ends of our small table to them herself. She was really very happy, and took the greatest fancy to the Sisters of Charity and the clergymen. After she had been here a week and the Sisters had run in to see her in their own lively way, she said to me, "There is one place I shall call before I go home, if no where else." "Where is that, ma?" I said, wondering where it could be. "On the Sisters," she replied, with a very decided emphasis; "I shall call there if I can walk anywhere." You can understand how happy this made me. In a few days we arranged to call there. Their Christmas tree was still up, and they wound up little Sallie's Tyrolese peasants and made them walk off for her, which amused her wonderfully. They had the girls sing and play for her, showed her their embroideries, and finally it was an hour in paradise to her. After that, if our yeast failed, or if we wanted a child to take a note; in fine, anything she wanted which we had not, she always said, "Why do you not send to the Sisters?" or, "I will ask the Sisters; I know they will

do it for me." While I was sick she went over there (they live hardly a block from me) several times on her little errands, and they got to loving her as well as she did them. The last evening we took tea together, and not more than an hour before that dreadful chill, Sister Beata and little Regina (Sister Ann Regina's niece) came in, and such a merry chat as she had with them. After they went out she said, "How lively and pretty Sister Beata is," but she said "I should ask Sister Ann Regina's *advice*, I think, before any one's I know." But her regard for the sisterhood was not limited to them; one day, after I was able to sit in the parlor, she was at the window with her embroidery and started up saying, "There go some Sisters. I do not know what Sisters, but I certainly know they are nuns." I stepped to the window, and just caught sight of the Sisters of Mercy. I told her it was Sister Baptist come to call on her, but had missed the house. She sent Ellen after them, and when they came in, met them at the door, saying, "I was sure you were Sisters and I am glad to see you." She was charmed with their visit. The clergymen, too, she always met with a smile, and she received as a high compliment the visit of the Bishop and Dr. Dunne, the vicar-general, and had a long talk with them, and often referred to them as telling her so much about the charities and schools of Chicago which she was glad to hear. Dr. Butler came in any time to see her, and so did Dr. McMullen, and always stayed longer if they found me out or engaged. If they did not come in about so often, she was really lonesome for them, and would "wonder if they were sick or out of town." I used to send for them sometimes without her knowing it, because I knew she enjoyed seeing them and missed them. While I was ill the Bishop called, and when I kissed his ring and he gave me his blessing, he left some money in my hand with a look of command to take it. She did not see him do it, and was very much surprised when I opened my hand,

and still more when she saw twenty-five dollars in it. The tears came to her eyes, and she said, "I should have called the Bishop *very generous* had he given you ten dollars. I will give up all worrying for you. I am sure you will be taken care of, even if you do get sick often. They understand you are a day-laborer, and that when your work stops so does your income." It was in this placid and tender state of feeling, dear Cousin M., that she was when God laid His hand upon her. Those weeks were like the warm suns of September to the ripening corn, the last influences of grace gathering themselves in sweet conspiracy for her salvation. She enjoyed Mr. H. very much, and said "although he was so witty, his wit did not kill, but rather called out the wit of others." I said, "This comes from his genuine goodness of heart, I think, ma." "Yes," she said, "and this is why I am never afraid to talk to him, though he is so bright." The last afternoon she was up she seemed drowsy, and would drop asleep as she sat at her sewing. Mrs. H. came in and told some very droll stories. I noticed that ma dropped asleep, and then would wake and look at me with such a smile of sweet, placid simplicity, as much as to say, what an *old* woman I am getting to be. After Mrs. H. left, she said, "She is very entertaining, and why must I fall asleep in that way?" "Oh," I said, "you are tired from your nursing, ma, and loss of sleep. It was no matter, either, with Mrs. H.; she knows all about old ladies; her mother lived to be over ninety, and she was most faithful in her attentions to her; you had better take a nap, ma." She concluded to sleep in the large rocking-chair. The room was warm, and the afternoon sun shone in so pleasantly. I remember now that her chair stood where there might a little draft of air come from the bedroom window—but I did not think of it then—on her back and shoulders. I shall never forget her sweet, placid face as she lay there in that quiet slumber, and thought how long will God spare her to

me. She slept for fully three-quarters of an hour, a long time for her, and then waked with a smile, as she always did, and said, "I have slept so long, but I feel better." We had tea, a visit from Sister Beata, and then she drew up to the fire, saying she was cold. I gave her some wine, but she grew chilly, and asked for my cloak, and then took to her bed, from which she never rose. While she sat warming her feet, she spoke of my homeopathic physician, how much she liked him, and said she had half a mind to speak to him, the last time he came, of her own infirmity. "O," said I, "why did you not tell me? I did not suppose you would have any confidence in a homeopathic doctor." "O," said she, "it is not homeopathic or allopathic, but a skillful, kind man, as I think he is." I told her I would send for a doctor, though he was at the East, and have her troubles looked into. She did not fancy this. "O, no, I do not want a doctor; it makes me tired to think of it; say no more about it," and then complained of chilliness, as I said before, and in a few minutes went to bed. I sent for a physician without telling her, and called my next-door neighbor, Miss F., my good Samaritan. At that time there was a dreadful amount of sickness in the city, and physicians were hardly to be found, and it was a long time Mr. F. was gone and no doctor. After a time she said she wanted me to send for Mr. P. and have him get a doctor. I told her I had sent for a doctor, and when he still did not come, she said, "O, how long to wait, send for Mr. P., for I cannot live through the night." She did not seem in great pain, but she said there was dreadful sickness upon her. Of course I sent for him, and he came immediately, but said he had only been home fifteen minutes. He brought a physician with him, who ordered alleviations and a quieting prescription, and left, saying he could not remain. Mr. P. remained, and so did Miss F. At half-past twelve came the first doctor I sent for, Dr. Winer, the surgeon of the Irish brigade, who had been with Dr. Butler in all his Lex-

ington dangers. I knew him to be a most skillful man, and that he would give his personal attention. The moment he saw ma he gave a dreadful shrug, went straight up to her, raised her eyelid, and put the lamp to it, and the pupil did not move more than the wall. Had she continued in that state an hour, she must have died in a death sleep! He did not allow the prescription to go on, but applied cold water to the head, and without a drop of medicine brought her out of her stupor. He stayed all night, and left her at eight o'clock, saying she was much better, and he thought she would get along. So Dr. Parker said that it would be cruel to telegraph to father, but that to send a letter was all that would be necessary. I heard them, and she thought so, too. Sister Ann Regina, however, shook her head. She did not think from the first that she would live. She was comfortable, however, and Friday night they persuaded me to sleep. Saturday morning I saw, however, that so far from getting better, she was growing worse. Oh, it was dreadful to think of. The operator here insisted that there was no operator in Durand, though I knew to the contrary, and Mr. P. could only send an expressed letter to pa, which, of course got too late for the Saturday train. I wrote a letter to Eunice to try to prepare her for what must come. On Saturday Dr. Butler came in about ten o'clock, and said he would stay with ma while I tried to eat some dinner. He roused her from her half stupor, and made her laugh by saying, "You must not go to heaven, Mrs. Starr, until you have seen my church of the Immaculate Conception." I heard them both talking, and she was very much cheered by it; after he went out she said, "Run after the Doctor, and tell him I thank him for coming in." One of the two days when he left her, she pressed his hand very affectionately, and said, "Come again soon." It was Saturday morning that she fretted most at being from home. It makes me so unhappy to think about it that I shall not try to tell you, but

I comforted her all I could, and she never grieved over it outwardly again. It was so hard for her, Cousin M. God indeed blessed all these things to her, but I realized how her heart ached to see father and C. and all of them again. She hoped they might get here, I believe, and Sister Ann Regina encouraged it. It is one of the pangs of death, Cousin M., to part from all we hold dear on earth, and that Saturday morning the pang came to her in all its sharpness. I could see the moment she resigned herself to it. Sister Ann Regina often speaks of her being so reasonable about everything, submitting so meekly to every pain and distress. In the afternoon she was much more inclined to sleep. About four o'clock Father Dunne and Father Roles came in to see her, and Dr. Butler again. She would rouse a little when the Doctor spoke to her in his strong, clear voice, but not to talk any. They all shook their heads and looked sadly at her and moved out of the room as from a room of death. Dr. Dunne asked me if she had spoken of being baptized or had indeed said anything of becoming a Catholic, to which I could only give a sad "no," with which all life seemed to ebb from my own veins. The Doctor, in answer to my agonized question as to "what could be done," said I must not be worried, but take the first clear moment granted her to ask her such questions as, without shocking her, really covered the whole present necessity, and as he was sure she would answer in accordance with our desires, I had only to baptize her; only I must be sure to have her mind clear and speak distinctly. He ended by enjoining it upon me by my own hope of peace and a quiet conscience. Dr. W. came in after they left, and while she was still in this slumberous condition, and found that congestion was fearful upon her lungs, said we must put on four leeches, which the Sisters would put on for me. I can give you no idea, Cousin M., of the heavenly understanding which she was on already with the Sisters, and especially Sister Ann Regina. On Friday

and Saturday she would put out both her hands to Sister Ann Regina, as she entered the room, put her arms around her neck, take hold of her habit in an affectionate way, and even take hold of her cornet as if to show how much she liked to have the Sister near her. When Sister would help her out of bed she would lean against her as a child does to its mother, and put her arms around her, looking up into her face so confidently, though she seldom spoke. All day Saturday she had held the indulgenced crucifix I handed to her; if she drowsed and it slipped from her hand, she would feel around for it. The Sister would hold it up to her when her turns of restlessness came over her, and speak in her calm, sweet way of the suffering of our dear Lord all for us, and ma would grow quiet as a child; so when they came to put on the leeches, she resigned herself to them in her half-conscious way, and would grow calm under Sister Ann Regina's assurance that all was as it should be. At nearly ten o'clock, while we were preparing for the leeches, Dr. Butler came down again, though he lives at such a distance; he had just left his confessional, he said, and had secured for poor mother the communions of nearly eighty penitents. The Sisters had also engaged the communions of all the school for the same holy charity. He found there had been no chance to do what he had enjoined on me so solemnly, and then said I must only watch and seize the moment. He left, the leeches were put on, and no one can know but those who have had such a scene all it was. It was nearly two when Sister Ann Regina and Sister Beata left, she was then sleeping very calmly, and was greatly relieved by the application. The Sisters were very much pleased with the result, hard as it had been for her. The watcher was a young lady, very efficient and experienced, and truly religious, theologically pious, the very person I needed. We watched her with almost superhuman keenness, and yet with such gratitude, she seemed so easy and tranquil. Suddenly the fever

seemed to fall, as I touched her head. I spoke to Miss C., and she said she is going into another chill. Before another breath she was awake as if to die. If I live a hundred years the horror of that chill can never pass from my mind. The helplessness, the mute terror, for she looked at me as if to say, "I am dying," and all the horrifying symptoms of the chill itself live like a fearful reality of death, and death without hope. The Doctor's injunction flashed over me; it had *not been done*; remorse like the bite of an undying worm touched my heart, deeper still my conscience. I was paralyzed for a breath of time with horror, my look answered hers; Miss C. said, "O, Miss Starr, you must not give up," and like a gleam of God's dear promise to all who faithfully trust Him came the recollection of all the communions to be offered for her a few hours hence. A confidence strong as divine hope took possession of my heart and nerves. I knew she would live to receive the benefit of those holy offerings, and in one instant I was saying the rosary with Miss C., as she proposed, while our hands gave her all the heating applications and the stimulants. I called Miss F., my next-door neighbor, who waked at my first call, and dispatched her brother for the Doctor. We lighted the blessed candle, made the ejaculations for the dying, and repeated the rosary again and again, in a clear, loud voice, fixed the crucifix anew in her shivering hand, and in so few minutes it seemed incredible, she was out of the chill. Miss C. said from the moment we began the rosary she grew calmer. It all seemed hours to me, but it was not more than ten minutes in all. Dr. W. came in a very few minutes, and had brandy in his pocket. She was quite conscious, and he said she would be safe for a while. He remained and fed her with stimulants, and as soon as it was dawn, called the Sisters himself. That was a terrible dawn, Cousin M. The room was in a confusion which a death panic only can bring. The bloody leeches, the wads of cotton, every horrible indication of sickness,

rosaries, crucifixes, blessed candles, medicines, in one dreadful medley, and on her pillow the death-stricken face, its lines no longer to be mistaken. I drew up the shade, opened the blind, and as the Sister stood beside her, holding her hands and composing her restlessness, I said, "It is a lovely Sunday morning which shines on you." "Yes," she said, quite distinctly, but with a voice passing in its sound this world and time. I drew Sister Beata out and told her the time I was sure had come, and Sister Ann Regina must do for her what I could not do, since she was near; I could not trust myself, Cousin M. Of course Sister Regina did not shrink from it, but said she believed the time had come when she was perfectly clear and sensible, and evidently prepared to hear and know everything. I kneeled in the parlor with my rosary, and I could hear Sister Regina say, "You are very, very ill, Mrs. Starr, we think you must soon die. Do you not feel ready to make an act of sincere contrition?" I could not hear any longer. I was all prayer and entreaty, begging as never before for God's *immediate* grace. Heaven was in her hand, would she hold it? All I heard as I seemed to come back to my senses was the clear voice of the Sister, the steady response of my dying mother; no entreaty, only a full voice on one side, a sweet compliance on the other. In a little time Sister Ann Regina came out. By this time the communions were being offered, or had been offered, at the seven and half-past seven o'clock masses, at which they were to be made, and as if they had already won the victory, Sister said, with a smile of heaven on her face, "she is all ready, her dispositions are perfect, I have only to baptize her. You must be quite easy now, for she goes to heaven, I am sure." A few minutes after I went into the room; she was quite calm, and lay like one whose work was done. A little while after she would wander a little, but the Sister and the crucifix made all calm again. Sister Ann Regina told me she repeated all the acts after her quite

clearly and distinctly, as to speech and understanding, and the three ejaculations to "Jesus, Mary, Joseph," for a holy death, and the last she would repeat over and over again by herself, looking at Sister Regina all the time, as if their sweet sound could not be too often repeated. I was very anxious to secure some message for father and all the family. The night before she called piteously for him in her wandering, but no message for any one had come from her. She asked, too, Sunday morning if C. had come. Once, too, when I said Mary (meaning the girl) had made some new beef tea for her, she said "which Mary?" as if she was thinking of our little Mary. When Sister Ann Regina asked her if "she had not some message for all she loved," she tried to speak, but could not; at last she said, "I cannot get the words." On Saturday morning, when she spoke of them it was with the most heart-breaking distress. Now she was moved, but it was in a solemn, I might say *detached*, way. I then mentioned the names of each, and the word she would wish to leave, and she said, "yes," and after this Sister did not allow me to mention anything to move her feelings. She said she needed every minute of life for herself. She would get restless, think she could not stay in bed, and then came out the angelic care of her nurses. Sister Regina did not expostulate, only in her persuasive tone would say, "You are so weak, you suffer so much, but think how our Lord suffered for us, and try for love of Him to be patient"; then she would raise the arm which seemed to trouble her or one hand or both, sometimes this finger and sometimes another, but soothed and soothed and soothed body and mind, standing over her for hours with a patient constancy almost superhuman. Ma would then doze and wake with a sweet smile to know every one. Mr. P. came in, and she put out her hand to him, then to Sister Beata, who said, "You know me, Mrs. Starr?" "O, yes, I know *Sister Beata*," with one of her beaming looks, "but you seem ill or tired, I am sure you

are doing too much." She seemed so tranquil, so mild, so happy. About twelve o'clock, or a little after, a little shiver went over her, I thought it was another chill, but Sister said no, it was a little nervousness. I dreaded she would die in one of those chills, though at this time I could not feel as before, neither would she, I am certain. Sister now says she never spoke after that shiver. She is sure her tongue was paralyzed and her right side, as she was very still after this. About this time I thought of the scapulars for her. Father Roles sent her some, and about three o'clock Dr. McGovern came over to invest her. He gave her all the indulgences, and then said he should anoint her. I can never give an idea of the heavenly peace which came over her after he commenced the investing, and especially the anointing. It was a celestial sweetness, a beam of heaven, over her face and entire person. Yet I hardly knew which seemed nearest heaven, my dear dying mother or Sister Ann Regina bending over her, and seeming in an ecstasy of pious joy. When the Doctor had done all, he turned to me, and in his theologically concise way said, "Your mother dies a Catholic. I have given her all she could have as a Catholic, and you must never have a shadow of fear for her safety." Dr. McGovern is not a year from Rome, where he studied ten years. Think what an assurance that was from one who had, from the time he was in his youth, fed on the doctrines of the Church at its fountain-head. My gratitude for this unexpected grace of extreme unction was beyond all bounds. I could not feel sorrow or trouble. Dear ma, Sister Ann Regina, and myself made up a little heaven of celestial joy. With the night the Sisters, according with their rule, must be home. They made an exception the night before as an extreme emergency. I was left with Mrs. B., a dear and most valuable friend, efficient, learned in every particular of a death-bed for soul and body, and another lady whom Mrs. B. said was worth more than any woman she ever saw at

such a time. Here I was, Cousin M., in the little bedroom which I see as I write through the always open door, with its little altar, its *Ecce Homo*, and the pictures from Fra Angelico Cousin G. gave me years ago; not a thing in it to distract a dying eye from heaven. Dr. McGovern had sent me a very rich reliquary containing a piece of the true cross, also a relic of St. Joseph, spouse of the Blessed Virgin, St. John the Baptist, apostles, martyrs, virgins, confessors. This lay in all its sacred beauty and power on the pillow above her head, while the picture of the death of St. Joseph, which you sent me, was pinned so as to catch her eye and bring him to our aid. We lighted the blessed candle, and then sat down to watch the slowly ebbing wave of her life. I held both her hands, in one of which she clutched the crucifix. We said the prayers, so that she could hear them, and made frequently the ejaculations for a happy death. I was holding her hand when she raised the one with the crucifix, as if she wanted something. I thought she wanted to look at her crucifix, as she did frequently, holding it up before her, and fixing her eyes on it meditatively. But I was obliged to carry her hand as she guided it to her forehead, then to her breast, her left shoulder, then her right, and found to my astonishment that she was blessing herself, as if she had been a Catholic all her life. She did this three times at intervals. There is no explaining such things away, Cousin M., I tell the fact, and it speaks for itself. After this she moved her hand, heavy with death again, I suppose to bless herself (I was saying a little prayer we say after holy communion, and coming to the clause "Never permit me to be separated from Thee!"), but she, instead, laid the crucifix on her tongue, with a devotion and affection which no word could express. There it lay, for many minutes, her eyes open, calm, grave, as if she desired to give in her mute eloquence expression to the faith, the ardor of love, her paralyzed tongue could no longer give.

My astonishment was unspeakable, and Mrs. B. said it was beyond anything she ever saw. After this she sank apparently into utter unconsciousness, the breath which had come like a still, cold air from arctic seas, was deadlier cold every moment; the cold crept out to the finger ends, and I, keeping hold of the clammy hands, one of which still held her sign of salvation, could no longer keep back my moans and tears. It was past midnight. The watchers dozed in their chairs, the blessed candle was the only light, mine the only waking consciousness in the house. Far off were husband and son, daughter, grandchild; I alone of all over that fast wasting form of clay. It was ten o'clock. The same icy breath, the same creeping cold, when as I bent over her to caress her, I heard a railroad whistle. The thought came over me, perhaps my poor father got that expressed letter in time for some train which will bring him in time to see her once more alive. A warm breath came from the lips, a warmth seemed to creep over the body. Can it be there is a change for life? I aroused Mrs. B. The fever had come on again, the drenching death sweat dried from the hair, the unconsciousness gone, but in its place a strange distress. I thought it was all for life, however. The hot fever rushed over her, I thought she swallowed what I gave her. Her eyes turned full on me, she understood all I said. When her feet felt a little cool again, I put something warm to them, then to her knees, telling her with petting and caressing that she would soon be better. She answered me with an affectionate moan, like an infant. I pressed the little crucifix to her lips, said a little word of sweetness and divine love, soothing her all the time, and she understanding all. Then, Cousin M., it came over me, like Sebastian when he revived after his martyrdom, can it be the graces she has had will be lost again? and as if anything were better, I told Mrs. B. to say three Hail Mary's that God's holy will alone might be done. I saw something which made me see it was not a struggle

for life, however, but death; and after the Hail Mary's came at my urgent call all the prayers for the dying; the breathing grew more painful. I know now it was the death rattle, and the heart's great and last struggle. Then a look came over her like a child when it would cry. It came twice; the last prayer for the dying was said. I called out, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph," as her eyes fixed on mine with a look of unutterable love, a majestic calm came over the face, a light not of the sun or of the moon beamed over its solemn beauty. I watched, repeated the three sweet names again and again, put my cheek to feel her breath, called to Mrs. B. to read the last prayer for a soul going to judgment, and the face of the mother who bore me lay between my hands, just as it was in its first lifelessness, for the spirit had indeed gone. I knew it then, but for all the beaming smiles she gave me in life, I would not give that majestic, awful beauty, that gleam of God on her still face. I had not one word to say but in gratitude. I kneeled softly by her, lay my head on the still heart, my arm over her, and prayed God to "judge her in mercy, to look upon her with a mild countenance." Then I drew the lids down softly over the eyes which still looked into mine with the unutterable love. O, Cousin M., how do we do these things? God helps us. When they told me I must let them do for her, I did as I was told. The dear crucifix was glued into her hand, and could hardly be removed. I never should have removed it, could my own feeling have been the law. When she was all dressed the gap made by it between the thumb and finger remained, and into this my poor sister, in her frantic grief, put her flowers, the only thing she said she could do for her. The print on the finger stiffened as it was when life fled. She died at twenty minutes to four o'clock Monday, the 15th of February. I need not tell you anything about myself. The telegrams sent Sunday night reached father and E. at the same time. The one sent Monday morning to father met him in

time to prevent his coming on. E. did not get that one, having started on the first one at half-past two o'clock Monday from Boston, with a faint hope of seeing her living. The shock to my poor father was dreadful. Monday the clergymen at the cathedral all said their masses for her soul's repose, and Monday evening after ten o'clock, when no one but Dr. B.'s cousin, Mrs. C., and Father B.'s brother were present, Dr. McMullen came at his own offer to perform the funeral rite. There she lay in her coffin, her brown scapular, medal, and crucifix under her white cashmere habit, the soft cap round her still soft cheeks, and the placidity of something more than sleep on her countenance; the reliquary at her head and the blessed candle, the little altar at her feet, at her head, too, the picture of the death of St. Joseph, and of all pictures this of herself was the picture of a Christian death. When the Doctor had done all, he turned to me with a quiet air, not a smile, but as angels may smile, saying, "Well, it is all done now; you have not felt as easy for your mother for many a year." He said, before he left me, that my mother had done all that God would ask, and that what she had done was by a miracle of grace. The next morning early he came in and gave me holy communion, at the feet of my dear mother, laid there like a softly molded statue in the beauty of a holy death, and before the little altar she had so often dressed, of which the fall of lace was her own work. It was a fulfillment more like a dream than a living reality of years of prayer and watching. "Thou hast fulfilled my heart's desire, and the request of my lips thou hast not withheld from me," was constantly on my lips. Of course, Cousin M., the sorrow must be, the anguish, the pain of loss. I was prostrated in body to a degree alarming, but I knew in whom I trusted. I had my lesson as to prudence, as to the funeral, as to my quiet waiting for the time when all this would be a grace to win those who would resent it if hastily known. I kept my sweet secret, and my spring of resignation I disclosed to none.

I must send this as it is. I hope you can read it. My tears blind me too often to write well. It is so seldom that I can get an hour to myself to write in, but I feel that Cousin G. and yourself and the little group of dear cousins deserved of all the living to have this little recital; accept it, both of you as a token of gratitude for your pious cares for me first, then for mother, and promise me to see me to the end of my labors—with my dear father at least, to close his eyes as I have my dear mother's. Let none of them drop out of their prayers.

Your affectionate cousin,

ELIZA.

P. S.—I shall keep this sheet to write down things as I remember them which I have omitted in the text of my letter with numbers to refer by.

(1) After her nap I took out the engravings which came from you and Cousin G. and with a "Life of the Saints" Dr. McMullen lent me for the purpose I read to her explanations of the pictures. This was our last reading together, I read and we looked at the pictures till it was dusk. Which picture do you think she liked best? "B. Veronica de Julianis," look at the picture and wonder. She chose it without any thought on my part, saying "*that* I like the best of all. It is perfect loveliness."

(2) I think you know that for nearly four years she wore a medal and crucifix. Sunday she seemed to pull at something in her bosom, and finally she said, "I want *mine, mine!*" and we found she wanted her own little crucifix. When my sister was here a year and a half before, she said to mother, "I wonder you wear that crucifix." Mother said, "Why you all flourish your *crosses*, everybody wears one." "O yes, ma, but a crucifix is different from a cross." Ma paused a moment, and then said, "Well, if it is different, I can only see it as if one is more touching than the other." Ma told me of this.

SPRING PARK, Sept. 26, 1864.

DEAR COZ MARY:

After your tempting promise of pictures, you may believe I have not been lazy about writing to you. But I wanted time enough before me to tell you about St. Mary's; it is two or three miles from South Bend, and stands like a little village by itself. About a mile across the fields lies the monastery of Notre Dame, another larger village and complete in itself, having a large farmhouse, flocks, and herds. The two little settlements are a proof of the pious energy of Father Sorin, the Father Provincial. St. Mary's has a new academy of yellow brick, several stories high, and with all modern improvements. In front is a lovely garden, fountain, summer-house, giving a fair prospect from the parlors and dormitories. This is the new part; I love better the *old* part, with which I made acquaintance four years ago, the old convent house with its low, broad rooms, bare white floors, everything plain, poor even, with the roses and lilacs and old-fashioned vines shading the windows. Very pleasantly the sun lies on this old wooden front, and the moonlight transfigures it; the rear opens on the old garden, with long, straight beds bordering the walks, immense stretches of grape-vine, beyond all of which is the house of the novices, very retired, shady, and if possible more heavenly in its poverty than the one I have described. In a right line with the convent house, the academy and other house-keeping edifices, connected with them by a covered walk, is the community chapel, not elegant or really at all in taste as to architecture, but roomy, breezy in summer, and with the shadow of many fine trees upon it. It faces the grove which fills the space between the large garden and the steep wooded bank of the river St. Joseph. The beauty of this grove is quite past description, because it is not merely a grove, but with its beautiful curving, wooded edges, its arbors, seats jutting over the banks and the walks curving with the river,

it has charms which are seldom found in groves. It is at the farther edge of this grove, and with only a narrow path between it and the terraced bank of the river, with all the walks and thread-like foot-paths worn by the feet of the good nuns converging as to some sweet and most attractive center, that my dear Chapel of Loretto stands. It is quite a little distance from the convent chapel, still farther from the convent itself, quite detached from every building, only connected by these wonderful various paths which meet from every point of that little convent world. I intended to make a sketch of this Chapel of Loretto, but I could not find the time when out of my retreat. I made one from memory, however, for father, to give him some idea of it, and I will send it in this letter. On the rear of the chapel they have made two rooms, one above the other; the lower one serves for the priest when he is called to St. Mary's for special times and seasons; the one above is used as a little chamber of retreat for the mother superior or any person desiring a few days of solitude. A very narrow flight of stairs leads up from the inner door of the chapel, and when in it you are in a good-sized room, arched, with a window at each end; a small iron bedstead, two chairs, and tables, one for books and the other for toilet uses. The floor and woodwork are perfectly innocent of paint and the walls of whitewash. One window looks out on the wooded bank, with glimpses of the sky and the river St. Joseph, as blue as the sky, from which there always comes up a soft monotonous sound of water. In the trees the squirrels flit from branch to branch, and the birds seem tame. From the other window I had the roof of the house of novices, a large garden, and a fragment of its grape-vines stretching from acre to acre, the shady shrubbery beyond which I knew, though I could not see it, was the burying-ground of the nuns. There was a great charm on this side, in the fact that I never looked out after daybreak without seeing novices or nuns, one by one, walking slowly

through the shrubbery or the grape-vine walks, in and out the clumps of foliage, with a certain mistiness and beauty given by distance and the twilight. One can never explain the effect produced by such figures moving silently and meditatively through a landscape, but its soothing, recollected influence can not be described. Several of the nuns who were on housekeeping duty during the annual retreat were making one the same time as myself. We had the same hours, and there was something wonderfully companionable in our isolated positions. When I took my rosary to say my beads walking, I would meet some calm, heavenly countenanced sister, slowly counting her large, black beads, perhaps walking like myself or sitting on the grassy terrace edge overlooking the river. To give you an idea of the peacefulness of these walks in the grove, you must know that the Scotch harebell blooms beside them undisturbed. There was one privilege about my room which one would never guess. Two square doors, small ones, and fastened by an old-fashioned door button, were in the wall next to the chapel. When I opened these I was in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, though I could not see the altar. This Chapel of Loretto is endowed with all the indulgences of the original House of Loretto. It is on the very same pattern, and you can understand the incentives to devotion which it possesses. The altar is exquisitely decorated, and everything in it breathes the very air of the Virgin of Nazareth. I never saw any one arranging a bouquet or a lamp, but the flowers never seem to droop, and were arranged with exquisite taste. There are stalls for those who make their devotions, and though the devotions there had always a votive air, I never saw it empty unless at community hours. I spent the night alone in the little upper room on the wall. One night we had a terrible thunder storm. It was a very strange feeling I had, as I knew the little doors were unbuttoned and open. It puts one into supernatural conditions,

even as to the elements, i.e., as to mind. Sunday evening I was in the community chapel close to eight o'clock. It was next to dark outside, quite so within, excepting the gleam of the sanctuary lamp, and the flitting lamp of a novice as she was shutting the sacristies for the night. Then she came to the sanctuary lamp, let it down, set her own lamp on its edge, trimmed it, renewed the oil, and the floating wick, then raised it again to its place. It was one of the pictures which need a religious imagination ever to reproduce for the eyes of others. The gloom of the surrounding sanctuary, the high altar in a deep shadow, with points catching the light, the lowered sanctuary lamp, and the young figure of the bending novice, her face hidden by her veil, and between me and her all the solemn darkness of the large chapel with its deep galleries, the windows and wide door on the shadows of the grove: There was a sweet solemnity in the picture which needed summer and soft air, and perfumes and the voices of summer insects outside for one to feel it in all its peacefulness and beauty.

The next morning was the Feast of the Assumption, and nuns and novices and we lay people all went early to the Church of Notre Dame across the fields. I rode over with Mother Elizabeth in an old carriage after an old horse with an asthmatical Brother to the church. Mother Elizabeth could read her prayers all the way over, our ride was so quiet. We were just in time for the second low mass. I wish you could see this church, for the sanctuary is larger than the generally termed *body* of the church. The choir of male voices is behind the altar, and the congregation is *laical* in a very peculiar sense of the term. The whole object of the good father seems to have been to inspire devotion. The Sisters would not allow me to remain for another low mass, but hurried me to breakfast, and then my dear friend of years, Sister Compassion, took me to see the wonders of the place. We passed from the college and church

village over a little meadow, and on the slope at the edge of the woodland, in sun and shadow, stood the burying-ground of the religious, in a sort of joyous sunshine, yet in the midst of trees. The black crosses, with their white inscriptions, were all in order, and every grave was greener than any hillside around, the *green, green* turf crowned with flowering plants and vines reaching from one cross to another. Dear Sister Compassion knew them all; from the graves of some she pulled small leaves or buds for her prayer-book, as remindals. It was such a lovely place. O, Cousin M., our worldly friends sometimes forget to weed our graves or they die and others will not know or care for us; the graves of religious are never forgotten, and their souls are never left to struggle in Purgatory for lack of prayers. From this lovely place we went to the Chapel of St. Francis of Assisi, which has all the indulgences of St. Mary's of the Angels. Think of that; to think of bringing Loretto and Assisi to us poor Catholics in America! It is a cheerful chapel, with a rich altar-cloth and decorations. From this we passed into the deep grove, and in its fair seclusion so peaceful, so like a retreat, stood the small Chapel of St. Aloysius; it is only a plain, wooden chapel, almost rustic; the door was wide open, but before it hung a purple curtain, not of damask, or even of worsted, but of cambric. O, Cousin M., why do we fear poverty so much? why do we fly from it? why do we anticipate even the necessity of economy with dread? I ask *mysel* this, not you. The saints loved poverty, coveted it; all this flashed across me as I passed under the cotton curtain. Inside, I cannot tell you what a deep of religious twilight was there; I think there were no side windows, all the light seemed to come from an opening high, high above and beyond the altar, where was a statue of the Blessed Virgin in a violet-tinted atmosphere of light. The altar was not rich, but simple, devotional. On one side, outside the little sanctuary, was a shrine of St.

Aloysius, so simple, so poor. I could have kissed the floor. Some novices were there, looking so recollected, so pious, I feared to disturb them by any devotion of my own, but the holy gloom took my heart by surprise. After we went out I begged Sister Compassion to run back; I wanted to say some prayer to St. Aloysius for our dear, unbaptized children. I always cry when I think of the chapel; I hope St. Aloysius heard my prayer and remembers it. I long to have his feast come round so that I can write something about the chapel for the paper. He is Heman's saint, is he not? From this we kept through the woods through paths all named in memory of our Lord's passion; for all of them lead to one point, a tall cross on a mound, and from it to the sepulchre. Now, Cousin M., you would think this would be puerile, childish. I almost had a notion it would be, but one look at its gate, one glimpse within its solemn door, and all such ideas vanish. There was the reed, the pincers, the knotted scourge, the crown of thorns, laid as the pious attendants on his entombment might have laid them, and even a nail, which was large and coarse, exactly patterned from one of the real nails which pierced the hands and feet of our Redeemer. No heart could resist such objects. The narrow, tomb-like air of the empty sepulchre was indeed enough to touch any imagination. It still lies on my heart, and next Good Friday and Holy Saturday I shall long to pay a visit to the small sepulchre in the edge of the woods of Notre Dame. We walked slowly back together, Sister Compassion and myself. Two other ladies went quickly back to the church. We gathered wild flowers, and I told her all about mother's happy death, for which she, good soul, had prayed many a year. But before we left the grove, with its chapel and holy walks, we must stop at the tomb of Our Lady, that day indeed a joyful visit to pay. It was fair and seemly, roses and lilacs lay in the crypt, but still I turned back to the sad and solemn place where I could

almost believe Jesus of Nazareth lay in that sleep of three days. By this time we must hurry from the woods across the little meadow, and were just ascending the hilly swell on which the church stands as the bells, nine in number, began their chimes. The church seemed jubilant. Your good Father Di Maria preached. There was the air of a holiday on every face. The congregation was a pious one. Before me was a civilized Indian girl, who went to holy communion. Then we lay people had dinner on one of the piazzas, not left to ourselves, but good Mother Emily and Sister Compassion were *around*, and finally Mother Angela, and we could see groups of nuns among the shrubbery of the garden. When dinner was over, Mother Angela took me to have my first quiet chat with her since I was out of retreat. How I wish you could hear all her stories of wonderful conversions. I must tell you some. She had an uncle, a Protestant, who had been to her a father. So many prayers, so many masses, had been said for him; her mother, a *convert*, had done everything piety could suggest until Mother Angela's brother, Father Gillespie, said it was no use to talk, God must do the work. She was herself on the way to the hospital where so many wonders are wrought, and she said with almost a repining heart, because while she was allowed by God to do so much for others, a friend so dear was deaf to her entreaties, untouched by her prayers, and his end approaching. Hardly was she arrived at the hospital when she received a letter saying her uncle was ill unto death, and that hardly had he taken to his bed when he began to say Hail Mary's aloud, that he was in perfect dispositions for baptism, which he received, and died with the names of "Jesus, Mary, Joseph" on his lips. The hospital at Mound City is in an immense warehouse, erected by a judge, a wealthy gentleman near that place, which is in no way suited for such a building. It was finished, however, and every one laughed at the judge for his pains, as it was of no

use. When dear Mother Angela was looking for some more commodious building for her sick soldiers, the judge gave her the use of this, which would accommodate twelve hundred patients. Her gratitude was without bounds. The judge said that although he had no religion, he was well pleased to help on the Sisters in their good work. He indeed respected the Catholic Church, but could not, as she entreated of him, have any faith. Of course all the Sisters prayed for him. Some months after Mother Angela met some one who told her the judge had been seized with some sudden illness. She went immediately to his house; his daughter was with him. Mother Angela said she had important business with him, and asked for a few minutes alone. Then she said, "My dear sir, you are so soon to appear before God, cannot you make an act of faith in the Catholic Church you respect? The judge replied instantly, "Yes, Mother Angela, I have often *tried*, but could not; now I can and will." In a few minutes was baptized, in less than an hour was dead. I told these examples to papa, while I was home; he had said he could not see how mother could change in such a short time. He was very much moved when I told him of these instances. I must tell you about the smallpox Sister. She was in Cairo when this awful disease broke out among the contrabands as well as whites, and saw their awful distress and neglected condition. She wrote to her superiors for leave to attend them, as she had had the smallpox. Leave was given her, and the heroic little Sister (she is very slight), entered at once on her duties. She is still in that smallpox pest-house, attending blacks and whites, and the numbers baptized by her is swelling to hundreds, persons over whom water has never been sprinkled. The patients are perfectly docile to her, with an affection only equaled by their veneration. I never can think, speak, or write of this without tears. Mother Angela says no words can express her veneration for that little Sister. I

was writing on this sheet, Cousin M., when my girl brought me your letter last evening. I opened it, and out gleamed the picture of baby. I screamed with delight, and as I must have sympathy over it, I called to M., who was almost as crazy as myself. I do not wonder you all love her so much, and I know it does not do justice to her smile. But it is now one of the most exquisite pictures I ever saw. I am still in a sort of ecstasy over it. I have put it, not among my portrait-photographs, but among my ideal ones, the only likeness which has crept into that volume. Dear little creature; it has such majestic sweetness, like one of the supernatural babies of the religious pictures. The background formed by the chair reminds me of those strong, dark canopies over the enthroned Madonnas. Who did arrange the child and give it that wonderfully beautiful background which brings out the head and shoulders in a way unlike all modern *sun* art? It is so good of you to send one of your six to me, but then, Cousin M., you were sure of having it appreciated. Give my love to G. and M., and tell them that I love the baby from my very heart. I pray for her a great deal, but I shall now more than ever. Do you know I think M. S.'s picture will win prayers from all of you. I have great faith in her becoming a Catholic *sometime*, in the slow Episcopalian way, for she must come that way, I see. It is a *thorough* way, thank God. Do not suppose I have forgotten Miss W.; she has been on my list for all these years, is there still, and her name comes in after every communion I make. Beg her to pray for my father, in return for this fidelity, especially now she is a Sister. Miss E. and Miss W. and Miss Ewing all owe me many prayers to be paid on my poor father's account. I can hardly believe they have been as faithful to me, though if they have, I must throw myself on their generosity. I am now begging everything for my father; he is so *un*-Protestant in every feeling only he *thinks* he is a Protestant. I have a sort of certainty that he

will, by what train of circumstances, simple or complex, I know not, die in the Church. It would touch you to the heart to see his little picture of St. Joseph, which he hung in his bedroom. Sometimes I say, how can it all be managed unless, like mother, he dies with me? But as Mother Francis says, "The Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph have put their heads together and it will all be right." She says *she is sure* he will die as I so desire. J. C. has called to see me, and we had a very pleasant evening. I have had a letter, too, from his mother; she tells me of the death of C.'s little boy; I feel so sorry for them; she tells me G., my favorite, is now a large boy, nine years old; he was a splendid baby. Do you know Mr. M. S. is in Chicago? J. told me, and I sent him an invitation to call upon me, and a few days ago my little friend, Mrs. R. told me Mr. S. was with her husband in his office, who knew of me and whose mother desired him to call and see me. His wife and child are not with him, or I would call on them. I sent through her a most pressing invitation, so I think I shall see him. Is he our Mrs. S.'s son, and the author of the "Young Convert," and tell me if he is a Catholic? How strange it all seems; I must write no more this time. The September numbers are exhausted, he will send you one, and I will try to pick up another to send you, but your new subscribers must begin with October. I will reply to your other proposals in a short letter. Love to Cousin and B. (is she still at our home) J. and H., and believe me

Your devoted cousin,

ELIZA.

CHICAGO, 279 HURON ST.,

Dec. 22, 1864.

MY DEAR FATHER:

To-morrow it will be a year since ma left you all at Spring Park, saw you all for the last time, and came to me.

I cannot keep back my tears, nor have I been able to the last week when I recall the time a year ago. Then I was looking eagerly forward to her visit, counting the hours. I remember with tears my waiting at the depot a full hour, I believe, for fear I might not be in time; what a cold feeling went over me as the engine light moved slowly towards us, and the terrible anxiety to be sure not to miss her. The look she had when she appeared at the door of the car, looking as eagerly for me, and the light which went over her face when she saw me, I can never forget. From the time she set foot in the house it was unmingled happiness for me. Other things might go wrong, but she consoled me for all. It was such a solace to me to see her in my own home, so cheerful, so contented, so happy. I recall with equal satisfaction that from the time she came until her sickness overtook her, and from then until her eyes looked their last look of affection, she seemed to have in her heart only affection for every one. She complained of no one, but on the contrary, seemed to delight in speaking of all their kind and considerate acts towards her. She explained everything which looked as if anything could be wanting. Her account with the entire world she seemed to have balanced in a spirit of perfect charity and good will. Her solitudes, too, were all over. Her only anxiety seemed to be to hear from you. Perhaps, father, I am not right to bring all these touching circumstances to mind, but I cannot forbear unless from a feeling of hurting you or saddening you; I cannot keep these things from my mind, and to me it seems a relief to know others are thinking as well as myself. Again and again I say to myself, You would not call her back! Yet the tears flow and the past seems but a day, and never have I realized the momentous illness of life as during the past year, or how carefully its graces and privileges are to be husbanded.

Your devoted daughter,

ELIZA.

CHICAGO, 279 HURON ST.,
March 24, 1865.

MY DEAR MRS. ARRINGTON:

This morning I gave the Bishop a report of our meeting yesterday. He proposes that your ladyship write the circular, and I am certain the Bishop is a wise man as well as a holy one. He said he had no leisure for writing it himself, and I believe you have such an idea of the necessities of the case that you will be sure to speak with unction. I know you too well to suppose you will waste time by hesitating or excusing yourself. Some saint has instructed us "Never to ask or refuse a labor." You have not asked, therefore, and am certain you will not refuse. The Bishop regrets most sensibly that Mrs. Sherman and yourself are so far from "the scene of action." She cannot do so more than myself, and especially as many things which hardly come to the ears of a prelate, assure me that our ladies need some haven of enthusiasm. I find among our good Irish women a very hearty interest. There is a class, less simple, but less wise also, who need contact with enthusiastic co-workers. I have such a bad name in the way of enthusiasm that they are afraid of me, I believe, as of a never-consuming fire. They are afraid to share my interest, lest they be betrayed into zeal. I shall say as many as two or three Hail Mary's for your circular, that it may touch all. I know you will send it as soon as possible, as you feel the importance of it. Little can be done before it appears. I hope Mrs. Sherman and her party returned quite safely, and that she is rested somewhat from her fatigue. Be sure to present my compliments to her, and my heart says even kinder things. Tommy's bright cheeks were refreshing; they have left a pleasant memory behind. I have read dear Mother Angela's letter; last night about eleven o'clock the feat was accomplished. I shall write to her very soon.

The young ladies are hurrying in to the P. M. I must close abruptly, but be assured I am in haste and affairs,

Your devoted friend,

E. A. STARR.

279 HURON ST., March 28, 1865.

MY DEAR COUSIN MARY:

Your own so welcome little letter and Julia's I have received. I do not know when I shall ever write any more long letters, dear Cousin Mary. Life is upon me in that sort of intensity, so many, many things which are to be done, that I lay a strong hand on my heart and its wishes. But the rest will come hereafter, may we not hope? I shall be disappointed if I do not see you all this summer or fall. Father hopes very much to go East this summer; if so, I shall go with him, and we shall take Philadelphia and Baltimore going or coming. At first I was greatly disturbed at Julia's leaving for the mountains, but I think she will be home before we can get to Philadelphia. Father's birthday is the 2d of April, next Sunday, Eunice's the 5th of April, and M. S.'s the 14th; now I leave them to your piety; am I not safe in doing so? I hurry this letter for the 2d, father's; I do believe, Cousin M., that St. Joseph has been besieged in his behalf. I have heard from several by letter, and how many by word of mouth, that their special prayers were given for him on that happy feast. The German Church of St. Joseph was consecrated on that day; you may be sure I was there.

Now, Cousin M., I have a very important plan to lay before you. The Sanitary Fair will be held in Chicago the last of May, to continue probably the greater part of June. It has been taken up denominationally to secure everybody. I was besieged by their asking me what Catholics would do, and my relief was untold when the Bishop, unsolicited, told

me to tell Mrs. L. that he was pledged to the success of the Catholic department. He has secured Mrs. General Sherman as its head. I can tell you about Mrs. S. another time, her amiability, good sense, and excellence. Now I must be content to tell you a circular will be out in a few days, of which I shall send you a copy, and in advance of that I hope you will stir up the Catholic ladies to stand by our Bishop, and by the Church at this important crisis. I know Bishop Wood will raise his voice, and I hope he will organize a Philadelphia committee to send donations to the table, and also to be represented at the fair. Cousin G. must nod approvingly at this much, as he hates fairs. The truth is, the honor of the Church demands our exertions at this time.

I must run to my lessons; from this time, half-past eight o'clock A. M. until nine o'clock P. M., I see every moment engaged. Pray for me, and give love to all.

Your devotedly affectionate cousin,

ELIZA.

N. B.—The denominational movement for the departments means just this, Who is not for, is against us; there is no neutral ground given.

279 HURON ST., April 26, 1865.

MY DEAR MRS. ARRINGTON:

Your letter of yesterday has just been opened and read. I received a letter from Mrs. Sherman some days ago, and answered it, first by sending her letter to Dr. McGovern to act as my coadjutor, who immediately dispatched circulars and envelopes to Mrs. Sherman. I am certain Mrs. L. misunderstood; she no doubt thought Mrs. Sherman would be at South Bend. I know all the first impressions of the general circular were sent for Mrs. Sherman and herself. As to the small circular on Good Friday, Mrs. Livermore told me that they had received no draft of one in Mrs. Sher-

man's name, and begged me to supply the lack. I told her I felt delicate about taking such responsibility, but after a few minutes' talk, I determined to waive all such notions and do what seemed best under the circumstances. Good Friday evening I was taken seriously ill, and Dr. Cooke informed me I was doing my best to get up a rheumatic fever, and nothing but prompt attention and great care would save me. However, the next morning I got the circular off to Mrs. L. by a trusty messenger, and here I was obliged to leave matters. The Doctor made much over the fever flushes, and I tried to keep quiet in mind as well as in body, though I got your letters and made them act like bombshells on those who were well and could work. Imagine my horror when I found there had been such an oversight, and also that the small circulars had been blunderingly printed and must wait another impression. I believe, however, all that is right now. I also sent by Dr. McGovern to have Mrs. Douglas supplied. I think the circulars have been pretty well distributed. I am now improving decidedly, though I am writing in bed against bolsters. I shall be very glad to see you, for very few people come up to my idea of acting in this matter. Our good Mrs. F. has done splendidly; she has a quiet manner, but is very enthusiastic. I beg you to pardon my letter, for I thought it much more to the purpose to answer your letter by deed than word.

With best love, yours very faithfully,

E. A. STARR.

CHICAGO, June 2, 1865.

279 Huron St.

MY DEAR FATHER:

I am determined that Saturday's mail shall not go westward without a line from me, but it is late, hot, and I am almost fainting with fatigue. I have given lessons at home all

the p. m., teaching, though to very small classes, as the fair upsets everything. This morning for the first time I went to the fair. Dr. McGovern very chivalrously sent a horse and buggy and man for my benefit, as I do not feel strong enough to go by any of the usual ways. I can only say that it is magnificent, and I wish you could all be here. I am close to the mouth-pieces of the fair, through Mrs. A., and she told me to-day that General and Mrs. Sherman would be in Chicago Sunday, and that on Monday a grand reception will be given him at Crosby's new opera house. If C. is coming, do get him here to see the General. Our booth is very elegant; the drapery forms a tent, and General Sherman's picture, by Mr. Healy, crowns it with national flags, and still fairer, with two other stands of colors sent by the General himself, one of which was the first federal flag planted on the Vicksburg works. He sent them by a captain, as his special treasures. Mr. Healy says Caleb must call on him and take tea as well at his studio.

Believe me your devoted daughter,

ELIZA.

279 HURON ST., June 4, 1865.

MY DEAR COZ MARY:

Of course you had no idea of my being so ill, or you would have written; but I sometimes compare myself to the boy in the fable who cried "Wolf, wolf" when there was no wolf until when the wolf really came no one really believed him. I am becoming such a lagging letter-writer that let me remain silent ever so long, no one thinks I may be ill. And yet, Cousin M., if I was ever strong, I should write promptly. My fatigues are so constant that nature cries out under them, and to try to fulfill all my heart prompts would be sheer suicide. Letters are a great comfort to me, and I love to write as well as receive them. How do you all do? My last letter

was from Julia, and she told me she was going to the Home. Did I answer that, or did I get a letter from you after that one? Bessie was to be at home very soon. I was thinking of you all, and wishing I could see you, but whether I wrote or not, I cannot remember. I was taken very ill on Good Friday, and only last week have I given lessons at home even. It started as a rheumatic fever, but this was broken, and then came on a sort of intermittent fever, with relapse after relapse, because I tried to get well. At last Dr. Cooke told me very seriously that I was much sicker than I realized, and that I would *never get well* if I did not give nature a long, patient time for recuperating. When he told me this, I was ready to believe him, for I found I could bear nothing. I have had so many severe sicknesses that I am dreadfully prostrated with the least attack. I feel quite unequal to attend to my classes until vacation time, but as I shall go and visit a friend in the country, and then I think make my retreat with Mother Angela, I hope to get strong enough to go on. Then I have the visit East before me, which I think will quite restore me. I have been more laborious than ever this year, partly because I had a great number of pupils, and also that I should need the money to go East with father. But you see our Lord does not intend to have me lay plans and make money. I shall go East, I have no doubt, but I leave it now *to Him* to give me the money, or the means. M. S. will come back with us; she wishes to stay with me for two years. I cannot tell you all the circumstances which have brought this around, but I feel sure M. is to be a Catholic. E. and Mr. W. have been very lately confirmed in the Episcopal Church. I am sure Cousin G. and you will think this a step in the right direction. We have had a novena for Mrs. Cooke. Dr. Cooke is a Catholic in mind and heart, and now only wants to take his wife and the little boys with him; she knows he will go into the church, and her own convictions are so

leaning the same way that I think she wants to enter when he does; she is a lovely woman, a daughter of Commodore Abbot. The Doctor says his rosary every night, and offers a good share of it for her conversion; he is so very Catholic.

Tuesday, June 6th.—I offered my holy communion this morning for your intentions, as I am sure you are making a nine Tuesdays' novena to St. Anthony. I have been too ill to make this, but I commenced a short one yesterday for Sister Ann Regina. I always give my Tuesday communions to your family intention (I shall give J. one in a month, as she desired). I send you one of our circulars; it may interest you more if you knew Cousin Eliza wrote all but the business part, at the Bishop's request. Of course you will keep this to yourself. I intended to interest you all in this, but I felt ill, and Dr. C., who saw that the fair worried me, for it was then very uncertain what our success would be, forbade *Sanitary Fair* to be spoken in the house, and I tried to think calmly when obliged to think at all. I have thought it over a good deal, and I have concluded that our Good Lord saw I would be too much mixed up in it and upon human motives, and keep me sick.

Sunday, June 11th.—A week ago the Bishop sent for Dr. Cooke to prescribe for him. I know you cannot realize all this means, but I will tell you a little; it means that our dear Bishop is not to be killed off by the horrid doses which have been administered to him, and that by the blessing of God he will be preserved to us; it means a triumph for homeopathy which is *reviled* in Chicago; and again, it means that Dr. Cooke will be helped on towards the Church by this intimacy with the lovely, pious Bishop, who has taken a great liking to the Doctor. General and Mrs. Sherman are to be at the Bishop's to-morrow evening, and the Bishop has invited Dr. and Mrs. Cooke. Dear Cousin M., get some prayers that he may relieve the Bishop. I must tell you something about it; on his first visit he found the Bishop suffering from an

attack of dyspepsia, which it is to some degree; but convinced that something lay behind this, he asked to be allowed to examine his *back*. To the Bishop's surprise, but not the Doctor's, he found a spot (he has so often complained to me of pain there) which could not be pressed without his screaming. Of course this told the story of his acute nervous sufferings, and the cause of his dyspepsia. The Bishop told him none of the celebrated allopathic physicians he had consulted had ever hinted at the possibility of this. One only had said it *might result* in irritation of the spine. Of course he feels a great confidence in Dr. Cooke's discernment, who has put him upon very strict diet, *lime water and milk, beef juice and English porter*. Say a few prayers that the Bishop may be relieved and encouraged to continue the treatment for his own sake and the Doctor's.

July 23d. Dear Cousin Mary.—I send you the foregoing pages because they will help you to keep the thread of my life. I have been to South Bend, and stayed at Notre Dame (not exactly St. Mary's) with Mother Angela nine days. There I made my retreat, and who do you think made the retreat with me, but Miss H., of the *Gazetteer* and *Rosa Mystica*. She is in Chicago now, took dinner with me to-day, and we are quite acquainted. It was so strange, for I did not even know she was there until I saw her, and was introduced by Mother Angela. She says she sent a copy of her *Rosa Mystica* to Cousin G. and a letter, feeling quite sure he would take an interest in it, and has never heard from him. I told her I was certain there was some mistake. In the last *Little Friend*, or *Young Christian's Friend*, is a short article from G., of Georgetown. Will you tell him how much it pleases me that he takes such an interest in the little paper? I hope his wife and the dear little baby are well. I wish to hear very much that all of you are improving. O, before I write another word, Mrs. B. and J. and N. are to leave for Europe. The ship sails the 18th of August.

They will be delighted to have some German or musical letters from Heman, and I know it will please him to write them. They can be sent to my care, and I will see they get them. The Bishop has given them letters to Rome and Paris, and Dr. Butler will give them letters also. I hope very much that they will come under Catholic influence. The Bishop has left for Saratoga (not for the Springs, but to visit a sister, who is a religious there) and Newport. Dr. Cooke has taken a grand step onward, has written to his old friend, Rev. Father Boudreaux, S. J., of St. Louis, and will go to St. Louis to see him unless the Rev. Father is coming here soon. The way seems clear now. Dear Mrs. Cooke is making very rapid progress; she dreads, I can see, to have the Doctor come out; she fears he will lose his practice, and yet she says, "If it *is* the true faith, she would have him embrace it, even if it costs him every patient in Chicago." You can understand the feeling. She wants him to wait six months and "perhaps she will go in with him," but he will not wait six weeks, I am certain. She will follow very soon. It all *seems* like this; but I tremble sometimes to think how little any of us are to be depended upon. Pray for them, for it makes me shudder even to fancy them turning back. I feel so sure of seeing you that I do not even feel like writing. I will take you my "Retreat Journal," and, God willing, what a good talk we will have next October! Tell Cousin G. he does not know how I want to see him; we are such bad letter-writers to each other. What is the reason? I read his "Philidor" (do I spell it correctly?) while I was a convalescent, with a delight. I should have written to him had I been able. It was like hearing him talk, and leaving all cousinship out of the question, I think it one of the most charming narratives I ever read. This is Cousin Eliza's criticism.

Miss H. has opened a possibility to me of really publishing some time, when prices are more reasonable. I will tell you and Cousin G. all about it when I see you.

My health is much better, which I mention as I find I have complained a good deal in the first pages. My father will come about the middle of August, and we go East directly. M. S. has been baptized in the Episcopal Church. I felt a little disturbed at first, but now I do not mind it, as we can never tell how God will lead souls. I am sure she will be a Catholic at last. Pray for my father. I hope a good deal from our being together so much this trip East. God grant a kind answer to all our prayers in his behalf. I have received a letter from you since I commenced this. My love to Cousin G. and B., J., and H., and tell me how all of you really are, yourself included, and tell me, too, if L. will be in Boston while I am, and believe me,

Your devoted cousin,

ELIZA

I send you Mrs. Cooke's letter; you will return it, I know; I have several letters from her which I value as marking her progress; I am sure it will interest you; she says her rosary now; I shall have some such sweet things to tell you about them; one is too droll to defer. Nickie, the little boy of eight, has been staying with a Catholic friend of hers and mine, and has been a *little converted*. After he returned home something was said about Catholic. "I," said his brother of six, "Catholic, but no Roman Catholic," with a Puseyite drawl. Nickie said, "O, we are all *looking into it* to see if it is true." Are not children good echoes?

279 HURON ST., July 7, 1865.

MY DEAR FATHER:

Your letter greeted me on my return from Notre Dame, and was a pleasant surprise. I was beginning to think that you had given up the use of the pen; I can understand very well what a hubbub you all must have been in, but your account and S.'s of the improvements in the house make me

feel the greatest satisfaction in knowing the long-wished and certainly greatly needed changes have been made. The feeling that a greater degree of comfort of every sort is gradually coming over the outward condition of the family at Spring Park is one that adds to my own comfort, even at this distance. In the course of years it will, I trust, possess many more comforts and conveniences, but time is needed for all these things. God seems to have placed this price upon our comforts, to know the lack of things if we would fully enjoy them. The blessings to which we are born are generally less appreciated than those which with slow tact we earn for ourselves. I might not feel such contentment in my wee cottage, I might have been tempted to complain of my narrow bedrooms and one closet, if I had not for years boarded and lived in one room. I should like very much to spend a few days there before we go East, but it will hardly be possible. I enjoyed my little trip to Notre Dame very much; I was greatly in need of a change and of quiet; I stayed almost nine days with Mother Angela, and the sweet and holy calm of the six days "in retreat" which I made there will, I trust, calm many a troubled hour during the coming year. I get terrible turns of heartache; I try not to remember anything that gives me pain, just for fear of this heavy ache which oppresses me when I do, and what is far more efficacious, I endeavor to bear my mortifications with a spirit of submission and without resentment. As a Catholic many things lie heavily on me. I see very clearly how the motives of others are appreciated, while mine are constantly open to suspicion, and my conduct to reproof. I am sometimes tempted to envy those who enjoy the confidence I know not how I have deserved to lose. But God forbid I should envy any even for this, however slight may seem their claim to confidence compared with my own. With all my heartaches I would not change places with them; "I know in whom I have believed," and to Him I commit myself

and my cause, assured that on the great day of judgment, if not before, I shall be justified.

When I had finished my little visit to Mother Angela, and had also completed my retreat under Father Sorin, which was on Monday last, Mr. and Mrs. S. came for me to spend a few days at their paradise of a country place nine miles from Notre Dame. When I say a paradise, I really mean it, for it is one of the very loveliest places I ever knew; the house is not new, but it is spacious and delightful, and overlooks a sloping lawn with I know not how many grand oaks, a garden abounding in the vegetables, fruits, and flowers of the season. The household arrangements are of the most delightful kind, and to look at it all one might think *one* place had been exempted from trouble. The moonlight on that lawn from the broad piazza was something I can never forget. Mrs. S. is a very beautiful and engaging woman; I stood godmother for one of her children, and during her sickness last winter was the only one the doctor allowed free access to her. I am very much attached to her; Mr. S. belongs to a fine New York Dutch family; he was baptized a Catholic before marrying his wife, but this is the beginning and end of his Catholicity, although he claims to be a Catholic, and knows too much the position of a Catholic, even in this country, to be ashamed of it for himself or family; he only refuses to practice any religion; he had the horse and chaise out for me at six o'clock in the morning to go to mass on a week-day, as he knew I was in the habit of going. Mrs. S. and I drove ourselves all over the country, and enjoyed it better than having out the carriage and elegant grays. The river flows through the town like Deerfield River; it is called the St. Joseph River; almost all the streams in that vicinity have the names given by the missionary priests. I am all dressed to go to a party at Mrs. H.'s, given, I suppose, to honor the return of the younger girls from school, but it has rained ever since seven o'clock;

they live a long distance from me now. The Bishop has been quite ill, and is still very delicate, but is improving; he is always as charming and affable as you saw him, however. I fear you will not see him when you come on, as he is to be sent off for his health during this month. How soon do you think you can start? I shall be ready whenever you are. I want very much to spend my birthday in Deerfield, and take it for granted E. will meet us there; it will take us some time to see C. and S. and Aunt H. and J. all in different places, and I suppose we will make our visit there going on. If we then go to Deerfield, it will be a pleasant season, and the early autumn will be pleasant at Fair Mount. Does this plan suit you? I should very much like to see W. and his horse and beautiful saddle, but above all, I rejoice in your wheat, and earnestly do I hope it will be gathered and threshed and sold to the rewarding of all the hard labor C. and you have given to it. It always makes me feel so badly to see your crops cut off, and you have had a good many such crops. I hope your horse will make a good sale, so as to give you the needful funds for the journey, without any embarrassments. Love to all at Aunt C.'s and at Durand, and all our neighbors who inquire for me. You need not fear that I intend to be pugnacious at the East this summer. I intend to be very quiet, i.e., if they allow me to be. I allow them all the good construction they can ask for themselves. In return I expect to be treated as well as I treat them. Wishing you a quiet sleep and a good waking,
I remain your devoted daughter,

ELIZA.

CHICAGO, Nov. 30, 1865.

MY DEAR EUNICE:

Here we are safe and sound, all of us, without an accident or even a fright, to mar the recollections of the journey, or what was more, to mar its comforts. We were in time for

the quarter to eight o'clock train from Chicopee; M. A. is a good girl. I can give you no idea of the quiet, unselfish way in which she managed to get everything for our comfort, though she has no girl now. We had oysters for supper Monday night, and I was glad, for I knew pa really wanted some once more. In the morning a strong meat breakfast, and our rolls steamed and packed while we were eating, and herself thinking of the bottle of tea. (The evening we arrived there was an old folk's concert, Mrs. H., their lovely friend and neighbor, coming in to get us all out. Pa, C., and myself declined, as we wanted to talk, but M. went, J. taking care of the ticket. After the concert Mr. and Mrs. H. came in, and Mrs. H. gave us one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" very beautifully, and some lively music; M. and V. sang some pretty Scotch airs.) This is a long parenthesis, but I will now return to the morning of our departure. Breakfast over and the bags and bundles put together, we started for the depot at the foot of the street. Pa seemed very tranquil, but I must confess to a little hurried feeling, so I was ahead with my luncheon basket and bag. M.'s trunk was left at Springfield, and besides was too full to take another article, so the lunch went on in the same stately order you left it. We reached Springfield, rechecked M.'s trunk, also checked the large traveling-bag, a weight off heart and hand. When the Boston train westward came into the depot, I saw a young face with anxious eyes, almost starting from their sockets, at an open window, and recognized our fellow-traveler to be. She was very glad to see us, and in a few minutes we were in our seats. J., who had accompanied us to Springfield, took leave, and we were soon on our way. The day was beautiful, but on the platform of the Boston car I saw snow, and Mrs. F. told me the ground was white when she left. The Berkshire hills were as grand as ever, even more so, I fancied, for their bold rocks were no longer concealed by the verdure of sum-

mer. You know artists often admire, as more grand than the rounded limbs of youth, the strongly marked muscle of the gladiator or of Discobolus. In this way the bare form of these brown mountain ranges were very impressive. The snow, too, on many of them brought them out in still stronger relief, while the more distant peaks, or even ranges, lay off in a glory of blue and purple beyond all attempts at description. How I wish you could have had these grand panoramic views. As we neared Albany the Catskill Mountains loomed *off* (not *up*, for they have a grandeur of vastness rather than height), and with that wonderful tint of deepest azure and a sunny gleam of purplish light too beautiful almost for earth. I think the atmosphere was in a most peculiar condition, for the sky and clouds and mountains, near and far, were marvelously beautiful. The young people took a fancy to each other, and enjoyed, when the changes were made, to run ahead and secure the seats. We made the Albany changes with great ease, compared with last summer, as the new depot is done. After the change was accomplished we all fell to the lunches, for of these there were three. We made a picnic of it. The tongues were delicious, and pa thought the crackers a splendid article; C. hit the mark in his selection; M. brought chickens with her, and Mrs. F. sandwiches; M. also had butter in a tin box, a small cranberry pie, which dessert-ed the four, and then we took to the nuts by the aid of the shawl pins. We drank tea also, and finally succeeded in *whiling* away a good deal of time and getting up an appetite. We passed Utica before dark, to my real grief, for we stopped there long enough to have chatted with S., and would have cheered her greatly. It was too bad that I did not know, or at least suspect, and on the suspicion write to her to meet us, but, thus I soliloquized, all this comes of my forgetting my geographical distances. If I remembered that Utica lies nearer Albany than it does to Rochester (!) why I should have known we should have

reached it before dark. I hope I shall hear that S. was at Plymouth, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, when we passed so vexatiously near her without word or sign. I could see the asylum. We took our tea in due time, and according to tea-table rules, had the Washington (not Jefferson) pie. It was a moonlight night, nevertheless the ride was rather long and weary to Suspension Bridge, which we reached at exactly half-past twelve o'clock. There was a terrible crush on the cars, but we understood at last that we were to find our way to the sleeping-car. We found good berths, and all but M. slept a good deal, and were greatly rested. The little lady did not sleep at all, but was as much rested, she declared, as if she had. We lay as long as we wished in the morning, for we did not reach Detroit until half-past ten o'clock A. M.; we, however, had our berths put up in time for a half-past eight o'clock breakfast, which I gave to pa in pretty good style, as the car was not full, and you know the little rooms the made-up berths make. I spread the long towel on a seat and set the table. He enjoyed the tongue all the way. Mrs. F. told me how polite C. was in sending them all the directions concerning the tickets and baggage. All her luggage and ours being checked through, we had no trouble. At Detroit we were kept without anybody's appearing to know they were keeping us, a full hour and a half, so that it was twelve o'clock before we left. From this until four o'clock we were sure the train had forgotten that it was a lightning train, and like lazy scions of noble houses, had degenerated into an accommodation train. Suddenly the latent fires of its early inspiration came over the dilatory engine, and we whisked on to Chicago at a good rate. We were all pretty tired. Father consented to getting out the cap; M. actually felt her eyelids heavy, and compromised with her habitual wakefulness by a siesta on shawls, the hood, the muff, the tippet, and all other soft articles, and finally took to grandpa's shoulder, and when he stretched

himself on a seat, she nodded energetically. I could not sleep, and did not want to. Mrs. F. slept like a little trooper a good part of that p. m. and evening, and only waked to eat her part of the remaining Washington pie, which pa proposed to have saved for her, as she was too sleepy to eat when we did. He called her and M. "the children," and "the girls," and acted accordingly, and she seemed to appreciate his kindness. We thought we were dreadfully behind time, for instead of half-past eleven, it was half-past twelve o'clock by our watches. The lake looked superb as we shot along its foaming shore, and the lights still gleamed along the avenue. At the depot people seemed brisk, it did not seem like midnight. But poor Mrs. F. was disappointed at not seeing "Master Eliot's" face as we alighted. I knew she felt it bitterly. The idea of seeing him had kept up her heart after parting with her father and mother, and all who had from childhood looked out for her. I told her to be patient, he would come, some little mistake as to the letter or time if he did not. Pa said, "He may have had an engagement"; the grit came out then. "He should not have had," she said shortly. "O, no," I said, "only some mistake." We got a coach and handed the checks to the driver, after pa had tried to get the trunks out for her, and had one fall. I kept her at the door of the ladies' room. At last the trunks came on their trundle, and were at the door ready to go on to the coach, when off she darted like an arrow half-way down the depot. She was right, it was Eliot, and up he came as bright as a dollar. I did not hear the explanation and asked none, but I would rather have seen him on hand. It makes me nervous now-a-days when I see the least possibility that the wife is the more sensitive of the twain made one flesh. He is beautifully good-natured, however, so if her eyes do stand out a little before his, it may all be right. When they were all right we wended our way to Huron Street. As we did not call for the big bag, we easily

mastered the small ones, and walked home, found M. up and alight, and very glad to see us. She soon had a cup of hot tea, and I persuaded pa to take some hot wine. I supposed it was at least two o'clock, as my watch said so, when M. informed me that it was only ten 'clock; I could not believe her when it slowly dawned upon me that I had Boston time, and went to bed trying to believe I had not been out as many hours as my watch said. Pa looked terribly tired, and I think liked the bed better than the sleeping-cars. This morning I woke him to get the checks for the expressman, and after the inquiry was answered as to where they were, he fell asleep again. I came in from mass to find them both asleep, and started off on other errands. When I came in at half-past eight o'clock they were nearly ready for breakfast, and looked refreshed. You know my little house necessitated speedy unpacking and arranging of affairs. I have been hard at work all day, and we look pretty well. I have not told you how beautiful my house looked as to *paint*. The piazza is not built after all, but the skylight, the most important of all, is in order, and the painting, within and without, in perfect taste; the color outside is a nice brown, not too dark, the blinds green, which is my liking; the studio is white, the hall a delicate brown; the kitchen good kitchen color every way, cheerful, but useful. The bedroom is white, as I like to have it; and then comes the parlor, a very choice brown, like the crayon paper I like best for heads, a little warm, on the yellow rather than on the red, and for a cornice a plain coffee-brown stripe four inches wide, with gilded edges, and above the upper gilding, a gilded rod for hanging my pictures, and all of them hooked on instead of hanging on nails. Thus you see my black walnut frames and gilded frames are hit, and every bit of color in the room harmonized. The effect is beautiful. I have arranged the walnut knoll, bittersweets, and cedar in my little vases, and they show ruddy and cheery against the wall. I found my casts

already arrived, and to-day with all the other performances we have unpacked them. They are even finer than they looked in the shop. The Minerva is on the parlor what-not, and is a very ornamental parlor head. Mr. and Mrs. F. called this p. m.; she is as fresh as ever, and they are both cheery little bodies, determined to like Chicago. It has been a rainy first, and then a cold, raw day, a perfect contrast to the fine weather under which we made our journey. How thankful I am for the safe return thus far you can judge by the relief this letter will give you. Tuesday morning at Chicopee I quietly walked off to the church, which is near. I felt the journey pressing on my heart. It might do for others to laugh at special providences, but I needed to ask a little extra protection for our little party. I was too late for the first mass, and could not stay for the second, which was at seven o'clock, but the Rev. Father heard my confession, and then, knowing the circumstances, gave me holy communion. This morning I could not stay in bed. There was the weight of gratitude where that of anxiety had so lately lain, and the security and comfort of the journey had been too marked to be passed over in silence. Besides, it was not this one return alone; how many routes had we not taken, how many dangers by land and water had been warded off. Father will write to you after he gets fairly home; he will not, until then, feel quite composed enough. The potatoes came just in time. Among the letters M. S. handed to me this morning was the notice of their being at the depot, bearing date of yesterday. They were here in time for dinner. The other goodies, I think, are waiting for Thanksgiving. This reminds me that Thanksgiving is near. I hope, in spite of the decrease in your family and the loneliness so natural after losing so good a father, who always made Thanksgiving Day a happy one to his family, you will still not be altogether lonely. The 4th of December is your wedding anniversary; it will remind C. that "leaving all

others" you promised "to cleave only unto him," and as I think you have kept your promise, he will see that his part is fulfilled. The coming Thanksgiving Day and the coming winter is to be more lonely than some you have had; it remains for him to fill the vacancies. I hope to hear that both these days passed cheerily. I want you to send in for one of these little tea strainers, my remembrance of your wedding day, for both of you, and C. must take a cup of tea in honor of the *strainer*. Father and M. send love. My love to C., cordial regards to Mr. W., and believe how dear is your happiness to your devoted sister.

ELIZA.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28, 1865.

MY DEAR SISTER:

You must have heard from me within a very few days through my letter to Charles, but I know from hard experience how letters are prized in such a condition as yours. I am very busy over a coat of arms for Mrs. McCagg, but I think you must have part of my evening. I thought of you Xmas Day, and thought how much you would feel being obliged to stay at home. I have been sick on all the holidays, and know how great is the cross. I hope, however, that you had a pleasant Xmas. Sunday evening I trimmed my parlor and bedroom very prettily with twenty cents' worth of green, deftly pinning it around the doors so as to look like vines and putting branches over the pictures. The whole effect was really lovely; Mrs. Cooke sent me a beautiful wreath and cross of moss and immortelles, which greatly added to my decorations; as the Sunday came before Xmas, the altars were left until that evening, a carpenter and several ladies were engaged there, so, until I was absolutely needed, I was at home about my own affairs. At about ten o'clock I went over for good, and

stayed until after twelve o'clock, seeing that everything was done. I then came home again, finished my arrangements, put the rooms in order, arranged my little altar so that it looked snowy, lighted the olive-oil lamp before my picture of the Nativity, beside which stood the statuettes I bought with your help, and also some perfect stems of white from my flower-stand with ivy leaves, lighted, too, my two real wax candles, and made my usual midnight Xmas meditation. I know there were midnight masses at all the convents; I was in church early for five o'clock mass, and could watch the man light up the forty-two colored lamps on the high altar, the twelve candles and gas lights, and above all, the *star*. The effect was more beautiful than anything I ever saw for Xmas before. There were over fifty lights on the high altar, and a good many on the side altars. The children from the Sisters' made the choir, and their tender treble breaking the silence with the "Kyrie Eleison," was more touching than I can describe; of course the "Adeste Fideles" was sung, and such a packed church, pews, aisles, every available spot, and such crowds at communion as one does not try to count. It seemed as if the whole vast congregation went up. Everything about Xmas is beautiful, but the early mass long before daybreak is the very essence of Xmas to me. It tingles to the ends of my fingers, gushes to my eyes in overflowing tears, and bows my head to the very floor of the stable. It has all the haste of the shepherds in the hurrying multitude, all the tenderness of the joy, all the ecstasy of the first hour's joy of the Holy Family—I could give up all the rest of my Xmas for this first mass.

My classes gather slowly, indeed very slowly. The only gleam of comfort came to-night, when it was told me that the children hated to go to Mrs. H.'s, and *cried* because they were made to go, and said "they could *swear* Miss Starr had never said a word to them." I have always felt confident that my children would stand up for me. The little folks

think it *is outrageous*, and I must own to a little pleasure at knowing this, especially as it came from the very heart of the conspiracy. It showed that my honor had been appreciated by the children, if not by their parents. It brings no money comfort, but heart comfort.

All your friends inquire for you the Bishop, the Doctor, and the Sisters. Take care of yourself, and believe me

Your devoted sister,

ELIZA.

SPRING PARK,

Octave of Feast of Assumption,

Aug. 18, 1866.

DEAR COUSIN MARY:

I have been painting a little sketch on a bit of canvas of the outside steps to the cellar, limestone steps, deep in the ledge on which the house is built; they are rough, and the sides are mossy and green, the grass growing to the edges among the crevices, and a woodbine, its berries already hanging full on carmine-colored stems, overhanging the steps from the side of the house. Beyond I could see the garden fence, the trees of the grove, and above them clouds and a bit of blue, blue sky. I put all these into the six-by-six inch picture. It was pretty, but the pretty was not all; for nearly eight years poor mother passed up and down those steps in summer, with those patient though slow and heavy footsteps. How often I have seen her pause at the top of them, look around her on the fair grove and garden and distant hills with a dreamy smile. The labor was sweetened to her by a lively sense of beauty. She never lost this; the ideal to her concealed many a harsh reality, while her sensitiveness was the cause of many of her keenest sorrows. I can read her so well now. When Susan saw me sketching the steps, she said, "Never give that pic-

ture to me, the reality has been too wearisome to perpetuate." "O, no," I said, "I will give you something heavenly." I did not tell her that I loved them, because in me I had seen the heart and mind triumph over the body's weariness, for I should have cried to have said what I have written.

August 20th.—The spring, of which I have years before told you so much, is at last being painted. Pencil never could give its beauties; my oil colors put so much into my power. You shall see this some time, at least I hope so, and I have written some verses about it, which you shall see when in print. I wish you could have all these views before your eyes, but still the changes of atmosphere and light, the shadows at different hours of the day, give a charm which we in vain sigh to transfer to paper or canvas. There is something so composing in saying one's prayers when one can look from the crucifix and pictures of saints to the green fields and groves, and up to the tranquil sky, or to the herds of cows or sheep as they go or come at morning and evening. The peace of the country convent is almost to be conceived here, and often I would think what a site this would be for a convent and school. I could put chapels on so many of these knolls. The novitiate, too, could be so secluded. With the Blessed Sacrament what a paradise it would be! It may be yet, who can say!

August 22d. — This is my plan for writing to you the many little things which are always coming up in my life, but which I cannot get into letters, to keep what is like a journal, not for myself, but for you. This is the Octave of Our Lady's Assumption, so my little plan has a lingering glory upon it from the receding festival. Yesterday was St. Jane Frances Chantal's day; I always remember Mrs. T., of Burlington, that day; and the day before (20th) St. Bernard's. That I remember for Cousin George and for Bishop Fitzpatrick (I will write the name fairly, he deserves that much from me), for my first confessor, and always very

dearly beloved father, Bishop John Bernard Fitzpatrick. You remember Fra Angelico's St. Bernard, the piercing sweetness of that face, the ardor of that heavenly look, the delicacy of the beautiful hands. I wrote to you, or finished a letter to you Sunday, but had no room to tell you of my little altar. While my room was unfinished, and so like a tent with that white linen which mother arranged with so much taste hung like "arras" upon the naked timbers, I had no hesitation in pinning and tacking as I saw fit. The arrangements were often very picturesque. Now the wall is finished, I have a care not to mar it for others by my temporary use; so when I came this time, I merely piled my books on one end of the long, old-fashioned dressing-table, which was ma's (Mary used the other end); against the upright book I stood my little crucifix with a choice little colored picture of the Sacred Heart for a background; below this step stood my statues of Our Lady and St. Joseph, between them a tiny pitcher of fresh, fragrant flowers from the blooming beds. This tiny pitcher was given me by Cousin C. A. when I was very little. I put the flowers in it for the old love I bore him. Before this little altar I had kneeled with great contentment. Its very unpretendingness I fancied. But on the Eve of the Assumption a longing came over me. There could be no mass, no anything like a feast-day. I thought of an oak garland to pin over this humble shrine. The children brought me branches from the grove, and when I had made it, pinning it with a single pin over it, a canopy was immediately suggested. I kindled at the idea, and with a real glow at my heart set to work. The little print of the Assumption was in a moment pinned under it, then a handkerchief with silk embroidery of Japanese silk and curios was thrown over all the books, fitting the steps made by the books with here and there a gleam of embroidery. The Crucifix and Sacred Heart looked bare, and I brought two old-fashioned wine glasses of ma's. In these some sprigs

of a pale strangely spiritualized plant, its leaves edged with white, and when with these I had put into each glass a single evening primrose, and absolutely dewy, as fragrant as incense, it was with something like rapture. Below this step, but still on the embroidered cloth, stood the little statues as before, and the tiny pitchers with fragrant flowers, and at the very top, at the point where the pin held the oak-leaf garland, was a white eternal flower, with its bright gold center and long white rays of petals looking like a crown. Need I tell you I was very happy the next day as I kneeled and said my prayers, and how easy it was to meditate?

In the P. M. came visitors, two Protestant ladies, a Presbyterian and a Methodist, but the latter brought her nieces, her husband, sisters and daughter, Miss B. How Catholic a name, I said, in my own mind, but not with my tongue, and instead of talking especially to her, I talked to the others. She was looking at W.'s photograph album, and came to the Bishop's picture, and asked me abruptly about it. I knew then that she was a Catholic, but how could it be with old Mr. M., the class leader, for a grandfather. He had handed my brother such awful books against Catholics, so bad my brother would not read them. After a little time the other ladies strolled out to see the flowers, and in three minutes we understood each other. I took her to my room, to my little altar. She seemed to take a long breath, and then sighed heavily. "She had had such a hard time for six weeks among her mother's friends." Her mother is still a Methodist, but her father, who died a year ago, reared all his children in his own faith. We said some Aves and the litany and the *Salva Regina* together, and I think she felt as much better as I did for a little Catholic sympathy. All day my heart had been heavy with the feeling that no one cared for what I did; she told me her aunt who had come with her had talked with her a good deal and was candid. When we returned to the parlor I spoke of everything as a

Catholic naturally would. The ladies were charmed to find they were not treated as outsiders. I showed them pictures, explained them, and to explain them was to explain much that was in the Church. I even showed them my rosary and crucifix, said an Ave for them; one could see they were dying of curiosity. After tea, I quietly asked the aunt to my room, and there before the little altar she promised not to believe, or appear to believe, about Catholics what she now knew to be false, and moreover, not to teach her children what she had reason to believe false or exaggerated ideas of them. They left in fine spirits, and mine were restored.

September 2d, Sunday.—We are at St. Joseph's Cottage once more. I returned early for Mary's school opens to-day. I left home with a hard, heavy pain at my heart, which is not gone yet. Pa got worried with helping us off. It had rained all the morning, and we hardly thought to be able to leave, then my brother was not well, and the cows strayed off and must be locked up. By the time the weather cleared, the cows really home again, and my brother on his feet and able to drive us, pa was so worried as to look like a dying man. It kills me to see him with those beads of perspiration on his pale, anxious face. He is much feebler this year, as I have told you. I can only pray when I think of it, and from prayer comes hope. But to-day, I did not think of it until this morning, it is eighteen years, day of the month and Sunday since I spent my first Sunday with you, was at my first mass. How much it brings, the anniversary, to make me grateful, and how grateful! It is a different world, a different self. The dear Archbishop, dear little Mary, all your dear selves, how fair a group! How grand, too, seemed the mass, the music! We came back late last night; from twelve (midday) to nearly ten at night on the way, as the trains do not connect. This morning I walked to Dr. Butler's in time for seven o'clock mass, and he heard my confession after his mass and gave me holy communion, and prayer

came and strength and cheer. I wonder if I can sufficiently pity those who have not a confessor to their mind? The Doctor is so much to me. He may be grave and recollected when he comes from mass, attends to half a dozen before he attends to me, but I understand him, and I understand the light that breaks over that grave face when he really turns to me, as much as to say, "We will talk now." It is more than a smile; it is that sunshine that only shines from those and on those who have no suspicions of each other, no distrusts. Ah, Cousin M., I have lived long enough to shrink from cold smiles, long enough to freeze under them, and turn my eyes away from them to God and heaven and the saints.

September 3d.—Dr. Cooke and Laura were here yesterday to tea, for the evening. He calls me "ma" in the most comical fashion. Dr. B. is his confessor, too. To-day he has been in, flying; I think they will go on to Baltimore, to the council. If so, he will stop of necessity in Philadelphia, as his brother's widow and children are there, whom he loves greatly. Then you will see them, and they will see you and Cousin G., and I hope all of you. They are lovely. I cannot tell you how exquisitely she dressed the altars, all those last Sunday. She gives her Saturdays to this work of love. We have lovely new statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. They were set up, they told me, for the Feast of the Assumption.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,
Oct. 8, 1867.

MY DEAR MRS. ARRINGTON:

I was quite delighted to get your note, and have been hoping you would follow it in person. When shall I get from your own lips the romance? I heard of it first from Mrs. Smalley, then from Miss Mary McConnell, you know she is acquainted with Miss Briggs, but still I am waiting

mentally to hear it from your own lips. I think I am pleased to hear of both Flora and Jennie at St. Mary's. It is the cradle in which their Catholicity was rocked, and the native air is often a wonderful incentive. You must miss them, but you will not be sorry. They will get habits which you and I must dispense with, and we know what blessings come with unconscious habits of piety. Poor Judge Stearns! was there ever anything so melancholy! I often say a "rest in peace" for him. Poor soul, or rather poor body, for that was what ailed him. How blessed to know the all-seeing eye is so merciful in its knowledge.

About the books, you can pay me for them, as an arrangement of this kind is understood between the publisher and myself, and we reckon up after a time. Mrs. Smalley is delighted with you, and I predict very great comfort to her and an occasional pleasure to yourself in the acquaintance. I have had a frightful cold, and it is still clinging to me. The whooping cough I had last spring has not lessened my disposition to cough hard. Altogether I have not had a really well day when I could feel it safe to be hard with myself or do anything especially enthusiastic. When will you come over to see us? Can you not come Sunday? How is Father Conway? Be so good as to remember me to him. Our good French gentleman—you almost owe this line to him, for I have mislaid his name (and not his number) and cannot send a note to him to have him call on Mrs. Beckwith, who has returned—I wish to have secure a class there. Please send me his name, or let Mr. Copeland know I wish to see him, or any way which you think will let him know quickest. My dear friend, my eyes are smarting, aching, twinging. They behave very badly of late, therefore this short letter when I have so much to say. In the *Ave Maria* this week is "Waiting at the Junction." I know you will read it with a little more interest, for knowing it came from this cottage.

Give my best regards to Mr. Arrington, to your good son, to Flora, and Jennie when you write, and believe I am as ever,

Your devoted friend,
E. A. STARR.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,
279 Huron St., Good Friday, 1869.

MY DEAR MRS. ARRINGTON:

Half an hour ago as I was coming from Clark Street with my father, we met Judge Beckwith leaving his house. He walked with us to the corner and had time to tell us, among other items of Washington life, that your name was brought to him as desiring something, and that he immediately gave his own name to the paper and told Mr. Scammon to give his. He left Washington the next day or he said he should himself have made inquiries as to the precise situation you desire, that he might ask for it in your behalf as a personal favor to himself. Seeing me this morning brought it all up again, and I told him I would write to you and find out exactly the place you wish to obtain, and he will then write on to the person controlling it, asking for it as a personal favor to himself. He expressed the greatest interest in you, and also his very earnest desire to do something to aid you in this matter. Allow him, my dear Mrs. Arrington, to have this pleasure, unless, indeed, you have already obtained what you went to Washington to secure, and come if you may think you will get it without Mr. Beckwith's co-operation; do not quite refuse it; it will do him good to do you some good.

How do you do? let me know, and write immediately on this matter. How is Mrs. Sherman? remember me to her very cordially. I hope all things are favorable to you in Washington. I was at St. Mary's this week, Monday and

Tuesday; saw Mother Angela, but only saw her, I may say, for she was sick with a cold, and busy as usual. Dr. Butler is home, as splendid, and if possible more so, than ever; his eyes are still very bad, but they do not show any malady. I think he will be allowed to do some good; will unite broken links, and at any rate he cheers the Bishop, and will, if any one can, put him in heart to do something grand and worthy of himself. Alas, I can give you no idea of the Bishop's feebleness; he could not bless the oils yesterday, and this inability adds to his unhappiness. If the Doctor can only galvanize his good will until it can be restored to its natural tone, all may yet be well. I think if he could only be strong once more, he would do all we could ask of him, for then he would cast off the advisers who have inspired him against us, and clothe himself again in his old habits, and surround himself by his old body guard, and go forth to conquer the hearts which desire to approve as much as they love.

Father wishes to be remembered to you, and so would Mr. Allen if he knew I was writing. Mary sends love. Write soon, immediately, and believe me,

Faithfully yours,

E. A. STARR.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,
279 Huron St., Sept. 23, 1870.

MY DEAR MRS. ARRINGTON:

I returned to the city the 10th of September; I spent nearly five weeks at Spring Park; there was melancholy pleasure in being where my father and mother, both of more than ordinary beauty of mind and heart, had spent the last years of life. The glory of the morning and evening were associated with them, and the very coming up of the sheep to the fold, and the shadows over the spring and flecking the

narrow path to it, were enough to bring them before me. It was a trying visit, such as another cannot be; that word of Holy Writ was continually in my ears: "And the places that have known them shall know them no more forever." It was the settling down of some strange and solemn reality on my heart, something I had never quite taken on before, for this was quiet evidence. Not only had my quiet father gone, never to return, but with him had gone some impalpable presence of my beloved mother. So many things belonging to her were kept in this place, the remembrance of her habits of sitting, all these belonged to him, were preserved by him, and vanished with him. It was one of the most beautiful proofs imaginable of his love for her. They were all not only very kind to me, but kind in a new way, as if they realized that unless they were kind I should no longer regard it as my home. My brother has not shown me so much affection for twenty-two years; how strange these things are! Yet, how consoling! The order of Providence preserves the links of families, and my heart still hopes on for their conversion. Mary is there still, will return in October. Do you not think you could put some paintings of Mary's, suitable for Xmas presents, where they would sell? She groups flowers and berries and autumn leaves in a way exceedingly admirable and admired; I think you would have no trouble with them, for if they do not sell, you can look at them; from eight dollars to ten dollars would be the prices, I think, some less, perhaps. I wish Flora could draw with me. I believe I could open her eyes to see wonders she has never dreamed of in art. I groan when I think how superficially and abominably it is taught; it hurts my feelings. If you see "The Bells of Abingdon" in the *Catholic World*, read it for my sake. I have written some articles on art, to come out, I suppose; when they are out, I want you and Flora to read them; perhaps you will recognize them. Will you tell me what you think about the pictures for Xmas? Mother

Angela proposed it last year, but it was too late to prepare them. Give my love to Flora, also to Mrs. S. Write soon, and tell me all about yourselves. When I found your letter, it was lying on the beautiful book of Mr. Arrington's still more beautiful poems, as if by attraction; was it not pretty and delicate of the letter? I am not over strong, but better than before vacation. Mr. Allen has buried his youngest child, fourteen months. Your heart is one of my consolations, remember this, and believe me

Your affectionate friend,

E. A. STARR.

Love to Mrs. Tuley, tell her to call some Thursday P. M., my reception day. The wax-plant, i. e., the vine at my parlor window, surrounding the B. V. M., is in wonderful bloom, still more than six months of floweriness.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,

Jan. 19, 1871.

MY DEAR MRS. ARRINGTON:

Your letter has been kept constantly in sight ever since it was received, so that I might answer it. At first I waited for Mary's pictures to be done, and when they were done, they were sold here (bought by Mrs. Ogden and Mrs. Scammon), so this invention failed. Then my book was found to be a matter of interest. The circulars were to be printed and sent out, and the tremendous labor to be done almost entirely by myself. Letters by the score were sent with the circulars (for instance, a large one to Father Boudreaux, whom I met at St. Mary's) whenever I came to the name of a friend or of an acquaintance. Father Sorin sent me a most gushing reply, saying he should not only subscribe for this book, but for the next, and the next, and the next, until the very last, if he lived to see it. You can imagine how this cheered me; there are so many strange surprises (most agreeable

surprises) and disappointments (most unlooked-for disappointments) in such an affair as a subscription. I say my prayers that God will inspire good subscriptions. Do you know Father Boyle or any other clergyman of Washington who will be likely to care for such matters? if so, I know what good service your eloquent tongue will do me. Mind you, this is all you are to do; don't attempt to put your name on my subscription list; these things are for a different set of people from you or from me; you are to have a book, a copy of "Patron Saints," but that is my affair. The engravings are so costly that I feel as if nothing but an overwhelming subscription could do any more than cover the cost of the first one thousand, but I do hope to do this, for Dr. McMullen's sake. After the first one thousand I hope it will prove to be a book that will be in demand for exactly the persons I wrote it for. I send you a circular, and I shall send one to Mr. Sherman. I wish I knew the addresses of Mr. Ewing, Agnes, and Ella's father, and also of Mr. Phelan; can you tell me? Are you acquainted with Mrs. Tucker, of Burlington, Vermont, who lives in Washington now? also the Barlows? I knew Mrs. Tucker in Burlington; if you can tell me how to send a circular to her, I will do so, also to Mrs. Barlow and her daughter.

And Jennie is actually married! I heard of it only a day or two ago; where is she living, where is she to live? I suppose it is all for the best, young as she is, since with all your prudence and all your composure, it has taken place, but it is a great trial, I think, to part with a child like Jennie; she was so lovely when I saw her in the fall; tell me all about it when you write. How is Flora? improving in her music, of course, and studying, I presume, all she should study; I think you must enjoy each other very much; she will improve so much with you, and she will charm many a weary and lonely hour for you. I wish you would sit down immediately on receiving this and write, if possible, telling

me all about yourself and Flora and Jennie, and how Alfie is doing at Notre Dame. Tell me, too, about Mother Angela in Washington; what she is doing, if there, what she has been doing, if she has gone from there? Willie Starr has finished his medallion head of Mary in clay. I gave a reception last Thursday, that my friends might see it, and a very large number really came; its success is beyond question, and he has received from Mr. Sheldon (Mr. William B. Ogden's brother-in-law) a commission for two similar bas-relief portraits; he was not twenty when he finished the head. You are interested, I know, in our Bishop, and in Dr. McMullen's return, indicating as it does, the Bishop's intentions. There can be no doubt that Father Roles will be called to Chicago, how, where, for where, we cannot say, only Dr. McMullen's presence insures perfection of movement. The Bishop seems like a different person since Dr. McMullen came to the cathedral, so happy, so thoroughly at his ease. Dr. Butler is still abroad, but a letter in answer to one from Dr. McMullen, after he was called to the city, is full of the most delightful assurances of his determination to return to Chicago, "eyes or no eyes." Dr. McMullen's return is a perfect guaranty of all we can reasonably expect, and I even think of more, because the Doctor never stops at merely first things, he inclines to the grandest generosity of plan and of performance. Dr. Butler wrote from London, on his way to Berlin, to have his eyes treated. I feel very sure that we shall see him in the spring. There was in the November or December number of the *Catholic World* an article on literature, Catholic literature, and its position and charms in America. It is so true that I felt as if somebody had stolen my thoughts, and Catholic art is as badly off as Catholic literature, excepting at the hands of a few. Every bishop and priest who has written to me about "Patron Saints" has expressed the very same sense of the very same lack. Since I began this letter subscriptions have been

coming in, and more liberally than I could expect. On Monday Dr. McMullen begins a novena for its success; you see we are in earnest. Mr. Allen has been recalled to the choir of the Holy Name; this choir to consist of the boys and girls of the parish. A few young ladies may join at first to help, but by degrees the children will be fit for service. Father Butler has the most beautiful vespers at the Immaculate Conception I have ever heard. His girls have been trained by the Sisters of St. Dominic, and the boys are in training. When prepared they will sing at high mass the plain Gregorian chant. Mr. Allen is making arrangements for the organ voluntaries from Palestrina; think of this! Palestrina actually in Chicago! Let me hear from you very soon.

Your affectionate friend,
E. A. STARR.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,
279 Huron St., May 25, 1871.

MY DEAR MRS. ARRINGTON:

This (Thursday) is my reception afternoon, but there are too many indications of rain to make me liable to a rush of visits. I will therefore improve the time to write to you—to you, towards whom my heart so often turns with an inexpressible wish to see you, to talk with you. Your letter was a wonderful cheer; it came when there was lull in subscriptions ranks, a lull in any and everything pertaining to "Patron Saints." It is with book as well as with other things, when it is begun, and when it actually appears to excite interest; but there is a time when the author is working on with a dogged sort of perseverance during which nobody thinks or seems to think about it. Your letter came just at that time, and raised my spirits. Then I had given up all hopes of a Washington subscription, all hope of Mrs. Sher-

man taking an interest in the book. I knew you would do it more than justice. I was sure not only of your good will, but of your sympathy, and when I saw all your enthusiasm (as I then thought) ineffectual in raising any interest in others, I felt a little—not desponding exactly—but as if there was no use in trying to have an American Catholic literature. It seemed to me that it must all come from abroad, be imported, and this was an axe to the root of a majestic theory of mind, which is, that the Catholic Church will give a crowning grace to the art and literature of America. But I need not dwell on this, as your letter gave me assurance that those I consider as standing in the high place of our country have shown a most laudable interest in the success of my work. What you said about the publication society went straight to my heart for a reason; when I see you I will tell you all about it. Did you see “Portraits” in the *Ave Maria*? if not, I will send you the two numbers in which it appeared. I am now preparing an article, or, indeed essay, on “Dogma and Devotion,” the keys to religious hearts. It is a great subject, and could be made anything of as to magnitude, or, in smaller space and more simply treated, can contain what will be of immediate practical benefit. The trouble about periodicals is, that there seems to be no paying, and you know I cannot any more than live, if all I do is paid for. There is no use in appealing to them, because I believe their resources are fully needed, and they cannot pay, and you know how much we all owe to the Orders, so lovely and fervent in their spirit; still I need money, and when one considers that the roof which covers my head and the bare house with its contents are all I possess or ever shall, one understands that at my age the pen should bring money. It is hoped that my book will do so, and the subscription list is what enables me to pay off my big debt on the printing and engraving of the electrotypes plates. I shall send the ten copies as you direct, and I shall have one put

in extra, as my gift to you, my dear and faithful friend, to whose sympathy and encouragement I owe so much. Send one of your copies to Jennie, and have Flora keep the other, unless she wants to give her copy to some one who will not have one, unless through her. I hope you will see that in the book which will inspire you to write a notice of it for your locality. A great many there are interested in it, but they seem afraid to subscribe, as if they might get caught. John Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, publish it, and they promise to bring it out in their best manner. I saw repeated proofs of the engravings, which are all made under my supervision in Chicago, and I believe more to my mind than if they had been sent off to take their chances with the most distinguished engravers in the land. I shall be dreadfully disappointed if they are not a credit to all of us. You may remember that I made all the drawings on wood, from the choicest engravings, and after the experience I have had, I should do this again. I find that an expert draftsman does not rise to the necessities of the religious expression; he will make draperies and strike attitudes, but the delicate shades of expression he does not even attempt. If they are all made to have a respectable society look, it is all he has trick to do. There are untold difficulties in the way of bringing out a book in America which is artistically religious. There are no Catholic draftsmen, no Catholic engravers; you see the pinch. I just took the pinch about these engravings into my own hands, instructing, and so far as my words could do it, inspiring the engraver with Catholic sentiment. I wish you could see the difference between these and the one which was cut in New York for me by, I really believe, a good engraver; his St. Agnes (I drew both the blocks) was a religious, holding a mutton of excellent weight. The Chicago St. Agnes is a delicate maiden, not perfect, but preserving an idea of tenderness, and holding in her arm a lamb of aerial lightness. Indeed,

there is no weight about the picture. You see my idea. I have done a great deal of talking and praying over those pictures, besides drawing them. Dr. McMullen let me have my own way, choose my own engraver, be absolute judge and mistress of them. I can never tell you how much I owe to him, but I can say that but for him "Patron Saints" and the block pictures (for they were all drawn) would now be in my desk, instead of in the hands of one of, if not the very oldest, Catholic publishing houses in the country, with a list of subscribers the very names on which are a crown of glory. Dr. McMullen, Father Roles, Dr. Butler, and a few others like them, are the leaven of literature in this country. I am astonished to see how much more priests think of books and periodicals and children's papers than other people. I do not say every priest, for that would not be true, but enough to make one feel that the priesthood is the motive power, the patronage. Mother Angela stands almost alone among the ladies. Mother Theresa, a Benedictine, here in Chicago, is more like her than hardly any one, unless I name Mother Emily, a Dominican, in Wisconsin. Mother Angela would have me write for the *Ave Maria*, and pay me righteously for it if she could.

Now about your dear ones; I am glad all is so full of promise for Jennie; tell me about her whenever you write, and give my love to her. Dear Flora; we are a good deal nearer to each other; Flora's heart has touched mine, and I hold hearts which have really touched never outgrow a sympathy peculiar to such contact. I am thinking how the soul of my young friend will find its own peculiar path, and make itself a home and a country and a calling. Tell Flora, for me, to hold herself according to God's way, and all will be right. She is in the best possible way for the present, occupied and with you. God and the Blessed Virgin, in the sunshine of whose sweet month we now stand, will do all the rest, and Alfie—you must see him act himself

out, with no restraint. I cannot help wishing you would come to the West with him, and yet God only knows the right place. Let God have His own way then, and you will be in peace, and all things will be for the best. Father Roles is still in Rock Island. He delivered a splendid lecture here on the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, on Conscience. It seemed as if he had just touched the bottom of that grand subject. There must be some tides under this seemingly motionless ocean; tides which set towards a restoration to us of this crown jewel; but this is all I can say. Will you not come North this summer? How we should all enjoy seeing you and Flora? Nixie Cook is quite ill, a lingering trouble which it was feared would endanger life, but they now hope it will wear off. We have all been anxious. He is a splendid boy. Just in his teens. The others are all well. They would send love if they knew I was writing. Mary Starr sends love; she is teaching, and gets very tired, but her salary, she hopes, and so do I, will enable her to go abroad with Willie, her brother. Do let me hear from you when the books reach you, you will write of course. Do not forget a notice of "Patron Saints," if you feel inspired to do so; your notice would go to the very spot, I am certain. I will send Father Faber's Tract on Catholic literature, and the article on Portraits, as you may have missed it. Believe me your devoted friend,

E. A. STARR.

Do you realize how dear you are to me on my dear old father's account? God only knows how much you helped him towards safety. I shall always bless you for your interest in him. I use the edged paper only to his friends.

1417 PRAIRIE AVE., April 29, 1872.

MY BELOVED FRIEND:

This wide gap between my dates has been filled with incidents, and with anxieties too many to mention, and instead of trying to name them, I let them all go but one,

which I except in order to gain your prayers. Mrs. Allen gave birth to a fine son a week ago Saturday, and has been a very sick woman. This morning I felt more as if she would live than I have for a week, but she is still in a very precarious condition. You can imagine my anxieties. Say a little prayer for her; she is needed by her family—two children to need a Catholic mother, and she will teach them their theology I think—and then she has not been long enough in the Church to be “seasoned through”; she needs more time to grow in grace. I have always been thankful that I lived through the first year of my convert life, and came into this broad sea—to which those years were the stormy shore—so calm and grand; the living has brought me treasures enough to make it worth while to suffer. In the *Catholic World* for May is a sonnet on the “Anniversary of a Baptism,” by a convert, and this will have more interest for you when you know that it was written by your friend “E. A. S.” I have written a few things for the *Ave Maria*, but not as many as I should like to, for I cannot get time. Prose always takes time, and I am apt to put it off, just as I do letters, unless under a special engagement, as to the *Young Crusader* every month. But poetry I can carry in my mind for a month, and it comes to me anywhere. I sent a sonnet on “St. Joseph’s Cottage” to the *Ave Maria*, which appeared the very last of March, and I shall send a piece called “A Gift,” which you may fancy. I never have them published until Mr. Allen, of Philadelphia, has looked them over. Have you time or do you keep heart to write? I often wish we could have a western Catholic magazine, and have Father Roles its editor. Think what it might be! There is so much to be said from American standpoints, so much to be done to make Catholicity at home among us, and we at home with her, and we need a magazine in this great western world. The great trouble is that priests are too much occupied with parish work, necessary work, work which cannot

be put off, to charge themselves with such an undertaking, and now, of course, there is no money to be had for such schemes. The brick and mortar absorb everything. God looked long and long into future, no doubt, when he allowed Chicago to go to destruction, but we feel the present embarrassments. The Union Catholic Library had a terrible blow, but the interests it served will be served in a little different way, i.e., by means of parish libraries. St. James's Parish has a fine library society, and lectures are to be given every month, five lectures in the basement, the funds to come for the present on the annual subscription of a dollar a year for members. When I think of our noble entrancing Catholic literature, and then see our people so indifferent to it, there is something monstrous in the discrepancy. We have a Catholic literature which should suckle giants, and I pity the man, woman, boy, or girl who does not appreciate this, at least enough to make them prefer it to all other. I have a charming French work on "Dante et la Philosophie Catholique au Treizième Siècle," by M. A. F. Ozanam, a friend of St. Vincent de Paul. You would be carried away with it. Miss Sarah Clarke, sister of the Unitarian Minister of Boston, James Freeman Clarke, and sister also to Mr. William Clarke of Chicago, is executing some wonderful views in pen-and-ink of the spots associated with the life of Dante. I saw several of them last summer, and since the fire (which destroyed so many of her treasures at her brother William's house) she has copied these for a gentleman in Philadelphia; they were all taken on the spots by herself, and this summer she will complete the course by sketching every place in northern Italy exalted by the same associations. Yet Miss Clarke has not a bit of faith in Dante's theology, and she can talk about "suppressed convents" with complacency and Victor Emanuel with enthusiasm. But if the study of profane literature and the mad admiration for pagan art wrought so much harm to Christian scholars and schools,

who can say that this return to Catholic literature will not work out an antidote in Protestant communities? Only let us Catholics see to it that we do not allow our heritage to remain like the talent hidden in a napkin, which shall, by and by, be given to those who, having little at first, have earned a right to possess more. It is just so with Gregorian music. The "High Church" people are cultivating it, making it a sign of extraordinary advance in civilization, while Catholic congregations grumbled over its reintroduction to our choirs. They are not satisfied unless they can have a polka to come out of church by, and priests who really love the Gregorian, are harassed by the complaints of their vitiated parishioners. We are like overgrown children, our bodies are too large for our minds, our prosperity for our devotion, our worldly advantages for our spiritual discretion. How much there is to be done to make us a Catholic people? But let us all help, and the next generation will start many degrees higher than ours did. I must tell you that I think a Catholic artist, a painter of devotional pictures, has arisen in Chicago, a Mr. Conway, whose aunt married Dr. McMullen's brother. The pious Doctor had given him before the fire an order for a set of stations, and has renewed the order since the fire. One is completed, another is on the card, and both remarkable. I watch him with the greatest interest. His vocation he takes as seriously as a monk or priest. He is a perfect ascetic in his philosophy. This is the budding for a better bloom, but he, and all like him, must paint for priests, not for the popular taste. The popular taste has been turned from its Catholic simplicity by Protestant surroundings, just like Catholic literature and Catholic music and Catholic morality and Catholic piety, and we have come at last to realize how baleful this influence is, how it dwarfs all progress in the highest intelligences, and blights all the choicest blooms of feeling and sentiment. I know you can see and feel this, too. It

is always delightful to me to know you are in a Catholic atmosphere, for your nature will expand under it, as it can nowhere else. Father Riordan, the present pastor of St. James, is a most accomplished man, and is also an indefatigable worker. He works, too, in the direction I like; he gave the first lecture of the Library Series last evening, a charming lecture on the early missions of Illinois. His people are devoted to him, are delighted to work with him, and under his influence.

St. Joseph's Cottage will begin to rise in June, not exactly on the old spot, but Dr. McMullen has it in charge, and this is saying that I cannot fail to have a roof over my head and a home for my heart and my mind. To this home how rapturously I shall greet you, and how we can renew all the happiness of our former interviews and enjoy fresh pleasures in addition! When I think of your great losses in the destruction of Judge Arrington's papers, I feel as if I had no moan to make. There is something so pathetic in the loss of that which death made over to us, and which we can never replace.

I have been very much pained to hear of the ill health of Mrs. Ewing, Mother Angela's sister. I suppose she is still at St. Mary's. Will you remember me to Mrs. Sherman very affectionately. In a little contribution to the *Ave Maria*, called "Late at the Shrine," and painted by a little poetry, I served myself not only with Mr. Arrington's fame, but with Mr. Ewing's. His death was so consoling that I feel as if its anniversary would always be one of thanksgiving for a death so favored. Dr. Butler told me that he saw you in Washington; he was called back to Chicago very suddenly, but I have no reason to think he intends to remain here. He was very happy in Baltimore, and his eyes were so much better that it was easily accounted for. Father Roles met with a serious accident before Easter, on Palm Sunday, indeed, on his way to a mission, but has recovered

from his injury so as to be in Chicago this week. He is straining every nerve to make a trip to Europe. Bisnop Foley continues to hold the confidence and affection of priests and people. He has more lines on his face than when he came here two years ago, but every one feels that he has acted, as far as he could act at all, with wisdom, and that the fatigue will only be a fulfillment of the present promise. Do not punish my silence, for it has been an unwilling one, and believe me

Always your devoted friend,
E. A. STARR.

ST. MARY'S, Palm Sunday, [May 6,] 1873.

MY DEAR MRS. ARRINGTON:

To think that I should be so long at St. Mary's without writing to you; to you who could not possibly be out of mind within its charming borders. The very fact of my being here in the midst of the school year, and the fact of having given up my school permanently, explains all my shortcomings. If any one had told me when I began my classes last autumn, that I should not be able to go on with them, that all my regular stated income would be stopped, I suppose that even "E. A. S." would have been a little startled, a little anxious. You see how everything has been arranged; arranged, too, in the most delightful manner.

You will remember that I was here last summer, and fairly inaugurated the system of art instruction and of art practice which Mother Angela has been trying to get into the Order. I think I told you how the inauguration was conducted. I certainly worked with all my might, with a whole heart and whole soul, and when I left St. Mary's for Chicago, Mother Angela sent to me, through Mother Augusta, what made others besides myself realize that she did not fail in appreciating the value of the work we had undertaken.

She asked me then to come down once a month during the winter. But the terrible cough which came upon me in May and continued while I was here, and even grew worse at Spring Park, put all idea of enterprising movements out of the question. I merely crawled about in Chicago until I was finally ill (Mrs. S. saw me then, but I am sure I did not look in the least ill), and when Mother Angela heard this, she immediately asked me to come and spend the winter with her. When I received her letter, it seemed as utterly impossible to accept her invitation as an invitation to the moon, but when Dr. Cooke returned from the East, he reversed decisions, by insisting on finding out what ailed me. My cough was such a mystery, as I did not grow thin upon it. After a due amount of *thumping* and *listening*, he announced that he had some *news* for me, adding, "Don't be frightened; it is not half as bad as it might be," and then proceeded to tell me how curiously the lungs were affected by the irregularities of the heart. He said my lungs were really better than when he sounded them from time to time before, but that my old heart had worn a little on the "threshold and hinges." Is it strange, my dear friend, that these hearts, which have done so much beating and throbbing and aching, should be "a little the worse for their wear"? This was the way I took it, as I do not think I was one bit surprised. I had wondered often that he *did not* find something wrong there, or at least in need of repair. His mind was perfectly made up in five minutes, and the Dearborn was abandoned and St. Mary's adopted. I came down at the end of the term, having secured a young lady to take my place, and having induced Mr. G. to give her a fair salary.

Now, to tell you where and how I am at St. Mary's. To make myself feel independent, I asked Mother Angela to give me the *novices*. I had no wish to come in contact with the pupils, excepting in distant ways. I give them, however, once in a while in the study hall, a talk about art, and have

many opportunities for speaking to the novices. There are always a *few* who will have a chance to read, and these few must do the general reading of the community. I have an eye upon these, and plant my seed with reference to them. Sister Mary Agnes is one of my pupils, and Sister Mary Hilda another. Both are very promising, and under favoring circumstances, will develop into something more than good teachers. They have *almost* promised to allow them to remain here with Sister Florentine, and thus support each other until they are well ripened. This is *so* important. I need not tell you how much I enjoy teaching these amiable children. I have written a good deal since I have been here for the *Ave Maria*. Writing was very painful to me for a while, but I am very much better now. This is one of the reasons of my silence towards you.

I confess I do not see why we need be so *awfully* scrupulous about praising the priestly state to our young men. How can they be expected to fall in love with it unless somebody speaks well of it at least? I believe that this hyper-scrupulosity is the cause of the scarcity of vocations, both in girls and boys.

Father General and Mother Angela returned from their Texas trip in fine spirits, and Mother Angela looks like a different being. I think every one was alarmed about her; she was very unwell last summer when I came here, but from what the Sisters have said, I judge that she lost in strength and health very much after Mother Eusebia's death. They said her distress at that time was dreadful, and she did not recover her old spirits or elasticity. She went to Texas under the most favorable circumstances, Father General with her, and Sister Raymond who knows how to take care of her. They have had quite a domain left to them at San Antonio, and a very beautiful church, capable of being repaired. Father General wrote to the Sisters that "if *this* did not please them, they were hard to suit!" The grief for

Mother Eusebia has by no means died away. Every Sister has told me her own terrible grief over it; Mother Charles and all. When Sister Sebastian came home for a few days she told me nothing else was talked of among the Sisters. They were then afraid Mother Angela was breaking down; but the Texas trip has given them a chance to see what she needs to help her over her present infirmities. I think she will be *kept on* the road, if that will only keep her alive and active. I never heard nicer or sweeter or more thoroughly devoted things said of Mother Angela than this winter. I think Mother Eusebia's death made them realize Mother Angela's importance to them, and the idea of losing any of these pillars by death, I do not believe, had occurred to them. Mother Augusta is very amiable and is as good to me as any one could be. They all speak so often of you; and with such enthusiasm and affection; and they feel so much interest in all of your children. If you can, will you not write to me very soon? How I should like to meet you here again. Let me hear all your views, and I will let you know about St. Mary's. I was in Chicago for a day and two nights, and saw Dr. McMullen, Dr. Butler, Father Roles, and Father Riordan. They were all at the Holy Name. I sent a city telegram to them, and they came over *in a body to see me*. They advise me to put off building until fall or next spring, and to take the first chance I can get to go abroad. They think it will do me a world of good, as to heart and soul and mind and pen and pencil, and so do I. A good Providence may arrange it. My pen often falters now, because I have not seen what I know so well from books. I keep half a decade for you and yours on my rosary. I intend to etch the pictures for the next volume of "Patron Saints" myself, and thus insure some qualities which you cannot pay people for putting in. The others were woodcuts, and I had the engraver, electrotyper and printer,

between me and the public; with etchings, I have only the printer, and that is plenty.

Your devoted friend,
E. A. STARR.

ST. MARY'S, June 15, 1873.

MY DEAR MRS. ARRINGTON:

I should not have waited to receive your urgent note if I had not been, ever since my return from Chicago, hurried with writing. I am writing for the book on the "Hospital Work of Sisters During the War." Perhaps Flora told you how Mother Augusta and I were turned over, while crossing the railroad track in a carriage we took from the depot to South Bend. Neither of us was injured; but besides our bruises, we were somewhat *disturbed* by the affair, and neither of us quite in our usual health or spirits for a few days. I think, my dear friend, you have every reason to feel happy about F. She is certainly improving physically and mentally, gaining strength and composure. We all enjoy her very much, and she bids fair to be as entertaining *as her mother*, which is, begging your ladyship's pardon, saying a good deal. I enjoy her amazingly, and we have a great many chats. I tell her my troubles and she tells me hers; so we are a mutual consolation. She is very discreet as to her *appetite* and her *tongue*, and when I have said this I mean you to take solid comfort in the announcement. We have had two *beautiful* processions since you were here; one a wax-light procession, on the 31st of May, the other the grand Corpus Christi procession at Notre Dame. F. *looked on* both, and behaved beautifully. She is *quite pious*, but not over-pious; and I think the atmosphere of St. Mary's will suit her. To a person as delicate as F., I think *unbelievers* are, unconsciously, "disturbing elements," as somebody you told about said of Christianity. The tables are simply turned

with F., and *she* feels better, I think, where people are pious as a matter of course. She must make no effort, I tell her, but take it for granted that she is a supernatural being with supernatural helps and graces, and bound to have a supernaturally *good time*. We have great laughs together.

How do you do? I ask this question, intending to have it answered. It is not written, remember, as a matter of formal politeness. You need to take some care of yourself, and do not omit it. Your children have a right to expect this from you, and I have some rights in that direction. Let me have a gossiping letter from you. Give my love to Mrs. Sherman and her little girls. I was so delighted to hear such splendid things of Tom. Congratulate her for me, and tell her, also, that I hope to see the memorial of her father when it comes out.

Let me hear from you soon, and believe me always,
Your very affectionate friend,
E. A. STARR.

SPRING PARK, Aug. 23, 1874.

MY DEAR FLORA:

Your mother's charming letter received two days ago, does not make me forget, but rather *renews* the pleasure I received from your own long before I left St. Mary's. I thought I would answer it from *there*, for I knew how much you would enjoy the St. Mary's answer. But, when I say I *could not*, your mother as well as yourself will understand me. From the 1st of May until I left there, the 30th of July, I could only keep up with my engagements. You know how it is when there is "A Mother Angela's Feast," and this year we had an artistic one, in which novices' hands as well as professed, were fully occupied. Of course I was only a wire-puller, setting machinery in motion. But my wires were such *docile* wires that it was a pleasure to pull them; and

such *intelligent* wires that one felt as if they would sometime pull themselves. Sister Florentine, Sister Hilda, and Sister Mary Agnes had charge of the tableau, but they all insisted upon my overlooking them, and we accomplished some *real jeats*. Sister Modwena actually *owned up* to our way of arranging lamps, and she and I *smacked* each other heartily after the whole thing was arranged. She said "her star" was the only one she would have minded, but her star was right, and now the thing is settled for the rest of dear Sister Modwena's mortal life.

Sister Florentine was mistress of tableau, but my "Hilda" and "Agnes" did their parts well, and now the tableau belongs, as it should of right, to the art department. I consider them a part of artistic education, and as such they are now to belong to us. We have already begun our collection of materials, just as the dramatic corps did long ago, and we shall in course of time have tableaux recognized as productions of high art. Do you see, my little girl, what I am driving at?

Then the exhibition, and my sisters divided the artistic labors with charming Sister Florentine. You would have been surprised to see what *designs* they make for essay covers, novices who *came over* only last September with Mother Angela; I have one whom they allowed me to name, and what is *mine*, Mother Angela says, I may do what I please with. She is of the purest Irish blood, as fresh as a young rose, but not handsome; of lovely disposition, cheerful, gentle, patient, playful, and persevering; three p's that I prize above gold. She is quite a poet, and is enthusiastic over literature and the arts, while her "piety," Mother Compassion says, "is beautiful to behold." The name I chose for her was "Lioba." If you look in "Patron Saints," you will see why. She is the first one I have really had there *from the beginning*, and I believe she will be a model teacher. If she proves to be, her place at St. Mary's is ready. She will fill a niche

there. The exhibition was no sooner over than I began with heart and soul to carry out the plan we (i.e., Mother Angela and myself) began two years ago, of *training teachers* in art. Last year, you remember, I went East, but Mother Angela was away, so I could have done little. This year we did wonders, and my articles, as your mother will see, take up this very matter, and seriously, too. All the sisters agree with me in the plan of establishing a veritable training school for teachers of all the industrial arts especially adapted to women at St. Mary's, while the school itself will carry pupils through a thorough course of art studies. Have you seen the catalogue? if not, I will see that you get one, for our plan for the school is fully brought out in that. I wish I could tell you how splendidly Mother Angela has *kept time* with me in these plans; and Mother Compassion, with her novices, has been like my right hand, while Mother Charles, in her smile of *benediction*, and Mother Augusta, with her nice womanly taste and beautiful good sense, has been like a *backbone*. They are *splendid*, and we will see what will come of it. Sister Florentine has iust the sort of genius to set all these arts going.

October 16th.—Alas for human intentions! Here it is the middle of October and your letter, so well started, is still among my sheets. I did not leave my brother's until the 15th of September, but there as everywhere, I managed to get in the pictures, pictures which must be done there if done at all. And then my brother had begun some genealogical investigations in which he wanted me to help him, and in which I was greatly interested. To illustrate the pamphlet which we shall get out in due time, he proposed to me to *etch* The Bars Homestead, which I did from a picture there, besides all the other things I drew and painted. I was in Chicago two days on my return, for I found that the half-life-size bust of Robert Collyer, which my nephew William Starr, has just finished, could not reach me for several days.

So I came directly to St. Mary's and then, when I heard that the bust had arrived, went up to undo it, decide upon its merits, and see it well started in the public approbation. I was more than *satisfied*. I was gratified by the excellence of the head. Small as it is, it is as thoroughly noble as Mr. Collyer's head can be, for *he* has the nobility of the true Christian man. I was delighted with the time in Mr. Collyer's life which he selected; for it was the time when his head had all the vigor of ripe manhood without any loss of symmetry. It is beautifully modeled. The casts are made by Gleary of Boston; but W. is not satisfied, except he gives every one a finishing touch. They are as perfect as casts can be. What sales it will make no one can tell. But W.'s reputation must be helped by what is a real work of art. It seemed a pity that he could not turn to Catholic subjects. But I hope to compass this in time, with God's help. Mother Augusta is in Baltimore or Washington at the present time. If you have not seen her, you certainly will. The Normal School in Baltimore ought to take drawing on its list; and I am preparing a teacher on purpose to start it. She will give the philosophy as well as the practice of the art to her pupils, and then others can go to her assistance when needed. Now that the wedding is over, and Mrs. Sherman has really gone from Washington, I am afraid your mother will feel the loss of companionship. But after all, I have learned how much we all are to ourselves; and your mother certainly does not need as much as almost any one I know. Mrs. S. made her first years in Washington pleasanter than almost any one else could. But now you are all at home there, and have your own ties and consolations and companionships. Although I have been so long answering your letter, I want to hear from you very much. I never have your mother and her dear family off my rosary, all of you, A., V., and yourself most especially, as well as your mother. Do not be discouraged about writing to me. I am now in winter quarters, and with



a quieter feeling about my work than I have had for a long time.

I must tell you now about St. Mary's and Notre Dame. You must have heard of Father Lemonier's dangerous illness first, and then of Father Granger's. Both cases are considered hopeless. Father Lemonier seems better, but unless a miracle is wrought, the gain is only temporary. Of Father Granger's sufferings Mother Augusta can tell you as only an eye-witness can. The terrible tragedy goes on day after day. Mrs. P. and Mrs. E. are both here now. Father Granger bears his sufferings like a martyr. Mrs. P. and Mrs. E. have great courage, too. But poor Mother Angela quivers with anguish. She suffers fearfully; suffers for him and about him. It seems as if God had laid this upon her in a most peculiar manner. How it will all end, no one can tell, but at present Father Granger does not look like himself. He would allow no demonstrations on his feast day, and it was one of the most solemn days I have known at St. Mary's. The next day the last sacraments were given to Father Granger, but still he lives on.

Do you or your mother know Miss M. B.? She is here at present, and I enjoy her very much. She says the stay at St. Mary's has changed the current of her life and of her labors. She takes Catholic views of things, and defends the Catholic side. "How long this may continue," she says, "no one can say, but at least she can never outlive the influences of St. Mary's." She is charmed with everything here. She has a noble, generous nature, and is wonderful for a woman of *twenty-six*. She knows Mrs. F., and Mrs. F. has a chance to hear her avowal of Catholic faith to do her good.

What are you reading? These lovely October days at St. Mary's, how you would enjoy them! I should like to take each of you in turn as companion of my strolls along the river bank. I am so pleased to find my columbine won your mother's heart. The two poems which are now

coming out, "A Vigil" and "The Brook," were written at Spring Park. This will give them peculiar interest in your eyes, I hope. I told S. while I was home this summer, that "if a *Loretto* only stood in the grove at Spring Park, I should never wish to leave it." I have just written another number of the "Industries," out of the regular course a little, in order to speak of *vestments*. Father Gillespie suggested this addition; he is now the principal editor of the *Ave Maria*. Must it not be that the Blessed Virgin will have a special regard for one who has done so much to spread her glory as Father G.? He now asks her to obtain for him fortitude under his sufferings. Your mother will soon hear from me. Remember me to V. and her husband when you write, and to A.

Your affectionate friend,
E. A. STARR.

ST. MARY'S, Feb. 19, 1875.

MY DEARLY BELOVED FLORA:

It is such a comfort to know that you do not wish me to write a full page of excuses before I begin my real letter. Only busy working people can understand the busy workers. You know you are never forgotten, and when I am writing for this paper or that journal, above all for the *Ave Maria*, I feel as if I were talking with *you* through the printed page. Especially did I feel this while I was writing the "Industries," and if possible, still more in the series which I have now begun upon the "Offices in the Breviary" for the *Fridays in Lent*. I am certain that both yourself and F. will be interested in them. If I knew Latin as well as *any* priest knows it, I would translate the sermons and homilies of the Breviary, some of which are so beautiful that one cannot help understanding them, as if by instinct. If the country clergymen would set themselves to some such work when the

tedium of country life presses on them, what a blessing they would confer on thousands who can never read these sermons and homilies. My articles, of course, are not intended for those learned people; but for those pious ones, who, like yourself, have not time to look them out regularly, and yet with a taste for the sublime in liturgy which makes you want to know these things. I know what this longing is, and I was determined to satisfy it for myself, to some degree at least. It began to dawn upon me how much I could enjoy in my way, by looking over the Breviary lessons to find how certain miracles in the lives of the saints were received. I found that I could gather the *sense* of the lessons surprisingly well. From this I began to study them out entire on Festivals of peculiar interest, and now, I could almost "read my office," if I had time to do so. Every year, month, day of my life, I seem to find new grandeur and beauty in the life of the Church, and new nourishment in her divine ritual. The imperfections of mortals look so pitiful beside the grandeur of their destiny, and the grandeur of God's treatment of them in the mysteries of religion, that sometimes I am almost uncharitable. I do not, so very easily, overlook certain imperfections in the way of justice, truth, etc., and when I do, it is supernatural, you may be sure. But I find that the way for *me* to become charitable is to look at God's way of dealing with me, and with all my fellow-mortals; and these *offices* have given me great help. I suppose that in this, as in almost everything connected with my Catholic life, I have taken the longest and the hardest way, but when I have made the distance I am well established in my principles. I just wonder at people who can take their *prayer-books* and feel contented. I have written two or three things for the *Universe* which touched upon these things in a way to stir up children to better things. One was, the Christmas Saint (St. Anastasia), and I may remember the names of others before I close this. I have just sent off an article to the

Universe, "Books for Boys," which I know would please you. I thought of you when writing it, and some of our talks. How much there is to be done! Done for Catholics by Catholics. O, my dear, how I wish that your pen, instead of flying in the service of the United States, was flying over pages for American Catholic youth. Let us hope it may be so.

I hope you see Mother Angela rather often, while she is in Washington, and see her one side of things to be done, say the hospital; and I hope, too, that you see some of our young Sisters there, especially Sister Pauline. I hope, too, that you are interested in the Normal School in Baltimore. I am greatly interested in the drawing department to be started. I must tell you something. Mother Angela had me at St. Mary's in the year 1868-1869, as F. will remember, or you for her, to teach her Sisters who were to teach drawing. This was one year before Walter Smith, who is now the topic of conversation in all things connected with art in schools, came to Boston or set foot on American soil. We were interrupted, i.e., dear Mother Angela and myself, in our plans, but after the fire, as you know, I came down, and from the summer of 1872, our work has been progressing in a way of which no one can have an idea without looking in at our studio. There has not been a line of copying done at the academy this year. But more than this, we have been consolidating our system in such a manner that it will give stability to everything taught not only here, but wherever one of our thoroughly trained Sisters may go. We can be sure of having the elements of the arts taught in *every* school where one of our elementary Sisters is stationed, and in every *grade* of that school. This very week we have arranged a plan by which the pupils in the academy will be trained to give *oral* explanations of the elementary course as they go over it, and to take notes of the same while drawing the objects; which notes will be open to correction in the general

oral class. Then, their drawings, explanations, and so forth, are to be put into a book for everybody to examine. We have also this very day organized the plan for teaching the general classes, oral classes, normal classes, in a way that insures the most perfect gradations from fact to principle and from lesson to lesson.

Now, are we not busy, and ought we not to be happy, thinking that our work will live after us, and be the means of enabling many a Catholic child, many a modest Catholic girl, to practice successfully those industries so congenial to Catholic sentiments and Catholic practices?

Everybody at St. Mary's helps me, encourages, and is lovely to me. O, while I think of it, a new Catholic magazine has been started in Milwaukee by Mr. B. I. Durward, who put out a charming volume of poems a few years ago, called "Wild Flowers of Wisconsin." It is called the *Milwaukee Catholic Magazine*. He asked me to write for it, and I have contributed for all but the first number. It is only two dollars a year. There is something thoroughly choice about it, and it is truly and essentially Catholic. Mr. D. has a son who is a priest, another who is an artist and paints religious pictures. You can see the vein of his mind and of his family. There is a choice set of Catholics in Milwaukee.

Saturday, P. M.—I thought I should send this in to-day's mail, but the morning proved a busy one. How do you do? Tell me, when you write, about yourself, as I have told you about myself. I have set you a splendid example of egotism, but after all, what do our friends want to know about more than our *personalities*? The newspapers do not tell these.

Everything is going on at St. Mary's in its usual way. Mother Charles is just the very same. Mother Annunciata is always amiable. Mother Compassion was taken sick a few days after Father G.'s funeral, and although she is again at her post in the novitiate, she is far from reliable. Such a splendid mistress of novices. I hardly know where the

secret of it lies, but it is hidden with her. There has been next to no sickness among the pupils, but the community, even leaving out their great losses, irretrievable losses in Father G. and Father L., has been sorely tried by sickness and death. Still, like all good communities, they bear up and on. How strange this community life is. What a mystery. I must speak of Sister Ignatia, as she comes into my mind most opportunistly. I wish you could see some exquisite lines which she has written as a "Message from a Nephew to his Superior-General." Really, Sister Ignatia does what, *under her inspirations*, are beyond all praise. Besides this, she has a wonderful power of inspiring her pupils in composition. I have seen some very celebrated composition teachers, but I never saw one who has more of the *gift* than Sister Ignatia. They really do things themselves, because I have the evidences of my own senses for this, although her *success* seems to make people doubt it. The little woman has a *gift* in this very department; another gift, too, which goes with the composition, a really rare task, discrimination, judgment, *instinct*, if you please, about literature. I have always said that every teacher of composition should have the keys of a library in her pocket, which of course implies that she knows how to *use* the library. Sister Ignatia has a remarkable bump of order, and one of the beauties of her unconscious success is, that there is *method* in the treatment of her pupils. Well, here I am at the foot of another page. I always feel as if I could not stop when I begin to write to you. But there is so much common ground between us.

My love to dear Mother Angela, who, we hear, is so very far from well, as she was when she left St. Mary's. Love, too, to Mother Augusta, and my young Sisters. Give my compliments to Father B.; he would see a great improvement since the exhibition of drawings in 1869. I am now taking my battalion with me, not marching alone. Eleven years ago to-day my mother was laid in her grave. *In pace.*

Pray for me *and mine*, and believe you are never forgotten
in the prayers of Your affectionate friend,
E. A. STARR.

SPRING PARK,
LAONA, WINNEBAGO CO., ILL.,
July 25, 1875.

MY DEAR FLORA:

Here I am, answering your charming letter, and acknowledging Alfie's elegant "summons" at Spring Park instead of St. Mary's, which would have given you such pleasure just at the head of my letter. But you have large charity. Before I write another word, let me say how much I am interested in A.'s movements, in his success, in everything that concerns him; I was very much gratified at receiving the summons, and was, to tell the truth, just a little bit proud of it. Will you tell this to him, for he must remember that he has a stated place on my *beds*, and I remember his pleasant call upon me in my narrow quarters after the fire. I put this *summons* among my choice papers, to be kept, but I also put it in a place which no fire can disturb, alongside *the call*, in my memory so tenacious of such attentions from the young, in whose welfare I am interested. I was disappointed for a moment to learn that Texas had claimed her son. And yet, when I remember the fact of his birth there, of his father's successes there, and also of the Catholic elements so close at hand, especially to A., I felt like taking his view of it, and your view, and was sure that the Divine Providence had overruled our wishes. We cannot allow these secondary considerations to influence our decisions as to abode. A hand's turn changes a locality from a smiling paradise to a desert.

We have mass at Durand less frequently than for several years past, but why I have no idea. On the 16th of August,

however, Bishop Foley will give confirmation in our plain but decent church, and the new pastor is bent upon an *organ*; so in spite of having mass so seldom, we seem to be progressing. If we could only grow to such importance as to have a resident priest here, it seems as if it would be a great advantage, but everywhere in the country a scarcity of priests is felt. It seems to me if I were a priest, I should prefer a country parish, where I could have time for study and writing and doing so much that priests are especially fitted to do. Think of those pious French curés who live in by-places and make a little heaven of virtue all around them. But a priest who comes reeking to his parishioners after a hot ride of six or seven miles over the prairie, can only do the absolutely necessary things. Sometimes these contradictions really make me out of humor, and I wonder why all our priests cleave to the city as they do, with its squalor and misery, instead of coming of their own free will to these airy places, where there is such a field for Christian labor. These good people merely need to be trained to habits of piety to make them almost saints, and yet they *vegetate* here, in a sort of faith-abiding way to be sure, but with hardly a spark of Catholic devotion. And all the time these good Irish Catholics are making money and becoming *worldly*. How strange these things are, and yet another generation may see vocations among them. It never occurs to them to give a child to God, nor does it occur to a child to give *itself* to God and the church.

The arrangements between editors and contributors halted a little in the midst of all the changes, but are likely to be resumed. My own were put on the old footing again before I left St. Mary's. Father Hudson is certainly the very one for the editor.

Your devotedly attached friend,

ELIZA A. STARR.

ITINERARY OF A TRIP TO ROME



ITINERARY

At noon, Saturday, the 13th of November, 1875, the coach of the Metropolitan Hotel took our party and our baggage through the handsome gate, over which waved gayly the stars and stripes, leading to the French steamer, *Amérique*. A brighter November day could not be imagined, and those who came to see us off were in holiday colors, while their bouquets spoke of a clime as mild as any to which we might be going. When the cabins had been claimed and baggage checked, there was still an hour left us for gay chatting, but the inevitable moment of separation came, of separation not only from friends, but native land. The drawbridge was carefully lowered, and in a few moments the swinging of the *Amérique* from her moorings was announced by three guns. At this, handkerchiefs waved, hundreds of hands threw farewell greeting from the ship to the pier, from the pier to the ship, and a more intense excitement cannot be imagined than that which all hearts felt at that one moment. Those on board who had no friends on the pier, or who could no longer see them if there, still waved a farewell to the shore between smiles and tears, until a turn of the steamer cut off the last view of the crowded pier. The day was too bright for gloomy forebodings, and the tears dried quickly on the saddest cheek; so that in half an hour cheery groups were seated on the deck ready to watch the glorious sunset in prospect. We saw a thin veil of mist over the sinking disk; but still, all lingered to catch the last ray disappear below the last land we should see for ten days. It was by this light that we read the prayers appointed for the traveler, or the Itinerary, in which are embodied some of the most consoling of ejaculations from the sacred psalmist.

Sunday morning brought us sunshine and head-winds, but most of the passengers spent the day on deck. Not the least noticeable mark of the day to those who read the office of the day, or looked at the Ordo was the transfer of the Feast of the Patronage of the B. V. M., from the fourth Sunday of October to this particular one in November. There might come clouds over the sky, and signs of foul weather, but that Patronage which has never been known to disappoint those who trusted in it, was a sure anchor of hope and of safety.

Father General told me that yesterday he had "gone all over the steamer, visiting the passengers and crew, beginning with the steerage. He said "I feel ashamed of my comfort." But a man of fifty-three, who has crossed the ocean thirty times, and the superior-general of an order, might afford to go first class, I am sure. We all retired to our berths. During the night we were awakened by a sudden shock, which seemed to me like striking a rock. The stillness which followed was startling, and word was brought me that some of the machinery had been broken; it was the wheel of the engine, and the captain commenced ordering the sails to be used. This happened at half-past three o'clock. Everybody was up and dressed, but we were told that all were safe. Great anxiety, however, was felt until a Cunard steamer was nearly alongside, when a change came over the minds of the first-class passengers, who, with but few exceptions, wanted to stay on board the *Amérique*. I followed Father General's advice and remained. We had a very exciting scene when many passengers left us, seven going from our table. The French gentleman from Tahiti and his Tahitian wife and three children were among them. They had quite an Oriental look, baggage and all. Now that we have settled down to remain, we are quite happy, and the anxiety for the anxious ones at home is relieved by knowing that the Cunarder will communicate the cause of our delay. To-day is the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin

Mary, and the Breviary tells of the dedication of the Basilica of SS. Peter and Paul.

Monday, 22d.—I hope they do not forget to pray for us at home. The calm is almost oppressive. The morning was sunny, the afternoon cloudy, and every one much depressed. We made no headway, some think we have a little. The only comfort is to remember in whose hands we are. *Quoniam ipsius est mare et ipse fecit illud*—"The sea is His, He made it," can we not trust in Him?

Tuesday, 23d.—Feast of St. Clement, whose church I hope to see in Rome. It rained early this morning, and there is a very high wind. We go forward a little. The wind keeps up and the vessel rocks heavily. We must have patience. I am reading the "Mission of the Holy Ghost," by Cardinal Manning; did a little marking in cotton for our stewardess. Feast of St. Catherine of Alexandria, also Thanksgiving Day, November 29, in the United States, at Spring Park, at Walnut Fall, and at Deerfield. It is well perhaps that the lamps were too dim for me to try to write last evening, the night before Thanksgiving, for I should have written a tearful epistle. Perhaps as it was I put into ship-hieroglyphics some thoughts that I shall send home. The morning is very mild, the sun almost out, and the breeze gentle like yesterday afternoon. We passed a comfortable night, the ship rocking in a calm. I sat up in my bed against the pillows nearly the whole night. To-day we may possibly be rescued by a steamer from Havre. As it is we can pray as those pray who are in storms; at times the ship seemed to float on a sea of glass. As the swell of the sea went down the stillness on board has been like that of some homes on land; in fact, it is actually solemn.

I slept part of the night, the fore part, but when the waves arose, I arose myself, and was dressed before six o'clock. Then after saying my prayers, I lay down again. It is a dark, rainy day. Our natural spirits, aided by faith, give a

sort of courage. Went on deck in the afternoon, so that I could read my office and mass prayers. The vespers are the beginning of Advent; "Mother of Christ, hear Thou thy people's cry. Star of the deep and portal of the sky! Mother of Him who Thee from nothing made, trusting we strive to call on Thee for aid, and by that Hail which Gabriel brought to thee, then Virgin, first and last, let us thy Glory see."

Our third Sunday on the ocean.—Such a night! Father General called down to see us this morning, and gave us his blessing. Nothing could be bluer, not even the sky. The waves are breaking against our round windows and the white spray scatters like clouds in a blue sky. Last night the wind seemed to relent, and Father General expressed a hope that the worst was over, but at five o'clock it burst forth with greater fury. A sailor told me that the vessel stood at an angle of forty-five degrees yesterday, and the purser said he had never seen as high waves.

Feast of St. Andrew. Sleep broken with anxieties. We drift, drift, drift without any seeming progress. The ship provisions are getting scarce, and a storm may arrive at any time. May God have mercy on us, and may we hope that so many prayers said at home will obtain for us His mercy also. Last night when I complained of cold feet they brought bottles of hot water to my berth, and I have had one ever since. Last night the ship ploughed deep furrows in the waters of the ocean. The very sound of the water brings tortures to me. I do not think I shall ever wish to look at the sea again as I used to. We have had sunshine, but it is clouding again. First day of winter, but so mild that it seems scarcely credible. This evening, while we were talking rather dolefully in our state-room, I was nearly overcome when a waiter ran down with the news, "Steamer in sight." The crew had a time in giving the proper signals by sending up rockets, and I was hardly on deck when the rockets began

to rise high over all the sails into the dark sky. After the first another and another, until an answer came from the steamer. It was not our steamer from Havre, but a German steamer on the way to Hamburg, via Southampton, where she promised to send a telegram from us to Havre. She demanded two-thirds the worth of the ship as salvage for taking off the passengers. It was night, so nothing came of it, but a chance to send dispatches, for which we were very thankful. We all went to our berths half-dead with excitement. When the sailors put off in a boat it was very exciting. The steamer looked beautiful as she sailed off. The smoke from two steamers was seen to-day, but that was all. We got our letters ready, and hope to send them soon. A great deal of labor attended the taking up the flooring of the cabins to bring up provisions. They say we have enough for eight days of good living, and to sustain life six months. Everybody was on deck, but disheartened. We cannot complain of the weather. I went on deck to see the sun rise. Towards evening Father General came to me as I sat on deck, and said, "Why don't you pray harder?" "O, Father," I said, "I have asked God what He wants me to promise Him, or what to do for Him." A little while after I remembered the one thousand Hail Mary's which had accomplished so much at St. Mary's and Notre Dame. I went to Father General, and he said, "You say them every day; I have said them this morning." When the moon had risen we went on deck to see the lovely tropical moonlight on sea. It seemed like April more than December. Was on deck to see the brilliant sunrise, and had said already one-quarter of my Hail Mary's. At five minutes of one o'clock the wheel of the engine started, and we heard the welcome sound for the first time since the morning of the 21st of November. Thanks to God, for His infinite mercies to us. The engine is silent again. We are all on the lookout for the steamer, which left New York a week ago yesterday, and

is expected to reach us this evening. God only knows how earnestly we look for our rescue. This morning the horizon was studded with sails. I saw five at one time, and the wife of a naval officer on board told me that a sailor saw thirty ships this morning. One paid us a grateful visit, turning out of her way, and we sent an officer and suite to her; she was from Newfoundland with fifty passengers on board, who had been fishing on the banks. How beautifully she sailed off and left our clumsy tub, of a disabled grandeur, behind her. In the early morning a rainbow appeared, the old rhyme came to mind, which I would not write here, but for the glorious rainbows of this morning, a double rainbow in part; so I am reassured, for a rainbow at night is a sailor's delight. But a bow in the morning is the poor sailor's warning.

December 6th.—When I had finished my night prayers I said a Memorare. I said it as I had never before, I believe, so strong was my confidence in God's help. Between sundown and dark two steamers had come in sight, but neither answered our rockets; one was a German steamer. At a little after twelve o'clock the steward came to our door to tell us that a steamer was near us, our steamer, The City of Brest, sent out twelve days ago to find us. The storm of Sunday week ago drifted us so far from the track that she did not find us, and her coal becoming short, she had returned to Queenstown. After coaling, started again. The Hail Mary's have brought her, we said, and now we shall say them until we are safely through our voyage. The ship has brought provisions and everything we need. Our bread, flour, and biscuit were just coming to an end. This morning the sea is too rough for us to be attached to her, and all night the sailors were busy bringing on provisions. How heartily we can say our Te Deum this day, in spite of the rough seas. The sea was too rough this morning, and I could do nothing after four o'clock but say my rosary and

my one thousand Hail Mary's before the first breakfast, making a meditation and an invocation of the Litany with every fifty beads, according to Father General's suggestion, and found it exceedingly interesting. After the first breakfast went to the deck-room for light to read. The wind fairly whistled, and the sea was awful, but our steamers lie side by side as friends indeed. We cannot move until the sea is smoother.

December 8th.—This morning they tried to connect the vessels, but the cable broke. The wintry seas are too breezy for any cable. Soon after the wind rose, and we had a very gloomy, rough time all day. It now seems probable that the first calm will be improved to transfer us to the other ship. I could see the light of the lighthouse at Brest, shining as cheerfully as some neighbor's light on the hillside. The sea is rougher even than yesterday. The good waitress, who had helped so cheerfully, stands and leans against the port-hole, watching the terrible billows. Read the Penitential Psalms, and shall read them, if possible, every day until our voyage is over. I begin to feel anxious about Father General. It is a great trial of his physical strength as well as of soul and mind. He keeps his room altogether.

The Feast of the Translation of the Holy House of Loretto.—What a day of devotion at St. Mary's; how well I remember last year. Last night was the most severe of all. The waves broke over the deck once. Father General went on deck, but found the sailors, just as usual, at their work. Father General called down to me, and I went to him on deck, and we had a lovely talk about the Carmelites at St. Maur. I told him, "I wished they would ask him to bless the cable which they will use." He said, "They will not ask me to do it, but I will get a chance to bless it every day as I bless the sea from the end of the ship." What a comfort to know this. I got his blessing every day. Of all our gloomy days this has been the most trying. Last night

was simply awful. Several of the gentlemen spent the night on deck. The morning was very dark; the afternoon still darker. The only human hope to outride the waves that remained was in the strength of our boat. There was the change in the moon, which is full to-night. From the beginning of our troubles I had never felt so heavy at heart, when Father General came to tell us that the wind had gone down and the waves would soon subside. It proved so, and now we are only rolling with the calm swell. I had just swallowed my cup of tea at seven o'clock when word came from the captain to know if we wished to be transferred to the *Ville de Brest* lying alongside; if so, to be ready in half an hour. My decision was to transfer, unless everybody was against me. Some did not want to go, but I told them if we continued to drift, it was reasonable to suppose that we should some time hit a rock and not very gently. That we must improve the opportunity so generously given by God, for we could not tell when the sea would be calm again. Father General came down and I said the same to him. We all got on deck, and after two hours, we had some others as ready as ourselves. Father General suddenly decided to go first himself. The captain looked after each transfer, and conducted it, giving the orders of command and seeing that each rope was properly tied. They gave an extra knot to Father General, as he is very heavy, but he went safely, and then they had the rope around me. The captain was very kind, and told me just what to do, would not let me hurry, but held my arm until I was over the side of the ship, feet on the ladder, and my hands on the side, then he told me to go gently, and when he said, "let go," to let go, not to think of one thing or to hold on to anything, in fact, to make an act of perfect abandonment to God's mercy. When I had put my foot on the last step, and he said "Let go," I threw my arms right out, and in one moment felt myself caught by four hands of the sailors, and Father General calling down

“all is right.” Miss Starr in another minute was on the seat, the rope taken off. Oh, my God, how many dangers have we been carried through in safety. Our hand-baggage was soon let down, and we were soon on the blue deep, our little boat rocking like a sea gull. We were the only passengers. When we reached the *Ville de Brest*, a rope was thrown down and slipped over Father General’s head and shoulders, he holding with both hands on the rope, and sailors catching him and pushing him up. It was not as long as I am writing before he was on deck; my turn came next. The rope was slipped over my head and under my arms, I was told to hold with both hands on to the rope and do nothing else. In a twinkling I felt the strong, careful hands of the good sailors taking me up without so much as giving me one pinch, and in a moment I was on my knees on the deck, the captain had hold of my hands, everybody helping me to rise, and it seemed to me, if my heart was never to stop beating, and it would burst; it did not, and when the rope was off, I stood up to see the others brought over. The children, their mothers told me, were tossed up by the sailors in the boat, and caught by others. Every article of hand baggage came over. Our cabins were soon given us, and we were finally assigned all together. Such a looking set of people we were! resembling the Chicago fire-sufferers, but what a thankful set we were. The new boat is not as sumptuous in its first cabin appointments, but we have the benefit of all there is, and I can write and read now, and we can lie down on the wide settees. We have good living, too, and there is live stock on board.

St. Lucy’s Feast.—A terrible, stormy day, but the *Amérique*, which was carefully attached about one o’clock yesterday rides after us well. Can we ever do enough to thank God or to glorify His saints and His Virgin Mother if we come safely through this? An awful night, but still not dangerous. The noises on this boat are dreadful, and the

water dashes against the side of the ship in a way to make one think of awful possibilities. To-day it is rough again. We are coming into the shortest day of the year. There is something wonderful in the way those waves keep time as they come toward us and prepare to break. They do not chase each other, but all come chiming on together, then making a pause for a breath, they break with a noise like thunder against the ship. We can tell almost to the half-second when this break will come.

December 15th.—The wind went down soon after we went to our berths, and we awoke to find the sea calm and the sun trying to give us a blue sky. After noon the clouds obscured the sun a good deal. We had rain and the waves are beginning their concert. It may not be very bad, however, but we have been making such good headway since the wind fell that every one longs for fair weather. We have a Queens-town pilot on board. We had a rosy sunset. I watched it from our cabin window. Still it was not a really clear one. The moon came out also, and left its track of shimmering light on the waves to the very horizon. Standing on our side of the cabin, I could see it as the boat dipped. We had no whitecaps. Just now the ship seems to ride as if the wind had risen. The sky is foggy, but the sea calm, and we are making good progress. There is every hope that we may see Queenstown to-morrow. We are nearing the coast, and occasionally I hear our steamer's whistle sounded as if we are meeting a ship in the fog. Land in sight. They tell us it is land, but to us it looks only like a long bank of vapor.

December 16th.—Nine o'clock A. M. I went on deck to see land, real terra firma, and there, to be sure, is the low hilly coast which will be high enough and rocky enough when we come nearer. Twelve o'clock. We are in sight of a lighthouse at the Old Headland of Kinsale, and we are slowly rounding the rocky point. It makes me shudder to look at

these awful rocks and the waves dashing against them. We move at a snail's pace. To the left of us we see the coast, the rocks steep and pitiless, but verdure above them, and apparently swells of little ground. Two round towers have appeared in view. Along the coast are seen rocks which look like elephants standing in the sea. I went on deck in time to see the only fine sunset we have had since we left New York. The round dial of the sun set in the waters, and rosy clouds filled all the western arc of the sky and were reflected dimly on the green waters, which are literally of the brightest green, as if the emerald has given a tinge to the very sea. A steamer will take the *Amérique* under its charge, but at sunset she was still attached to us, and her rigging stood between us and the rosy sky. Every one enjoyed the show, and we stayed on deck until the steamers began to send up their lamps to the mast-head. Half-past five P. M. We are safe in harbor, and the lights of Queens-town are in sight. One would think the town had been illuminated for our reception. They tell us that when our pilot came on board this morning a telegram was dispatched, which must be in New York by this time, and our friends at home will have the news. God only knows the sting it takes from my heart.

December 17th.—The bay is beautiful this morning, with its shores like an amphitheater around us, and the sea-gulls all in motion. We hoped to get to mass this morning, but no boat came until too late. Quite a number of gentlemen have gone on shore to stay until dinner. Our party wanted to go, but it rained, even while the sun shines; for myself I am glad of a little quiet, as my very soul is weary, but God asked us for more patience, and His patience is infinite. The wind is high, and we cannot be too thankful that we came in yesterday. Indeed, we have continued testimony of God's mercy toward us. A German steamer was wrecked off the coast a few days ago, and here we are safe in harbor after all our

dangers. One of our party last evening said: "We are once more among the living people." Father General insists upon it that we have been accounted dead, and that requiem masses have been said for us. This morning when I awoke as usual, long before light, I realized that we were for the first time in five weeks near the Blessed Sacrament. How consoling is this thought, I said to myself, and immediately arose and made my genuflection and thanksgivings. The day was sunshiny and raining by turns. One of the shore visitors brought me a sprig of Irish holly from the church of SS. Peter and Paul, Cork.

Feast of St. Thomas.—Father General intended to say mass on shore, and we were to go with him. The boat was to be here at eight o'clock, but no boat came for us to find a strange church, strange priest, and all; it began to rain. There seems little prospect of our sailing to-morrow. Father General said if it became calm at evening so that the boat could start and cross the channel, we would have the boat, as he could negotiate his drafts; in which case we can still get to Paris by Christmas. The sun rose fair, the waters were still, and we expected to sail early. The morning was beautiful, but contrary to all expectation a sudden squall of wind and rain seemed to decide the question for one day more. But it calmed as quickly as it came on, so that at noon we were under way. We passed the fortifications and lighthouse, and saw the "British red-coats." The shores were beautiful. Plenty of whitecaps, but when we got into the open sea a tremendous swell with gusts of wind, rain, and hail, and the waves dashing over the upper deck made us miserable. We had a terrible afternoon and evening. I went to my berth without even loosening my clothes. It was too rough to do more than lie down, and I had a dread of shipwreck. At half-past four I felt as if we must be turning the point by the chopping sea. I got up and loosened my clothes, lay down again, and went to sleep.

December 23d.—Twenty-one years ago to-day I was baptized, by Bishop Fitzpatrick; may he rest in peace. The day is magnificent; we are moving on almost without motion; it is not a summer sea, but a winter sea of extraordinary beauty. At half-past seven o'clock we saw the first lighthouse. In six hours we shall be anchored before Havre. We must wait for the tide before entering. God grant we may land safely. Our first light on the French shores, Cherbourg. If it please God to land us safely to-morrow, it will be our forty-first day from New York. On Christmas day, if allowed to receive communion, it will be six weeks since my last communion, and six weeks since I have had the privilege of kneeling before an altar where Jesus dwells. We came alongside the pier about ten o'clock. Two Brothers of the Holy Cross from Paris were there to meet Father General. We all took the express train for Paris. Large flat tubes of hot water were placed at our feet. The charms of Normandy as we passed through it are not to be described in words, they seem to be painted. At first it was all hill and valley and cottages. Norman cottages exist everywhere. They are of stone, but thatched, and among the thatch are all sorts of green plants and patches of green moss or some red and brown, and the dormer windows peep out like a fanciful shade. When we came to the river, soon the scenery changed, and we saw town after town, city after city, on the high tableland, while between them and the river lay broad meadows like our Deerfield and Connecticut meadows without any fences. We had a charming ride, and reached Paris at five o'clock, December 24th, and bidding farewell to Father General, who went to his convent, I accompanied Mrs. P. to the hotel opposite the new opera house. We took supper, and I took a few minutes' rest in my chair, when at ten o'clock our friends called at our room to take us to the midnight mass at the Church of the Madeleine. At eight o'clock Christmas morning I received holy communion in the

Church of St. Thomas near by, and then for high mass we drove to Notre Dame, the cathedral where the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris officiated, then to St. Genevieve, Patroness of Paris, and to the Pantheon, where are groups of statues, giving the story of St. Genevieve. The old church of St. Genevieve was charming. After dinner we drove to Mr. Healy's, and to see Father General and Mother Angela. Father General and Mother Angela called to take us to Notre Dame des Victoires, where masses and public prayers were said for us on the 5th of December, the very day we were found by the Ville de Brest. The walls all around the altars of Notre Dame des Victoires are covered with inscriptions, many of them are tablets let into the wall, and are in Latin, French, and even English. Leaving the church, we drove to the Louvre, to the very gallery that I wanted to see as Mother Angela's friend. We stayed there until I could stay no longer; I have a catalogue marked. Went to mass and holy communion on the Holy Innocents' day. Took the eleven o'clock A. M. express for Milan. The train passed through the Mt. Cenis Tunnel about five o'clock in the morning, and came through just in time for us to see by daylight the Alps and Italy below us. It was with an exclamation of delight that we reached Turin, which is encircled by rosy snow-peaks. We arrived at Milan at eleven A. M., the Monte Rose being the last of the wonderful range of rosy hills with blue mist. At Milan we visited the cathedral and the ancient church of St. Ambrose, where I touched my pictures to the shrine containing his relics, and saw the crucifix which St. Charles Borromeo carried through Milan, and with which he stamped out the pestilence. I could not visit his shrine, but I laid some violets before the crucifix. We also visited the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, and secured some photographs. Took the cars for Rome at 9:40 P. M.; had a cold ride all night, but with morning such scenery, such mountains, such plains,

such castles and towns, and finally the dome of St. Peter's, it really is, Rome the Eternal City!—in this way I close 1875.

ROME, January 1, 1876.

Mass and holy communion at St. Maria sopra Minerva. In the afternoon went to St. Peter's, prayed before the shrine of the apostles SS. Peter and Paul, saw the choir chapel in which is the picture of the Immaculate Virgin with the silver crown, donated by the Queen of Spain, placed there by Pius IX., in 1854, on the occasion of the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception; passed the holy door of the jubilee, not opened this year; saw the stars on the marble floors marking the length of the largest churches in the world, and I closed my visit by making the stations of the cross. We went to the Church of the Trinità dei Monti at vesper time, saw the Mesdames of the Sacred Heart and the pupils of this renowned institution, garbed in white, seated within the iron-barred inclosure. The church stands on the Pincian Hill, the favorite resort of the Romans, approached from both sides by a long flight of stone steps. The view of the city and the sunset as we came out of the church was magnificent. We looked at our apartments. They are very sunny, airy and comfortable, if they were only carpeted and warm; but we must get braziers, and do as the Romans do. The rooms will be about seventeen dollars per month, one room for each of our party, a room for our servant, and a right in the kitchen, such as it is. Rode to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus with Father General. I saw the old walls of Rome, passed through one of her mighty gates, saw the ruined palaces of her Cæsars, the Baths of Caracalla, was hurried through the Catacombs, and did not see one-half; picked rosebuds and some sprigs of ivy, near the entrance of the Catacombs, and on our return stopped at the Chapel built

on the spot where St. Peter, fleeing from Rome, was met by our Lord. The facsimile of the prints of our Lord's feet on a slab of marble are preserved there, also a statue of our Lord with His cross, by Michael Angelo. Then drove to the Church of St. Sebastian, saw one of the arrows which pierced him, the real prints of our Lord's feet on a marble flag in the shrine of St. Sebastian, and also went into the Sebastian catacombs. Saw the tomb of Cecilia Metella just before us, but I was too tired to go there. On our return passed through the arch of Constantine, and by the Colosseum I saw the Church of St. Gregory and an avenue of large trees. Went to the Propaganda for high mass on the Feast of the Epiphany. The chapel is a very handsome one, though small. Everything was beautifully conducted, and two very black students had parts of honor in the ceremonies. Began my jubilee at the Church of S. Andrea della Valle. Several of the frescoes are by Domenichino. The large span in the sanctuary beyond the altar is made into a Bethlehem, where the Magi are seen adoring the Infant Saviour, and offering their gifts. The Bishop of Pittsburg preached, but I supposed him to be an Italian, and did not stay for the sermon, which was after mass. There are crowds of people attending this church every day for the devotions, and priests listened to the sermon most attentively. I went to St. Peter's and saw there the copy in mosaic of Raphael's Transfiguration. It is as bright, one would say, as when first painted, and the beauty is wonderful. I stood under an arch in the shadow and saw the picture in a full light. Walked around St. Peter's at my leisure.

January 6th.—Dr. Chatard called this p. m. and informed us that our names had been presented to the Holy Father for an audience. In the morning went to the Church of St. Paul beyond the walls. What a wonderful church! The likenesses of all the popes are to be seen in mosaic; altars are inlaid with precious malachite and ancient mosaic, some

of which I have seen engraved. I visited the Chapel of St. Lawrence, with a picture by Titian, the Chapel of St. Stephen, where is a beautiful statue of the protomartyr, and a chapel where the crucifix is preserved which spoke to St. Bridget. The marble floors of St. Paul's are like glass; its long naves like endless vistas of columns. There are magnificent mosaics on one of the façades of the church. From St. Paul's we drove to St. Paul's of the Three Fountains, where the apostle was beheaded. The old chapel was built in the early part of the seventh century. I have pictures of everything here, as well as of the interior of St. Paul's. One of the Brothers who attended upon us lived twenty-three years in America, and conversed with us in English; he gave us leaves from an Australian shrub, which purifies the air in the fever season. We drank of the water of the Three Fountains, dipped our rosaries, and mine was laid on the spot on which St. Paul's head rested after his martyrdom. We laid our pictures on the flags of the old Roman Way, and had a bit of marble given us from the floor of the oldest chapel, which is now being restored. We passed the palace where St. Alexis was born, and where he also died. The Pyramid of Celsus was on our way, and the theater of Marcellus, the temple of Vesta, and the Tiber. I went to the Borghese palace to see the pictures in its celebrated gallery. The palace itself looks very grand from the outside, opening on a square court, and also on a fine street. When we entered the court, its beauties opened more and more. This court is surrounded by a colonnade of double columns, and beyond the courts lies a charming garden with a wall in half circle, in which are fountains, very elegant in form and elaborately decorated. There are several sizes of ancient statues, one a fragment of an Amazon, and a semi-circle of smaller statues. We entered the gallery to find it a succession of magnificent rooms filled with pictures from the choicest masters; the floors are of very fine marble, and marble tables. The ceilings are richly gilt and

in fresco, and this suite of apartments ends in some irregular rooms opening like boudoirs on fountains, beyond which we could see the "Yellow Tiber." There were some exquisite pictures there, by Perugino, Leonardo da Vinci, one by Giovanni Bellini, and several by Francia. St. Stephen was being copied by a young artist more perfectly than I should have thought possible. A St. Dominic, by Annibale Caracci, was wonderful. At three o'clock went to S. Andrea della Valle, where the Bambino is exposed to-day. Nothing could be more charming than this Infant; one little foot carved in silver received kisses of affection lavished on it by old and young, men and women, rich and poor, clergy and laity. It is one of those graceful expressions of love to Jesus in His manger, which those outside the Church seem unable to comprehend. They call it idolatry, which it is not.

In the evening a messenger from the Vatican called, telling us that we were to have our audience with the Holy Father on the morrow. I rose early the next morning and prepared for the audience; strange to say, a terrible dread took hold of me, and I said to myself, "If I were not a Catholic, I would not go through such an ordeal." I wore the new woven black dress and the black veil. At ten o'clock the carriage came around, and we were driven to the Vatican. We went to the side of the colonnade, and there one of the papal guards looked at our papers and passed us. We went up two flights of stairs, I think, of those long stairs, which the Italians make easier than any other nation; the steps were broad and low. We then came to a court, and crossed to a side door, where we went up another flight of stairs. We were then shown into a large room, where there were gentlemen in waiting dressed in red brocade; near the walls were benches where we laid our wraps, and were then shown into the audience-room, a long, narrow room, with windows opening out on one side of the court. The whole was exquisitely frescoed, sacred subjects filled the large space of the

arches, the narrow spaces were filled with lovely bronze reliefs, and then divided by fruits, flowers, animals, and arabesques, with here and there sacred symbols. Every inch was filled up, either by reliefs or designs in painting; strips of carpet were laid on each side of the room to protect the feet from the marble floor, and huge braziers stood at frequent intervals. At the end of the hall was a gilded chair, such as I have seen common in America, upholstered with red velvet, and back of this a bust of Pio Nono. Between this hall and the gallery which leads to it was an iron gate opened and a red curtain hung before it. Presently the curtain was drawn aside, then we saw the guards moving in our direction, followed by bishops and cardinals, and after them, with the simplicity of an old man in the midst of his children, appeared the Holy Father himself. He was dressed in a white wool cassock, white silk sash, and a little skull-cap, and he wore a cross like any bishop. The Pontiff wore a scarlet cloak, while the others wore purple; the cardinals wore scarlet skull-caps. The Holy Father used a cane, and seemed physically feeble, but very animated in his manner. We all kneeled until he came up to us, then we kissed the ring on his right hand. Dr. Chatard gave in my name to him and stated that I was from Chicago, which immediately recalled to his mind the fire. I showed him the beads I had saved from the fire. He stood quite a little time and blessed me and my beads, my own family, and also Cousin George and his family. After he had spoken with all he stopped, turned toward us, and said, "This is the Feast of St. Anthony the hermit, who lived sixty years in the desert. We cannot do this, but we can live with our hearts detached from this world." He said many other things, and ended by saying that he would bless everything we had brought. He stated that my small statue of St. Peter in his chair received a special blessing, and an indulgence was granted every time it was devoutly kissed. We were charmed with the reception. The whole thing was

as unostentatious as could well be imagined. Everybody behaved well, and seemed pleased. I got a cold from standing on the marble floor, even with my shawl under my feet. I find that I shall be obliged to take everything "by degrees," "by degrees."

On the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, the feast of the cathedral of Chicago, I went to high mass at the Church of Gesù. After lunch I went to St. Clement's, St. John Lateran, and the Scala Santa with Father General; we went up the Scala Santa on our knees. The statues at the foot of the stairs are very beautiful, full of tender feelings. The view of the hills and the villas from the front of St. John Lateran, with the Roman Aqueduct, is something to paint and dream about. The church itself is too grand for me to describe, but it contains the altar, the wooden altar (see "Fabiola," p. 187), on which St. Peter and his successors celebrated mass until the middle of the second century; also the table on which our Lord and His disciples ate the last supper. We saw the canons of the church in their stalls, and heard them singing vespers. On the side of the grand nave are statues of the twelve apostles, and above them reliefs in which the figures of the old law are represented as fulfilled in the new law. The relics of St. John the Evangelist are in the great shrine surrounded by lamps. At St. Clement's we only looked at the upper church, which seemed ancient enough, but the lower one is still more venerable. The upper church is very beautiful with its mosaics on the walls, the apse, the floors, and with its sanctuary and reading-desks. There was a side chapel here, and a modern relief of Our Lady of the Rosary, and people were assembling for benediction. I drove to St. Agnes outside the walls with Father General; it is a charming ride; the scenery, with its distant mountains perfectly captivating. We found a large number of carriages before the basilica, and a crowd of people within. I saw the two little lambs blessed; they were as white as snow, and laid

on the altar of St. Agnes, their feet tied with rose-colored ribbons, and I. H. S. sewed into the wool on their sides. The masses were all over when the lambs were brought in on the arms of the young acolytes, and a murmur of admiration ran all over the church, when the blessing took place. The wool is used for the pallium of archbishops all over the world. Just after the lambs were blessed, they bleated a little, just enough to show that they were alive. I should never have seen them, but for the kindness of a young man, who spoke English; he held me close to the sanctuary railing. I shall never forget him, and told him I would ask St. Agnes to obtain some special favor for him. This visit to St. Agnes was a fountain of gratification. St. Agnes was buried here. The daughter of Constantine in gratitude for a cure wrought for her at her touch built the beautiful basilica which we visited to-day. I rode to the Piazza della Trinità dei Monti, then to the Piazza del Popolo, and then to the Pincian Hill. How charming they are. I do not wonder people like to ride there. From the Pincian Hill St. Peter's looks very near, although it is at the other side of the city. The laying out of the walks, the fountains, ponds, the homes for the swans, the Italian busts of all sorts, spoke of the ages of civilization in which Italy has basked. This afternoon we rode to St. Martin's on the Roman Forum Road past the Capitol and all its grand sculptures, the Forum and all its pillars, and the beautiful Church of St. Martina. An exquisite statue in marble as white and polished as ivory lies on the main altar showing St. Martina in death. There are four doors, two in the middle and one in the nave, and one in the transept. The church is beautiful; there is a picture of St. Martina's glory after her martyrdom. I went into the crypt where her relics are shown in a very rich shrine. The priest gave us her relic to kiss, and also touched my beads and crucifix to the other relics. I was charmed with my visit.

February 1.—Feast of St. Agnes, martyr; her relics are

exposed at the ancient basilica of St. Clement. Saw the arm of St. Ignatius, martyr, inclosed in a silver reliquary on the altar. Saw the Chapel of St. Catharine of Alexandria, and the wonderful pictures by Masaccio; then went to see the galleries of the lower church, which were lighted up, and Father Mullooly himself explained the pictures. We saw inscriptions, fragments of all sorts of marble tablets and statuary let into the wall on each side of the great stairway leading to the lower church, also some small statues of our Lord, with a lamb on his shoulders as the good shepherd. Bought the book concerning St. Clement, written by Father Mullooly. Lost my black purse, in which were a few sous, the key to my trunk, a pocket-comb, and a shawl-pin made from a spoon into a crusader's cross with the star for a guardpin. I did not miss it until I was going to bed. On the following morning we went to St. Clement's and saw Father Mullooly. I then walked to St. John's of Lateran, heard a grand mass, and saw a procession in which I joined, as it passed down the grand nave up the aisle before the confessional of St. John the Evangelist. Coming out I picked some little flowers growing in the crevices of the stone steps, and sent them in a letter to Sister Florentine. By Father General's advice I have decided to leave our apartments and return to the Minerva. We secured our rooms at the Minerva, then rode to St. Agatha's Church, which is part of the Irish College. O'Connell's heart is there, behind a tablet on the wall, which tells the fact. The great liberator bequeathed his soul to God, his body to Ireland, and his heart to Rome, when he died on his way to the Eternal City. Bishop Moran celebrated mass. The church is adorned with frescoes illustrating the life and martyrdom of St. Agatha, the one representing St. Peter appearing to her in order to cure her wounds is very beautiful. We went into the two churches on Trajan's Forum on our return.

Miss S. rode with us to St. Maria in Trastevere, where

the head of St. Dorothea is kept, and then on our way, with the help of a good man, we went to her church. We went behind the high altar and saw the very ancient and plain sarcophagus in which the body reposed for a hundred years; a cross was scratched on it, and an inscription. There were five little pottery cups or lamps, in which were floating lights. I touched my crucifix and rosary to the sarcophagus. The church is very old and plain, and the congregation humble. St. Maria in Trastevere is one of the richest in mosaics in all Rome.

Father General's birthday.—Kept in doors, as the weather is very bad. Went with some Polish ladies to the Vatican. Have sent a description to the *Ave Maria*. Began a novena to St. Anthony for my shawl-pin, walked to see Miss Clarke, and she showed me her Dante pictures all bound up in a cover with original designs by Mrs. Conolly, an Irish lady whom I met there. It rained, so I drove back to the Minerva. Next day was beautiful, walked to Mrs. O'Connor's, met Mrs. Rogers, the wife of the sculptor, who took me to the American College in her carriage. Sent a letter and photographs for Caleb's birthday. Raining hard; Father Ferdinando came in and made an appointment to go and see an Italian lady, daughter of a count, who spends her time chiefly at the convent of St. Francesca Romana. Went to St. Peter's, saw a picture of St. Theodore, represented on a ladder as if he had just lighted a sanctuary lamp and was coming down, while St. Peter appears to him holding the keys over the altar where there are six candles alight. Called to see Miss Edes, but the servant said she was sick. From there I went to the American College, and found that the closing ceremonies of the forty hours' devotion were taking place. I attended, and joined in the procession around the church. On coming out a lady said, "Is this Miss Starr? I am Miss Edes." I was delighted to see her, and she made an appointment to come and see me in the evening, which

she kept, and we had a very nice chat. I went to see the Church of SS. Faustina and Jovita, martyrs. I found a lovely church, with an altar-piece representing the two saints, and another picture of them on the ceiling. There is also a lovely St. Antonia in the church. The priest gave me a picture of the martyrs, and also touched my crucifix and rosary on the relics of the martyrs, the same crucifix and rosary which mother held in her hands when she died. On the wall of the church there is a small fresco of the brother martyrs, and double palms are worked in the stucco over the inside door.

The altar ornaments and the vestments are very rich, the latter of silk with the most delicate embroidery in gold. Had a great fright last night, for we heard that the carnival, which begins to-day, puts an end to all business and moving, and we must not stay at the hotel any longer. Father Ferdinando is too sick to go out, so I went to Mrs. T. She would have 150 francs a month instead of 90, as she said at first. I shall be killed with going up and down stairs. Miss Morgan thought she could arrange for rooms near her, but all failed. Visited the Church of St. Ignatius; wonderful fresco and a relic of St. Aloysius Gonzaga; the expression of the face is celestial.

Sunday, March 5th.—Went to Aracoeli and St. Martina; saw at Aracoeli the chapel of St. Bernadine of Sienna, by Pinturicchio.

Monday, 6th.—The king rode through the Via del Umiltà this morning, four carriages, outriders, and guards in scarlet, white, and gold. We were too high to see the inside of the carriage; we see no Pio Nono now on the streets of the Eternal City. Why should I wish to live in Rome? Went to St. Peter's in Vincoli; his chains were exposed, and many other relics, but the one who sells the photographs was not there. I shall go again to study Michael Angelo's statue of Moses in this church. From there to St. John of Lateran.

Tuesday, 7th.—Feast of St. Thomas of Aquin at the Minerva; such music as the monks gave from their choir, back of the altar, that Credo, I can never forget!

Thursday, 9th.—Went to the chapel of the Convent of the Oblates of Torre dei Specchi, founded by Santa Francesca Romana, for mass and holy communion; took some of the flowers from the bowl in which she mixed the miraculous ointment. The chapel was decorated in rich damasks, embroidery, and lace. The religious are from the Roman nobility; masses were going on constantly, and would be until twelve o'clock. Went to the Church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, and saw all the relics of the Passion, the fingers of St. Thomas, and the cross of the good thief. I have never seen anything more touching, and no relics ever seemed to me such real ones. We arranged to go this afternoon to St. Peter's in Montorio. Here we had a magnificent view of Rome and the Campagna. The tomb of Cecilia Metella, St. John of Lateran, and St. Paul, and the Three Fountains looked near. The beautiful driveway through the grounds was made by Pius IX. One fountain has five cascades, literal cascades, not jets; on the Roman side is a Calvary, on the side of the hill winding up to the summit. In the church we found, besides those named in the guide-book, the original of the charming Pinturicchio representing St. Anne, the Blessed Virgin, and our Lord, which always reminded us of "little Mary," and in a chapel in white marble was a monument to a young man. We see him first in life, reading, and below him is his own effigy and sarcophagus, on one side of which is represented the resurrection of the dead, the skeleton rising at the sound of the trumpet; opposite is the tomb of another of the same family. The altar-piece is St. Francis in a trance. Under these monuments, and running all around the chapel, is a border in sculptured relief of roses, with little birds flying among them; the roses looked as if studied from life, and the little birds fairly warble. We

entered the Tempietto and saw the place where St. Peter's cross was planted. A lamp was suspended over it. The tabernacle of the Blessed Sacrament in St. Peter's is made after this Tempietto, the reliefs in stucco, and the frescoes on the arched ceiling tell the story of St. Peter's martyrdom. We took two packages of sand from the cavity made by the executioners before elevating the cross in which the prince of the apostles suffered death.

From there we rode to the foot of the hill on which stands San Onofrio, where Tasso died. What a charming view of Rome! The chapel of San Onofrio is on the right, the arched ceiling is very dark and rich in frescoes, the altar is gilt, and there is a beautiful picture of St. Onofrio kneeling in his hermit tunic, with a wreath of leaves around the loins, the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin is above, and saints and angels above all in Perugino's style. The last chapel on the left has been restored by Pius IX., and there Tasso's remains are laid. The beautiful monument to him, the inscription, the ceiling, the fresh picture of St. Jerome, the papal coat of arms on the ceiling and pavement, all bear witness to the honor paid to Tasso by the saintly pontiff. At the end of the corridor leading to Tasso's room is a Madonna, by Leonardo da Vinci, at the other end a door opens into the room where Tasso lived when he came to Rome to be crowned, and where he died. In this room are his chair, his writings, and his crucifix, his autographs and letters, the coffin in which his bones lay until transferred to their new tomb, his face in wax taken after death. The face startled me, it looked so life-like. The views from the window are lovely beyond description. Ah, what a welcome those monks gave him, for many like Dante and Tasso have found happy deaths in convent walls. We visited the place near by where St. Philip Neri instructed the Roman children. I picked daisies and roses and touched them to Tasso's tomb and to stones on which St. Philip sat, and afterward laid them on

the altar of San Onofrio. From here we drove to St. Gregory's church, built on the site of his father's palace. The ruins of the palace of the Cæsars are directly in front, and the Colosseum not very far off. The church was still in festive array. In one of the chapels stands a stone chair of St. Gregory, and I sat in it. We saw the statue of St. Gregory, begun by Michael Angelo, and worthy of him; the table at which St. Gregory entertained twelve poor persons every day, and at which an angel once made the thirteenth, is covered by a marble slab. Crosses mark the places of the poor, and also that of the angel, on the latter lies a little sprig to distinguish it; we then visited the chapel where is the Madonna that spoke to St. Gregory, promising the liberation of any soul from Purgatory after a mass said before this image, and a copy of the original Madonna; also the rival frescoes by Domenichino and Guido Reni. The views are beautiful. What a day this has been! Returned by the Way of Triumph, passing through the arches of Constantine and Titus. Went to SS. Nereo and Achilleo, where also are pictures of St. Domitilla.

Friday, 24th.—We stopped at San Lorenzo, where we saw the gridiron and chains used at the martyrdom of this martyr. The antependium was red, embroidered in gold, representing in the middle St. Lawrence and his gridiron, and on each side two angels, one bringing him the palm, the other the crown. He is also seen on the tapestries which cover the choir doors and in bronze on the doors of the sanctuary.

Saturday, 25th.—First mass at Our Lady of Lourdes; second at the American College; third at the Minerva; one of these had festival music by the religious in their own choir. Know no music like it, the Gregorian. The dalmatics of the Deacons are exactly like those seen in Fra Angelico and Fra Bartholomeo pictures, the hood-band about the neck, showing the shaven head so as to have only a wreath of hair in their pictures. Called on Dr. Chatard, and in

his parlors saw a picture of his dear Archbishop Kenrick, then went to the chapel for vespers and benediction. The students sang vespers very sweetly. From there we went up to Santa Maria degli Angeli. Besides the pictures named in the guide-book is one consisting of a group of angels, seen in a side chapel, adoring the Infant Christ in the heavens. The wonderful St. Bruno, so Clement XIV. used to say, "would speak if the rules of his order did not forbid it." The whole church is grand in the form of a cross, with the rotunda for an entrance. Stopped at a little chapel where there is a Madonna; great favors have been obtained there. The little court used to be a street, and a picture of the Madonna was in a center of one of the walls; many stopped to pray there, then the noble family who owned the place built a chapel, and inclosed the way to it. The Litany is said there every evening at the hour of the Ave Maria. The custodian gave us a picture. Lamps are burning there all the time, and offerings without numbers are to be seen there, testifying to the value of the Blessed Virgin Mary's intercession.

Thursday, 30th.—Went again to St. Peter's in Vincoli. The fluted marble columns, ten on each side of the nave, are from the baths of Titus, on the site of which the church stands. The Moses, by Michael Angelo, is here; also a beautiful St. Margaret, martyr, by Guercino, and Blessed Virgin, and the Angel of the Annunciation. St. Martin's of the Mountains is entered from a large court after passing between high walls. The pillars of different marbles are magnificent. The choir is raised and entered by winding stairs. The choir was singing the service when we entered, and the chanting was very grand. The church belongs to the Carmelites. The frescoes are in landscapes by Gasper Poussin, the figures by his brother Nicholas. Many of them are very beautiful. One fine altar-piece represented St. Martin of Tours dividing his cloak with a beggar. There was a font in the rear of the

altar, in which stood the weight attached to the martyr's feet when he was drowned. The whole of this lower part was beautiful, the altar and the pillars supporting the choir were of four round and four square pillars united. From this lower chapel we descended into the very ancient crypt by sloping stairs. This crypt on the lower story is grown with damp. In that chapel St. Sylvester used to say mass. The walls are very high, and a mosaic of the Madonna is still to be seen with a fresco of the Saviour between St. Peter and St. Paul; a large cross is to be seen in one of the recesses; a cross in marble, one of the arms being broken, tells where St. Sebastian was buried. The relics of St. Sylvester and St. Martin are here. We then stopped at Santa Maria Maggiore; saw the Loggia, and the mosaics in the tribune, and those which extend like a belt all around the vast church, with an arabesque border. The whole tribune behind is one mass of mosaics, rich not only in gold, but in tints which sink into each other like moss. The embrasures of the windows were in mosaics. Those in the ceiling are very grand, the central one representing the coronation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Below on the wall is her death, where her soul all in white is seen in the arms of her Son. She lies extended on a couch, and the religious of all times approaching to venerate her. Below this long, narrow picture, which is quite high, is a Nativity. The walls of mosaics all around the church are scripture scenes. Beautifully carved stalls in the choir of St. Eusebius, all of different saints, are above this, St. John Baptist, the bishops or fathers of the church, and martyrs St. Agatha, St. Catharine, St. Agnes.

Friday, 31st.—Finished my notes of St. Isidore's by going there again. Went to St. Eusebius's on the Esquiline Hill, beyond Santa Maria Maggiore. There is a beautiful view of the Alban Hills and Monte Cavi from the driveway. Then to St. Bibiana's. This church is very interesting. There is a beautiful statue of the saint by Bernini,

the smile of the martyr is worthy of Leonardo da Vinci. She is standing looking up, the palm in her hand. The frescoes on the arches represent Bibiana and Demetria brought before the prefect. The death of St. Demetria, the scourging of Bibiana until she dies at the pillar, on which she suffered, are shown over the door to the left as one enters. The series begins at the altar on the right hand; next to the door is seen her body thrown to dogs who will not touch it, then her entombment with that of Demetria, and the plan of the church laid before St. Olympia who built the church. It was dedicated by St. Simplicius. Between the first two frescoes is the figure of her father, St. Flavian, who was exiled and died of starvation. On the left of the high altar in a receding chapel is a painting representing St. Bibiana as very young taking the crown and palm from two angels. It is very beautiful, not at all modern, but very perfect. There is a charming Madonna over one of the altars, it is a picture of a mother appearing to a group of persons. Then we drove in the direction of S. Gregorio to Santa Balbina. This is situated on a hill, and is approached by a winding road. The monastery part was an old Roman fortress. The church has a roof of open timber. The walls are white and rough, the episcopal chair was of marble and mosaic; a tomb with colored and gilt mosaics supports a recumbent figure. There is a crucifix in relief from the crypt of old St. Peter's; most touching is the expression of our Saviour, who looks affectionately towards the Blessed Virgin. The sarcophagus is surmounted by a gilt crown and palms, and contains the relics of St. Balbina and St. Quirinus. On our drive from here we stopped at St. Anastasia's. A lovely statue of the saint, reclining on faggots. There is a side chapel and the altar at which St. Jerome said mass, a very small one. There is a marble canopy with mosaics over it, a tablet tells this; another chapel at the side is lighted by a window opening into the garden where the body of the martyred saint was

found. On this altar are two very choice columns in white marble, and the twists are very fine, like cords. The pillars in this church are of very beautiful marble.

April 1st.—In the afternoon went to the Sisters of Charity, on the Salita di San Onofrio. Finished my article on St. Isidore, and then went and sketched St. Onofrio and its steps, where Tasso went up from the foot of the hill. Cardinal Ledochowski had just returned from his German prison, was to give confirmation to the children—a real confessor of Christ—so I accepted the invitation to stay, and had the pleasure of kissing the Cardinal's ring and talking with him, as I knew a kinsman of his in America. While waiting I sketched in the garden. I noticed that a white ribbon was tied on each child's forehead after the oil was dried by a priest in attendance. We went then to the Church of St. Francis of Paula, and sketched the ancient tower and the pillars with St. Francis's motto *charitas* upon it; also the palm in front of the Maronite monastery and another building near by St. Paula. A monk gave me a picture of St. Paula, and I bought roses and violets on my way home to put before it. I did not leave until I heard the Angelus of noon ring out from the old bell-tower of St. Francis of Paula.

3d.—In the afternoon, finding no one to go with me, I took an omnibus to the Church of St. Chrysogonus in Trastevere, with its golden front; the church has a pavement of old worn mosaic of great beauty; twenty-four granite columns support its nave, and two of choice porphyry stand at the sanctuary. The high altar has a canopy—and a beautiful one—of marble, the pillars are of yellow alabaster. On one of these are many relics, among them the head of St. Chrysogonus. The tomb of Blessed Anna Maria Taigi is here. In the tribune the arched ceiling is covered with gilded reliefs of the martyrdom of St. Chrysogonus. In the stalls here are beautiful specimens of wood-carving in relief.

4th.—I visited S. Maria in via Lata on the Corso. The crypt below is on the spot where St. Paul and St. Luke wrote, the one his epistles, and the other his gospel; there is a beautiful relief in marble over this altar of SS. Peter and Paul and St. Luke. Then rode to St. John Lateran, and I sketched as we went along. On my way home I went to the other station, S. Quirico, on Via Giulitta Torre dei Conti. I had written their lives, and I am very glad I went to that out-of-the-way station.

6th.—Visited St. Apollinare, where is a picture by Perugino; the sacristan gave me an engraving of it. A cassock belonging to St. Charles Borromeo is in the church. On the floor are slabs of beautiful porphyry.

7th.—Went to the Church St. Stephen in Rotondo, stopped the victoria at the arch of Constantine. I might just as well have walked. We went past San Gregorio, SS. John and Paul, the Hoffman villa, and under the arches of the old aqueduct to the church. The guide-book tells all excepting a picture of the Transfiguration of the Blessed Virgin Mary, over which in an arched line are given the seven dolours in miniature. We saw the well. I made sketches of this church and the Navicella from the portico of the Navicella.

8th.—Could get no company, so went by myself to San Giovanni a Porta Latina and the chapel and made a sketch of the gate and chapel. Stopped at San Cesario and saw the pulpit again. The guide-book describes it well, only says nothing of the pretty owls on some of the capitals. Stopped at St. Sixtus', saw the pictures in the newly decorated part, and in the old church. I roamed through the corridors and stairways, all the doors being left open. There were red poppies among the old ruins. This was St. Dominic's first home with his community. I was anxious to visit it for love of him and his great Order.

9th.—Went to St. John Lateran for the solemnity, heard the Passion sung, got some olive palms from the sacristan, heard one mass at the altar over which is a piece of the table at which the Last Supper was celebrated. In the afternoon went to St. Prassede and visited the chapel in which is the pillar at which our Lord was scourged. It is opened to ladies only in the afternoons in Lent.

10th.—Went to the station of S. Prassede, called on Miss B., who met me at Santa Maria Maggiore, where I was sketching S. Prassede; she walked with me to S. Pudenziana to get a view of this church.

12th.—We went to St. John Lateran to hear the Tenebræ; one voice alone compared with Dr. Butler's. The choruses were wonderful. I studied out the marble statues around the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. On the left Aaron and Melchisedec; Aaron with a censor, and Melchisedec with bread and a chalice; Abraham on the right, Moses standing at the other side, and above him children of Israel gathering manna.

13th, Holy Thursday.—Went to St. John Lateran for mass; the whole solemnity of blessing of the holy oils was in the choir chapel; an English bishop celebrated. The procession was beautiful. The repository is magnificent in the transept at the left. In the afternoon visited repositories at St. Ignatius, St. Agnes, the American College, which were very beautiful. The others I cannot remember.

14th, Good Friday.—Went to St. Peter's; the Passion was sung, a cardinal celebrated; the adoration of the cross was very solemn; the high altar was not only stripped, but washed with little brooms by the cardinal, bishops, and clergy. The relics were also shown from the balcony above. Went to Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, made my stations there, then stopped at the Scala Sancta, then to St. John Lateran.

15th, Holy Saturday.—Went to St. Peter's. Did not hear the Exultet sung as well as I have heard Dr. Butler sing

it, but all the ceremonies were beautiful. The fire was kindled in the great portico in a brazier, and the perfume of green bay branches filled the whole place. After the blessing of the fount, an infant was baptized. All the music was very religious.

Easter Sunday.—Went to St. Peter's, an immense crowd in the church, but enjoyed the music very much; it was grand. Before mass the choir came below and helped to sing some very joyful part of the office, a cardinal celebrated mass. The relics were again exposed, the candlesticks on the high altar were beautiful.

18th.—Rode to St. Paul's outside the walls. The beauty of this ride is not to be told even when made in an omnibus. Roses overhung the walls of the high monastery gardens, and where there were no gardens and nature was left to itself, red poppies, buttercups, ivy, and every sort of creeping thing waved and nodded and draped the purple-red of these Roman walls, beautifying every opening in the plaster; while at some turn in the road we could see a background of dark cypresses and the distant swells of the Campagna against this brilliant foreground. The chapel where St. Peter and St. Paul parted was open. I shall some day make a sketch of this, and hope I shall some day get into it. In the great basilica I heard beautiful vespers. At the Magnificat, the abbot, a mitred abbot, incensed all the altars; I also had an opportunity to see through a window the beautiful cloister with its spiral columns enclosing a court full of roses in bloom, and could also see how the walls of the court were ornamented on the outside above the pillars with different colored marbles. I sketched the ancient paschal candlestick, took a good look at the St. Lawrence and St. Stephen's Chapel, and the crucifix of St. Bridget.

19th.—Went to St. Lawrence outside the walls, sketched the episcopal chair. The martyrdom of St. Stephen is on one side of the architrave, and that of St. Lawrence on the

other. Their relics lie beneath the high altar. An ancient tomb near the door. Frescoes cover the walls of the church, and also all the façade, but the guide-book hardly gives an idea of them—ancient frescoes, which cover the walls like those in the St. Catherine chapel in St. Clement's, and in the old chapel of St. Francis of Rome. The timbers of the open roof in the choir are left bare, which I am glad of; those in the nave are richly adorned, but the chair gave the correct idea of its age. Went into the cemetery, which is the cemetery of Rome. It is planted with cypresses. Went with Mrs. D., of Fort Wayne, to see the Holy Father, the audience was a very large one. We were received in the hall, where a large body of children sang for him. I took my St. Peter, all my rosaries, medals, and crosses I had bought; when he came to me, he said "America," and gave me his ring to kiss. Rode to St. Agnes' outside the walls, saw the relief, above an ancient altar of mosaic, of St. Stephen and St. Lawrence. They stand side by side, only an ornamental border between them, so that they look as if on two panels. They are beautiful as Fra Angelico's painting of them. The front of the altar is set in squares of porphyry, bordered by mosaic, like the chair of San Lorenzo. There were lamps in the confessional at the high altar, and a great many fresh flowers. We took a drive as far as the railroad bridge, where we had a magnificent view of the mountains, and then returned to St. Agnes' to see the round chapel, as Miss C. called it, built by Constantine for his sister and his daughter, both named Constantia; Miss C. says the mosaics are similar to those at Ravenna. Over one door our Lord is seen, as if standing in a stream, and two apostles, probably SS. Peter and Paul, beside him. In another he is represented only as a head with saints on each side, and the border of grapes and pomegranates is wonderfully beautiful. In the arch opposite this is the vintage. Our Lord seems to be treading the wine-press; there is a cart loaded with

grapes driven by blue-gray oxen. The ceiling is of great beauty, the figures are on a white ground, the pillars which support the second aisle of arches do not stand side by side, but before each other, so as to support the depth of the arches. The place where the sarcophagus stood is still to be seen. We passed through the arbor to get through this, and the roses were in full bloom.

21st.—We went to St. Peter's to get my St. Anthony medal from Father D., then went to St. Philip Neri's rooms, saw the picture of him as a boy in the sacristy, his bed, his confessional, the altar at which he said mass, and the very same crucifix he used, and the picture of the Blessed Virgin over it. The wood of the altar is beginning to look worm-eaten, even the little bell which served to announce mass is still there. Part of the premises have been taken by the government. On our way back, in spite of the rain, we stopped at the Pantheon, which is a station to-day under the name of Sancta Maria ad Martyres. The rain came down through the great opening in the roof on to the marble floor. It never looked so grand as it did that day.

25th.—I went to St. Mark's, the church was beautifully decorated, the hangings were very rich, and the natural flowers and garlands very choice. A cardinal said mass, and the Litanies were chanted before mass; a procession of the clergy passed from one side of the altar in the choir down the steps and into the nave to the other side. Formerly there was a procession of all the clergy from St. Mark's to the Vatican.

26th.—Went to the American College to mass, and got a picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel. To-day I finished my sketches there, and then sketched the Paschal candlestick in St. Clement's.

28th.—Visited the catacombs of St. Calixtus, Dr. Chataud being our guide. The ground in which the catacombs of St. Calixtus are is proved by inscriptions on the ruins at

the entrance to have belonged to the Cecilia family. The monument of Cecilia Metella is in sight, as also the Basilica of St. Sebastian. Calixtus was arch-deacon under Sixtus I., and to him was given the care of excavating the catacombs as they were needed. The tomb of St. Xystus was in one of the crypts. By the tomb of St. Cornelius, martyr, is the pillar and the place for the lamp which the Christians were in the habit of burning before the relics of the saints. This oil was looked upon as a relic, and the Abbot John made a collection of these oils by permission of Gregory the Great, and he also made a list of them, which is now one of the historical evidences of the belief of the Church on these matters. The frescoes were very interesting. I took particular notice concerning the Blessed Sacrament. On one is the fish carrying a basket of bread, in which is also a bottle of wine; on another, a fish is seen on a trident, which signifies the death of Jesus Christ on the cross; on one beautiful tomb with a zigzag skylight and vines at the top and sides, green with moss, was a stone with an inscription to the effect that Christians and Christian families should lie together in the tomb. The characters in the inscriptions of the time of St. Damascus are of great beauty; they are of the second and third centuries. Went to see the tower in the Campagna called Torre dei Schiavi. It is wonderfully picturesque. The turf is as soft as velvet—a magnificent view—mountains in the distance and campagna all around.

30th.—Visited the room in which St. Catharine of Sienna died. This room was brought to this spot from the convent of St. Clara. Perugino adorned the walls with frescoes of the crucifixion, the annunciation, SS. Peter and Paul, St. Dominic, and St. John the Baptist on the right and left. There is a small head of St. Catharine over the altar, like a crayon drawing. A lady near me was reading the office of St. Catharine. So I have seen one woman reading her breviary; she was young, with a child about five years of

age. The relief on the tomb opposite the one I described is, first, a carnival scene, then the ashes are given, and then is seen a burial, weeping friends, and the body lowered into the ground. Next to this is a chapel, that of St. Francis, also the paintings from Michael Angelo designs which are very pleasing. St. Clara, I think, is on one side; an inscription on the sarcophagus, on which lies a beautiful figure of Julian, Archbishop of Ragusa, about 1510 A.D., which reads, "To the good both life and death are sweet;" and the picture of the Madonna in Lettera. On the face of the letter she congratulates the people for having embraced the faith of her divine Son. We then rode to the Church of St. Pancratius outside the wall, where I made a sketch from the gate, went into the catacomb, to the place where the saint was entombed. On the walls are reliefs representing the martyrdom of St. Pancratius. The altar has a rich canopy of marble. On each side of the confessional, where his relics lie, is a beautiful pillar inlaid with mosaic. Called on the nuns at St. Isidore. They gave me a piece of silk of the wristband of the Holy Father's cassock, and three of the buttons.

May 5th.—I went to S. Maria Maggiore to see the relics of Pius V. The chapel in which they lie is beautiful, the body is draped in pontifical vestments; he was a Dominican. We also visited St. Alexis', saw the stairs under which he died in his father's palace. We then went to the convent in Tor di Specchi, or tower of mirrors; we also visited the Church of St. Lucy, which is in charge of the Franciscans. There is an altar-piece representing her martyrdom, but hidden by the tabernacle.

Feast of St. Joseph.—Went at ten o'clock to the Pantheon, where a bishop said mass at the beautiful altar of St. Joseph. Then to the Minerva in time for last mass, and to hear the choir sing behind the altar screen. Then taking our start from the Mamertine prison in order that we might follow the route taken by SS. Peter and Paul on their way

to martyrdom, we went between high walls to the gate of San Paolo, stopped a moment before the chapel where the apostles parted, and then turned to the left from the basilica to the place of St. Paul's martyrdom. The fountain in the court has carved pomegranates for a border, which at a distance looks like angels' heads. The place stands solitary and alone among the green hills. We had a glimpse of the dome of St. Peter's from the brow of the hill before we descended to the basilica, also a view of the Tiber. We entered the basilica by the old monastery door, and went directly to the cloister to find to our surprise that we could enter. The walls are lined with inscriptions and fragments of sarcophagi, the pillars are very fine, some having the capitals carved into the forms of birds. Within we found a sort of golden atmosphere over everything, like the woods in October, while in the long nave of white and gray marble and colorless windows all was as cool as the first pale dawn. Visited the Church of S. Pasquale Baylon on my way from St. Francis in Ripa. The church is also that of the forty martyrs; the picture of the martyrs is over the high altar, and that of S. Pasquale adoring the Host on the side next to the high altar on the right as we enter. A lovely picture of St. John the Baptist is on the left, a relic of S. Pasquale stands on the altar. At St. Francis in Ripa saw the room in which the saint stayed, the beam of the wood which he used for his pillow. There is a beautiful Madonna in the garden. Visited the chapel of San Bernardino at Aracoeli, saw the paintings and the Bambino; the last is in a beautiful little chapel in a niche with sliding doors on which are panels of the Annunciation, St. Francis, and St. Clara.

21st.—Went to the American College for high mass; the singing there was very devotional; drove to St. George's and saw the arch of Janus and the miniature arch of the silversmiths.

27th.—Rode to St. Paul's, met Dom Gregorio, who was

very kind; he showed us over the church, the workshops, where the great pillars for the front of the church were carved; he gave us a good look at the façade, which will be above the great pillars when they are up. Then he took us into the cloister where he showed us the side of St. Benedict's Chapel, the pillars of which are from an old temple. He gave us some roses from the cloister. It was a charming morning for us.

June 1st.—We went to see Father Pallotti's rooms, in which the holy man died; we saw his clothing, crucifix, confessional, and the altar at which he said mass. Then we went into the beautiful church which is being newly painted. We went to the library of S. Maria sopra Minerva; saw the illuminated books, and a volume of the Pentateuch, written in the fourth century. The library was founded by Cardinal Casanati, in 1720. Went again to the Church of St. Jerome; saw the altar at which St. Jerome said mass; it was draped with an antependium, on which was embroidered a coat of arms of the time of St. Jerome, over it a crown and the scrolls. The pillars are creamy white with veins purple like those in the human body.

30th.—This morning a note came from Father Boniface, saying that we could go directly to Monte Cassino, a great favor not granted to any but mothers or near relations of the pupils.

July 4, 1876.—Our Centennial Independence Day! Ah, we Americans have something to thank God for! They had a dinner at the American College. Called on Miss K., showed her our permission from the Holy Father to visit Monte Cassino and go inside the monastery. Was disappointed about going to the Vatican library. In the afternoon went to San Onofrio's and had a dreadful time with the little boys in the streets, who were full of mischief, but finally got an outline of the room in which Tasso lived and died.

13th.—Went to the Propaganda and saw the Malabar

books on cane and palm leaves, a Breviary made of leaves of vellum, beautifully printed by hand and illuminated, and shutting into a case instead of being bound, and a beautiful missal illuminated under Alexander VI.

17th.—Had my last audience with the Holy Father. Dr. Chatard was present, and obtained a special benediction for all my benefactors, for my godchildren, and for the art school at St. Mary's. I felt as I was indeed leaving Rome when I caught the last sight of that silvery white figure. The Holy Father was very kind to me.

18th.—Visited the tapestry rooms at St. Michael; "Jean Gentile" is no longer there, but produces his beautiful work at the Vatican, since St. Michael has been appropriated by the government.

20th.—Left Rome, caught our last glimpse of St. Peter's. The blessings I received from the Holy Father and all my ecclesiastical friends will be able to carry me safely to my native home, America. We had a charming ride to Sienna; went to mass at the chapel of the Capuchins, went to the house of St. Catharine of Sienna, and the Fontebranda, then to the Duomo, and then I came to my rooms very sick; took a cup of soup, and then went to St. Dominic's, saw the chapel of St. Catharine, and the chapel, at the end, in which St. Catharine had so many ecstasies, and in which is the likeness of her—a person is kissing her hand, supposed to be the one who so cruelly calumniated her. Saw the silver shrine in which her head is preserved. Took a lovely drive to the ancient towers and the Piccolomini Villa, through the Roman gate; on our return stopped at the cemetery; saw the picture of Tobias burying the dead, and a lovely drooping female figure in relief. This cemetery is a very fine one, magnificent view from the Loggias.

31st.—Arrived in Florence and we procured good rooms and service at 28 Via Maggio. I went to the Uffizi

Gallery. Oh! oh! oh! such length, such a multitude of pictures; I cried when I got back to my room, thinking how much there is to be seen here, and how little strength to see it with.

August 1st.—I visited the Pitti Palace and the Academy; at the latter I saw the most wonderful of Perugino's and Fra Angelico's pictures; then I went to St. Mark's and entered all the cells adorned by Fra Angelico, drank of the water from the well, and saw everything of interest; then to Santa Maria Novella and Santa Croce, where I saw what Ruskin points out; saw the tomb of Michael Angelo. Had to stay one day longer in Florence than I intended on account of a serious attack of colic, but after three hours' ride arrived in Pisa. I thought that I would have recovered enough so as to be able to visit the cathedral, but I was so weak that they brought me to the nearest hotel, and sent for a physician.

18th.—At last I have recovered so that I could visit the cathedral, the leaning tower, the baptistry, and Campo Santo, or public cemetery.

19th.—Arrived in Genoa. My room overlooks the monument of Christopher Columbus. Went to the cathedral, then to Campo Santo, thence to the train for Turin.

21st.—Started for Paris, which city I reached this morning. I was very weak after the long trip, and with little rest, so that on my arrival in Paris I went straight to bed. On the 23d I visited Mr. Healy, our great artist, and spent a delightful hour with him and his family. On Thursday, the 24th, I went to the Louvre in order to refresh my memory with my favorite pictures. Also to the Church of St. Genevieve and to the Luxembourg. The Luxembourg is modern in the worst sense of the term. On February 25th, left Paris at 7 A. M., had a charming trip to the channel, and a good sail across; saw the white cliffs of Dover. On arriving in London I went to Charing Cross Hotel. Directly in front of my window there is an exquisite monument on the

spot where one of Queen Eleanor's crosses once stood; here my journey is again interrupted by sickness. There is no use of my trying to see London or England. The physician whom I consulted said that the sooner I left for home the better it will be for me. I telegraphed, therefore, and secured passage on the steamer Atlas, Cunard Line, for Tuesday, September 5th. Left for Liverpool on the above day, and arrived there at 3 P. M., and was soon aboard the steamer with every prospect for a fair voyage across the Atlantic Ocean.

September 11, 1876.—We had rough weather, and on Monday morning a light gale. Since then the weather has been charming. I have not been sick at all. I was very feeble when I first got on board, but am much stronger now. We hope to be in Boston to-morrow. We have a good north wind and bright sun. Every one in good spirits. God grant us a safe harbor!

LATER LETTERS



ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE

299 HURON STREET, CHICAGO

LATER LETTERS.

ROME, ITALY, March 19, 1876.

Feast of St. Joseph.

MY DEAR NELLIE:

Your birthday, which is also your feast-day, is such a great day that I sometimes feel as if you did not get as many *separate* prayers as the others do on their birthdays, unless I except B., who has a great feast for his birthday. I have so many things to ask for on the Feast of St. Joseph, to-day, among the rest, that Will's statue may be successful in every way, but still, I believe I have given you a good share of my devotions, so that if you do your part, you will certainly receive many blessings. My little altar looks as fresh and blooming as if it were the middle of May, instead of a very little past the middle of March. I will send in this some of the wild anemones, which are very much like our American anemones, only larger. They are prettier, I think, than the larger and coarser kind I sent to you before, and which come fully two or three weeks earlier. Perhaps I think so because the delicate ones resemble our own so much. The white ones are as large as the blood-root or sanguinaria. This morning for three cents I got flowers enough to cover my altar and to set some in other places. At mass this morning, all those who went to holy communion found a picture of St. Joseph on the cloth before them, and a very pretty picture, too. W.'s statue is going on well, and I think it will be all I anticipated. I hoped that he would write to you to-day, but he informed me the other day that he *could not trump up birthday letters*, and as nothing has been written to-day thus far, you have a poor chance of getting a letter this time. The truth is, he has not been around much lately

in a way to talk about in letters. He has been in his studio very steadily. To-day, i.e., this afternoon, he has started for the palaces of the Cæsars with a young lady who is a good guide, speaking Italian, and is herself English. She enjoys roaming over such places, and I have not the strength for it. So I told W. not to wait for me. Some time I shall go and walk about as much as I feel able to, but he wants to go over all of them. I have been to the Forum and the Colosseum with the same young lady, and we picked up bits of stone and brick for all your cabinets; B.'s as well as Uncle C.'s. If W. gets nothing to-day (for he is very scrupulous) I will when I go to the palaces of the Cæsars. I have some bits of the mosaic from the floor of the Stanz (or rooms) of Raphael, where his great paintings are, and shall divide them between the two parties. Since I wrote to you or to Spring Park, I have been very busy, and have accomplished a great deal which I was anxious to do—to *have done*. I wrote a letter to Aunt E., which she will send to you, telling of the first part of the week, and especially my visit to the monastery where Tasso died. I shall write an article about this; indeed, I have begun it; and this will be better than anything I can write to-day; but I send you some *daisies* which I picked from the spot where Tasso used to go and sit while staying with the monks. The spot is just outside the garden under an ancient oak, and overlooks Rome and St. Peters. The day I was there, the 12th of March, the turf was full of these blooming daisies. I sent some to Aunt E. and Cousin G., but told them I would send some to you in this birthday letter. I also send you some of the anemones I got to-day. On Tuesday, the 13th, W. and I took a friend who speaks Italian and went to the Vatican gallery, saw the Loggie and Stanze of Raphael, all the pictures painted by his own hand, which are called his; saw the pictures by Perugino on the ceiling of one of these rooms; the Sistine Chapel, the ceiling painted by Michael Angelo,

and the walls by Perugino, and other great masters; the picture-gallery in which is the Communion of St. Jerome (Domenichino's masterpiece), Raphael's Transfiguration (the one I saw in St. Peter's is a copy), the Madonna di Foligno, and some of the most charming of Perugino's works, besides so many others worthy of being named. I also succeeded in finding the wonderful golden chapel, painted by Fra Angelico for Pope Nicholas V., the key to which was lost for two hundred years, until people had forgotten about it, when it was discovered, and is now one of the choicest corners of the Vatican. The only way I found it was to insist on my Italian-speaking friend asking an artist, a young artist, about it. He seemed delighted and took me to the door before the keeper could help himself, and a whole crowd of people went in after me. They and I should have paid ten cents, but I did not know it. I can the next time. All the pictures are as choice as possible. I have the outline of several of them, but they are not photographed, and only to be had by buying water-color copies. There was only one artist in this little chapel, on one of the high scaffold-like frames on which the artists sit to copy these wall pictures (they are called mural pictures, from the Latin word for wall). How I wish I could get copies, even in photographs, of all the pictures I see, but this is impossible, because many are not photographed, and even if they were, I could not afford to buy so many; but I can tell you about them when I get home, and with the outlines I have in books and all we can pick up, I can give you a very good idea of them. Dr. McMullen has sent me some more money, and yesterday W. and I got it cashed, and invested a little of it in photographs. They cost very little here compared with what they would in America, even if they could be bought there; but still the frames count up, and I am obliged to hold on to W. when he is within sight of a good photograph. You all know, I shall not take home all I want to for all of you, and you must take my will

for my deed. Yesterday I went to the Vatican museum, or the sculpture part of it. I can give you no idea of its extent, or its grandeur. There are so many of the statues of which I should be glad to have photographs. W. gets them because he needs them, for pictures are an artist's library; but I am afraid I shall not be able to buy many. The gallery runs around all three sides of a court of the Vatican, which is like a garden, and in this the great bronze cone, like a gigantic pine-cone which Dante mentions in his poem, and which Miss C. has drawn. In this gallery one sees how noble and beautiful an art sculpture is. Many of the draped figures are of exceeding loveliness. An almost Christian modesty and sweetness are on their faces. On Thursday Miss Clarke took me to see a friend, the Baroness von Hoffman, who was a Miss Ward, of Boston. They own a villa with its thirty acres of land on a spot only a little beyond the palaces of the Cæsars, St. Gregory's Church and the Colosseum, and overlooking all these. She is a very charming woman, and as simple in her manners as true ladies are, whether European or American. We went into the garden, and Miss C. picked some of the laurel and myrtle, both too large to send in letters, but when I get home you shall all share in them. As I told you, I have seen a great deal this last week, and have seen it in a way to enjoy it very much. I often think how much I shall enjoy telling of these things to all of you at Walnut Knoll and Spring Park; God grant that we may have this pleasure, which will be such a pleasure to all of us. You may notice that I have some good ink; Miss C. gave it to me; she makes it according to her grandfather's recipe; she says he used to hang his ink-bottle on the door to the cellar stairs so that it would get shaken every time the door was opened. Grandma Starr had a recipe, very likely just the same as this. She has promised to copy it for me. I must close now, for this and two other letters must go in to-morrow's mail, and go

to the office this evening. I am writing to Aunt Cynthia; began it on her birthday.

Your devoted
AUNT ELIZA.

ROME, April 26, 1876.

MY DEAR SUSAN:

I missed your letter from the last one we received from Spring Park, and it made me realize rather painfully that you were as near sick as you can be when not in bed. I have known you were not as well as usual, but I hoped you would spare yourself in some way, and cheat the spring of your usual weeks of ailment. I still hope the doctor has succeeded in doing something for you. Nellie's vacation came in good time to save your strength, and also to give you some cheer by seeing you had a child to depend upon. I shall look anxiously for the next letter to tell me you are better. This is the anniversary of pa's death, which will always be more of a reality to you for having been present. You can hardly think of your own father and mother but as living and moving among the same scenes as ever. Much as I regret that you could not go on when either of your parents died, there is this one consolation as you think of them in the many lonely hours which seem to fall to your lot, you will always think of them as they were in life. That I could be near enough to pa to reach him, even if he did not know or speak to me, was an untold consolation, one which I would not have resigned for anything in my power to control; but when that which we most desire cannot be ours, we dwell upon that which has been granted. I often think how strangely we are given into each other's hands for care; M. took care of your father and mother, and you of ours; and God knows his own intentions in thus giving us one to another. I pray God that you may always have the conso-

lations which you desired to give to others, and all the care which we love to see given as years decline. You have, I hope, a great many years before you of active life in your own family, just as your mother had after your own grandparents died, but I hope God will most sweetly dispose the hearts of all by whom you may be surrounded in your old age. Old age, thus surrounded, is beautiful, and never to be dreaded. I think of pa's lovely white head, laid, only a few years out of sight, and it seems as if it was a benediction to his children. It seems a long while ago since we saw the sun rise on that April morning, but they are so few that even Nellie and Bertie have not outgrown the remembrance of it. From what you and all say of the weather, however, I fear you have anything but a pleasant April, and will have anything but an early spring, and I did hope you would get your garden well started before Caleb got into a hurry with his work. Did you not get E. F. to help you? I suppose the roads have been so bad that only her walking over would be possible. N.'s description of the ice on the trees reminded me of President Hitchcock's "Coronation of Winter." I am sure you remember it, and the occasion of it. If you must have your trees broken down, I am glad the children could see so beautiful a sight as we did when young. The weather of late has not been at all favorable for my sketching. Yesterday I got out to be caught in the heaviest rain I have seen this side the Atlantic. Happily I did not go far from omnibuses, nor was I in a little open carriage, so I did not get wet. I stayed till the thunder and lightning were over at the church where I was sketching, and where they were very hospitable. Several families seem to be living in the rooms around the court, and they keep a great number of beautiful fowls. I have sketched them before, and got very well acquainted with them. When I return I can describe these courts which are in the center of these blocks of houses, and also at the en-

trance of churches, and make one of the features of Italian architecture. Some of the pleasantest surprises I have had would be the coming suddenly to a gate or enormous door opening upon one of these courts. The house or church would look so plain on the outside, so uninteresting, but the court would be one little paradise, generally filled with shrubs and flowers and a fountain of some sort; very often the fountain is a *mineral* one, or *attached* to the wall, and is covered with moss and vines and all sorts of clinging plants which keep green all winter. Well, for my shower. After sitting with the people inside and watching them sew, as they do very neatly, I took my way down the hill to the street where the omnibus runs, with the Colosseum in full sight; how strange it seems to come upon the Colosseum, as a matter of course, every little while. The people on the corner kept a grocery, and here I found shelter. The woman kept a lookout for the *San Giovanni in Laterano* (think of this grand name for an omnibus), but by the time it came, the rain fell heavily, and she tried to have me stay, but I wanted to get home. Hardly was I inside the omnibus before the rain fell in sheets and the streets were brooks, and deep brooks, too. At the Piazza Venezia (the *z* pronounced like *ts*, *Ve-netz-i-a*), where the omnibuses start, I found one for the Corso, which runs past the foot of our street, and so got home without any wetting at all. By the time Will was to come home the rain had ceased—does not this read like an American shower?

I think I must tell you about my cooking. It is now too warm for fires, and to build a fire sufficient to cook our dinner with wood did not pay. I had been studying upon it when a lady told me about a friend of hers who cooked her meat between a couple of tin plates with lighted paper. We had a little tin dish in which we scrambled eggs over a spirit lamp. I tried this, and now I cook beef, veal, ham, and turkey if you please. I do not exactly roast a whole turkey,

but here you can buy half or a quarter of a turkey as well as of a lamb. I cook the meat in thick slices in my dish, and then over another spirit lamp, in the small pail in which we boil the milk for coffee, I boil the wing or leg, and this makes a cup of broth for W., who is very fond of it, and I have my boiled turkey. Now, I do not believe the smartest of you could beat me at cooking over a spirit lamp. I am in constant admiration and surprise at the results of my experiments, and W. never *alludes* to a restaurant. If he were to remain in Europe, I think he would cook his meat over a spirit lamp. It does not tire me as much as broiling in a fireplace. There is, however, some inconvenience about it. For instance, the other morning there was a grand ceremony, grander and longer than I anticipated, at St. Mark's. Noon came, and I found I must leave or W. would find no dinner, and the meat was bought; so I went home in the midst of the ceremonies. But this is the most extreme case I have had, and I gain more than I lose, for the money I save enables me to do things I could not otherwise do, and we feel so much better to know that money goes for what we want most. Now I think of it, I must tell you about the medallions W. hoped to get, or I hoped he would get. Father General wanted M. S. who came with us to Rome, to have a likeness of her uncle, whose *heir apparent* she is, cut in medallion; but she did not love her uncle well enough, so nothing came of our wishes. I hope Bertie will write to me, and tell Nellie, although I know she is very busy and will be until she graduates, not to neglect us. I hope you will be able to write, but remember two lines will be better than nothing. Direct just as you do until you get contrary orders. Give my love to all our friends at Laona and Durand. How are Deacon and Mrs. B.? Be sure to answer this question, and remember me to them, very specially. How is Mr. J.'s daughter? It is raining very hard again. W. came

late to dinner; he came between showers, but took *his umbrella* this time without my asking him. There is nothing like *experience* to teach one the worth of umbrellas. He hates to carry one; at the same time he is now convinced he must not get wet. He does not want any new ague. Love to N.; I think her presents from all of you, and from the East very nice.

With a great deal of love, your affectionate sister,

ELIZA.

J. M. J.

PARIS, May 2, '76.

MY DEAR MISS STARR:

I wish to inform you and our excellent friend, Miss Edes, that just as soon as I receive the indulgence of the famous Ara Coeli, which the Very Rev. S., visitor-general there, told me could be obtained for the United States, I shall have the Rotunda reproduced at once at Notre Dame. If two such women cannot secure me a favor so precious, especially for the poor souls in Purgatory, then I shall be tempted to think that all mercy is gone from human breasts, which God avert.

I will not say aught else for fear the accessory might be taken for the principal. There is your task. This I must have, and will take no excuse for it. If it be somewhat difficult, do you suppose I would engage two such advocates in a common case? When it is gained, name your fees; I accept in advance your charges.

Your devoted in J. M. J.,

E. SORIN, C.S.C.

ROME, June 24, 1876.

MY DEAR FLORA:

Few *long* letters could have had the exceeding sweetness of your short one. How much those lines told me which

was not written out, and how much consolation I received from the written and the understood word! The God who has so tenderly brought you into the fold, who leads you through such mysterious ways, but never without witnessing to Himself His merciful designs to you, will continue to uphold you, and lead you into the ways of sanctity and final perseverance. It is indeed wonderful how a frail child like yourself may be called upon to suffer, and to live through, and to live through triumphantly, as I believe you will. Anchor your will in the Sacred Heart of Jesus, who knows your heart, and whose human heart feels for yours, and your will cannot fail.

On the 28th and 29th I was at St. Peter's for the celebration of the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. The first vespers on the 28th at a quarter to six o'clock were very grand, and the mass on the 29th. The whole octave is one of special interest in Rome, as the different churches dedicated to these apostles take their turn in celebrating their praises.

Always your devoted and affectionate friend,

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

ROME, June 28, 1876.

MY DEAR SUSAN:

On Sunday I went to Albano with Miss C. This lovely retreat from the city, where people stay all summer, safe from the fevers, is only about fourteen or fifteen miles from us. We drove over a lovely, undulating country; a good deal like a rolling prairie with long lines of ruined aqueducts stretching across it, and ruined tombs rising in irregular shapes far and near; only a very few houses, and on these plains were herds and flocks as on your prairies—only instead of red oxen and cows they were gray. Then, too, the beautiful Alban Hills rose to the left of us all the way, until Castle Gondolfo, with its dome, and olive groves at its feet, came in sight. It realized all my ideas of a beautiful castle,

and gives to this landscape a beauty which is not to be forgotten when once seen. But you should see the poppies! your own ribbon poppies, overrunning a hill-side like a flame of fire or standing in the wheat-fields like our red lilies. These poppies are simply wonderful. We got to Albano just in time to see a procession in honor of St. Anthony of Padua, and thus I have seen the first *out-of-door* procession in Italy, not in Rome, but in Albano. Miss C. considered me her guest, and took me to a hotel close by the Villa Doria, and overlooking its grounds. Miss Hosmer and Miss F. (the sculptors) came out to spend the day, too, when they found Miss C. was coming, so we all had dinner together after walking in the beautiful grounds. Pompey's villa is said to have stood in the midst of these grounds, and the ruins of a villa are certainly to be seen there. His tomb is just outside the gate, no longer covered with marble, but a pile of rough brick, on the top of which grass and wild flowers nod against the sky. Miss C. intended to take me to the lake, but rain came on and we were glad to turn towards Rome.

Your very affectionate sister,

ELIZA.

CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY NAME,

July 10, 1876.

MISS E. A. STARR,

Dear Friend:—Yours saying that my last containing draft had been received, came to me in due time. I received your directions from Mr. A., and consequently venture to address you in Florence.

I inclose four hundred dollars' worth of exchange, half French and half English. I was much pleased and all your friends were to hear that you enjoyed yourself, despite the varying circumstances of a traveler. Your friends write to you so often that I need say nothing more than that they are

well. Mrs. Gen. Stokes is very well, and appears more contented than when living with her mother.

I expect to spend some days with Dr. Butler this week. Father Burke has been well, although his condition is not healthy, I judge. He is about going to the seashore for a while.

Hoping to hear of your views of Florence soon, I remain,
Yours as ever,

J. McMULLEN.

SIENNA, ITALY, July 29, 1876.

DEAR SUSAN:

I believe we are quite as cool here in Sienna, on this high hill, as you at Laona, and yet I should feel more comfortable, more at ease, there than here. A traveler's life is full of care, and repose only comes at the end of one's journey. Then, I guess your spring gives finer water than ever our Siennese well; which is really good, but has not exactly so fine a quality of water as a certain spring I know of. In fact, the water in Rome is better than any we get elsewhere, although the water is wholesome. We came here Saturday, a week ago, and are staying longer than we expected. But I find a great deal to see here, and the air is so pure that I think we had better stay until Monday and get well recruited for Florence. We shall need to feel well there, in order to see all we should see and profit by our visit. I hardly think we shall accomplish my cherished plan of visiting Assisi and Perugia, but I may find in Florence all, as to art, which I should find there. If we can go to Pisa, I shall try to be satisfied. Yesterday we took a beautiful drive, and shall take another to-day. We are on the Via del Paradiso, or the Way of Paradise, and certainly it is a very charming situation, looking out (not our windows, but those in the dining-room) on the grand pleasure-ground of Sienna, called

“La Lizza,” and on the terraces of olives and vines crowned by walls. On our drive yesterday we saw two medieval towers of great beauty. The Piccolomini family, which has given two popes, has a palace and villa here. The singer Piccolomini, was born and educated here in Sienna. On our ride yesterday we found a great many wild flowers, among them the small sweet-williams of American and English gardens, the bride or the light purple variety, the perennial pea, and also the English broom, of which I have pressed some specimens. This grows all over Italy, where we have been, is of a most dazzling yellow, and as fragrant as the white locust. The ox-eye daisy also grows here in great beauty.

Sunday morning, July 30th.—We took another ride yesterday P. M., and on our way back stopped at the cemetery, where there are some beautiful modern sculptures, and by an artist of to-day now living in Sienna. One, “Tobias Burying the Dead,” won unqualified praise from your son William, and is certainly not only a very beautiful but a wonderful piece of statuary. The cemetery occupies a very lofty site of ground commanding an extensive view. This morning the waiting-maid brought me a bouquet. It seemed to be a custom to give one to each of the Signoras on Sunday morning. The air is coming into my room fresh and invigorating, and on the other side lies a little garden with a well in it. I eat a great many fresh figs; I ate them in Rome, but still more here. Will does not like them, but I relish them greatly. I shall give this to the padrone (our landlord), as Will takes the luxury of a Sunday morning nap. I never can sleep any longer Sunday than any other mornings.

Your very affectionate sister,

ELIZA.

ST. MARY'S, January 27, 1877.

MY DEAR MRS. ARRINGTON:

Can you not imagine how every line of your letter went to my heart? To find you taking in the full meaning of this great sorrow, was like taking it in anew myself. As you say, the cloud has been hanging over you, and the dread for years. Now that what you dreaded has really come, are there not unexpected consolations in it? and above all, does not the return of faith to the soul of this dear child, seem like a direct token of God's love, and of His loving intentions towards her? I have always felt that Flora's questionings and doubts were evidences of her disease, and the more she questioned and the more she doubted, the more concern I felt for her physical condition; and I believe I was right. In her soul, F. was a true believer. Everything which disturbed her bodily health, or jarred upon her, roused a spirit of contradiction, and that was all that her questionings and doubts really meant. Where she is now, there are no contradictions. She is undisturbed, and therefore settles back into the state of belief which belongs to her, and is her true one. I am quite certain you would prefer to see her thus, to tossing about on the uncertain billows of this world, without being quite certain in your own mind how much of her questionings and doubts she might be responsible for. You have now been a Catholic long enough to prize faith before all things; because you know, with faith, to the sincere, will come all good things. God has shown his love for F. by vindicating her faith, and sorrowful as are the accompaniments, there is no degree of this world's happiness which can compare with this claiming of her by Almighty God. She is now His, by His own declaration, and you can be at peace for her as you could be in only one way besides. When our friends die in the faith we are at peace. So long as they live with the use of reason, they are liable to lose heaven, but F. is just as safe as if she were dead; and yet, she may be having

here her full purgatory. Does it not look like this to you? Surely you can have no serious fear for F. now. She is again a child in the hand of God, and no malice of the wicked one can touch her. There is something so pathetic in this that I can never forbear weeping when I think of this. But the tears are always peaceable. I am glad to have you say you are coming to the West, to Chicago, to live. I am sure Alfred needs you. Do not put it off; let the opening spring, or at least summer, find you in Chicago; and, come to the North Side. I do not know certainly whether I shall build this summer or not, but I think it possible. If I do, it will be on Huron Street, a little nearer the lake. Can you not get somewhere in the same vicinity, so as to be near the cathedral, and of course, near the ceremonies of the great festivals, and among clergymen who will suit A.? I feel like having everything set towards his "enjoying religion," and to you there will be real comfort in being on that side. My heart is set on your being somewhere near me, where we can see each other without making desperate efforts. Will you not bear it in mind?

You have seen several articles in the *Ave Maria* lately. One on "Padre Panfilo," a welcome to dear Sister Pauline, for whom you had an admiring regard as well as myself, and also about St. Agnes. I think you will see my name oftener than last year. I have never understood why my articles were not published last year instead of this; for I was paid by the year. But I suppose there was some hinge unseen by us, on which it all turned. I have so much in my heart which burns to be spoken that I am glad to write it out. Do you see the *Catholic Record* of Philadelphia? If you can find the October number of 1876, you will see what I wrote about Monte Cassino. It was dreadfully printed; full of mistakes in grammar, and even leaving out *two words* from one line of poetry, which should read: "To visit and to honor at this shrine." Still, the story is there, and I would like to have

you read it. I took a great many sketches in Rome, and several of Monte Cassino. Next summer, when I am at my brother's, I intend to etch them, as illustrations for the book which will come out, I trust, if I live.

My nephew's statue of St. Joseph for the Holy Name in Chicago will be set up very soon, I suppose. I may hear any day that he is on his way from New York. Of course I feel sanguine of its approval, for it was very much admired in Rome.

And now we must talk about dear Mother Angela. It is possible that you have not heard of the serious sickness she is laboring under. I may well say laboring, for it is now four weeks since she took to her bed, and she should have been in bed weeks before. They call it a low, nervous fever. Typhoid I do not think it can be called, but a nervous fever essentially. Nobody pretends to say how long it may run. They only say she is not in danger of death; that is, the doctors say she is not; the Mothers and Sisters are every little while in a terrible state of alarm; but she rallies again, and they try to believe the doctors. I begin to think myself that she may live through it, but how she will be when it is over I do not believe anybody can say. The doctors say she must be relieved of all responsibility for a year, even when she seems to have recovered. Poor Mrs. P. has been in a state of torture, but I think she, too, out of the sheer necessity of believing them or dying herself, takes the word of the doctors. I can assure you nothing has been spared for her restoration, which they believed could help her, and the Mothers and Sisters have always tried to spare her strength. But you know how impossible it is to intercept Mother Angela when she has a plan in her mind. We have all suffered terribly. Sometimes we thought she would die in a few hours, and it is only now that a sort of patient waiting has come upon everybody. I must beg you not to *communicate* anything which is not known already to the Sisters, or to

any one, in fact. Everything is kept so *close* that I am sure they would not feel pleased to have anything come back to them, and I do not know exactly what they want to have told. But I tell *you* I think they have had good reason for alarm, and still have reason for grave anxieties.

I presume Mrs. Sherman hears about it, and also about Mrs. Phelan and dear Sister Mary Agnes, whom I see a great deal. Be so good as to remember me most faithfully to Mrs. Sherman. I like to hear about your friends who give you happiness, therefore about the Ewings, who keep house. Your picture of them was charming. Mother Clarke is scarcely to be caught these stormy times, even to give her a message, but dear Sister Angeline knew the letter was from you, and *waited at my side* to see what you said about Flora. I was glad you said what you did. She listened with tears in her eyes. Mrs. Phelan sends her love to you and says you can understand why she has not written. First, she felt too deeply for you, and now is too much afflicted in herself, poor woman. Dear little grandma, Sister Elizabeth, and all felt the deepest interest in you and yours. I shall take your letter to Father General some time, but he, too, has been almost invisible. The anxieties have been so sharp and prolonged. Give my love to your niece when you write, and be sure you and yours are in the heart and in the most fervent prayers of

Your devoted friend,

E. A. STARR.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,
299 Huron St., Nov. 30, 1877.

MY DEAR MRS. ARRINGTON:

I trust you have received my card. The unpropitious weather has made visits impossible.

What I have in mind this morning is the "Art Literary"

class, which opens on Tuesday P. M. at three o'clock. Now, my dear friend, I *must have the inspiration of your presence*, for one thing, and then I must have the prestige of your attendance for another. You know how hard it is to start a really nice literary or artistic association, and that we must have persons who will give *éclat*. That is the word precisely, or our nice people, who are nice, but want to follow nice precedents, will not come. There is to be no talk of money or anything else between us, only you are to give me the weight of your influence and the inspiration of your presence. I want to be sure that I shall find in *one pair of eyes* a response to my own enthusiasm.

Now about Mrs. T.; she is not a Catholic, but you know whether to bring her or not. If she will enjoy it, do not for the world allow her to stay away, and do not have her think there is any money about it. There is not for her; for I would not have Protestants *pay* for what may not suit them. Let her, or rather sweetly compel her, to come for the love of good art and good literature. God will take care of the rest. Will you be my right hand and my valiant right arm in this matter? I want it to be a thoroughly esthetic association, on the high plane of culture, the highest plane, in fact, in the world, for this is the Catholic plane.

Your devoted friend,

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,

299 Huron St., Jan. 1, 1879.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

To think my first letter should be a New Year letter, to wish you "a Happy New Year," my first greeting in your new home! Let us regard it as a sign of joy—a prestige of all which makes the year truly happy. I do not forget of what this day is the anniversary, the anniversary not of the

death of your noble husband, but of his triumph; his triumph over all clouds, all doubts. To think that he should have written that magnificent essay upon the great first cause, which came out in the *Catholic World* while a Protestant, as if to show that God speaks through the honest lips even before they fully understand their own words, as to their celestial import. I read the whole article with astonishment. It seemed as if he had written it as a sort of anticipation of the hour when faith would have been born in his soul; and what a heritage to leave to his children! I have not forgotten the Judge in my prayers to-day, or any of you.

January 10th.—I could not find time on New Year's Day to tell you anything of the joy, the relief your letter gave me. The snow fell here so much earlier than usual, and so heavily, that I was seized with the greatest anxiety for you. It seemed as if your letter would never come; and yet, when I saw your date, and realized how you had sat down and written to me so early after your arrival, I felt as if I ought to send you a folio sheet written on all sides; and yet, here it is the 10th of January. I showed your letter to Mrs. C., and then I sent it down to the Bishop. I wanted him to see it. He sent me a lovely letter in return, in which he says: "Mrs. A. is certainly a valiant woman; she is destined to succeed. A person of her energy and heroism cannot fail." His only fear is that you are taxing your strength too much. Of course we are all afraid of this, but I think you have a sort of "saving clause" to your enthusiasm, which enables you to stop before the mischief is really done. Do not disappoint this confidence, but show us how discretion tempers your valor. What you said of the privileges for mass and the sacraments, and all you felt them to be to you, was like a canticle of prayer, and as I write within this blessed octave of the Epiphany, I remember your words and feel as if you had laid at the feet of your Infant Redeemer the very same offerings made by the three kings. Your faith is the same as

theirs, and you need no crib in your far-off mountain eyrie to remind you of Bethlehem. I can hardly take in that rarity of atmosphere of which you speak, nor can I quite understand how your bodies can be vigorous enough to go through certain privations of your town. But, after all, there are compensations, and many a time the sweet Child of Bethlehem and His crib, beside which sits His virgin mother, must often have come to mind. Oh, you have received, I must believe, Mrs. P.'s letter, which I addressed to you, with so much satisfaction, knowing what a cheer it would be to you. Dear Mrs. P. is so faithful to her friends, so faithful to her dear children. You have her prayers helping you, and, *dear me!* don't imagine you have but *one bead* from E. A. S. You and yours have your half-decade as faithfully as my rosary is said. I have said more for you—a great deal. You had a holy communion to start on, and then, whenever I waked in the night, with the thought of you snow-bound—for this fear pursued me—I said bead after bead for you. I had heard Mrs. W. tell of the dangers of the route as late in the season as you went, and although the days you started were not especially unfavorable, our snow-storm told me you would meet them or be overtaken by them, and we cannot be too thankful for your narrow escape. I still shudder when I think of your being left while the driver tried to find his way. It must have been awful. Is it not strange what terrible scenes we women live through? Then, the walking in the snow, as you did! I declare, I think the Guardian Angels had a busy time of it that night. They must have helped you, for how you could keep up on that snow-trail is hard to understand. I gave a long sigh of relief when you began to descend, and yet that must have been a nervous descent, not altogether a comfortable one; but you are on the spot, now, to take advantage of that incoming of settlers in June, and this is as it should be. I have no doubt you will be rewarded for all your energy; only, don't get too

much excited and overdo yourself. Here is a terrible blot, but you must take it as it is, for it will show you how determined I am to get this off. If I should tell you all that had prevented my finishing this New Year's letter, I should not succeed, but as I said on a postal-card to-day, "the world, the weather, and myself have been too much for me of late." My strength gives out, and there is no use in trying to spur myself on. I yield where I want to conquer. For even if there were more hours in the day, I could not use them. You will be glad to know that Tuesday my room was full, after the holiday interruption, and that I gave the history of St. Benedict and the early history of Monte Cassino to as many as could sit in the room and around the door. It would have been such a pleasure to have seen your face responding to my words, but this will come, I hope, in the not very distant future. Next Tuesday I give Monte Cassino as it is, but if I have not written to you, I have written to Flora, and I have put everything in a joyful light. I was just dating a letter to her on New Year's, when I remembered it might bring back her father's memory in a way to distress her. I put off writing for a few days. I heard there was a fire in Elgin, but judged from what was said of it that it could not come near F. Mrs. Cooke was delighted to hear from you by my letter; she will not forget her prayers for you and yours; she is very faithful in all such things. I want you to tell me about the books and about all your things, if they reached you safely, and also if your house is comfortable; if you have big stoves and coal to keep big fires. We have had awful weather, and any one who had a warm house had special cause for gratitude. The snow still affords splendid sleighing. Do you have snow in Leadville, or does snow belong to that dreary plateau alone. Take St. Joseph for your kind procurator in all things. He is never weary of attending to our affairs, and he lives so near the Saviour of all wisdom and all knowledge that he

never makes any mistake about our affairs. Those dear Sisters of Charity, I welcome them already, and a solid consolation they will be to you. Commend me to Father Adams; is he a convert, or does that old Yankee name bear Catholic fruit as a matter of course in Colorado? How pleasant it is to hear one of our Yankee names for a Catholic priest. It seems to say good things for the future as well as of the past.

Ever very affectionate,
E. A. STARR.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,
299 Huron St., Feb. 5, 1879.

MY DEAR SISTER:

Your long-looked-for letter came this morning. The sight of your handwriting relieved me of the sharpest anxiety. I have told Mary to telegraph to me if the end comes, because I do not want to be one hour even in ignorance if I can help it. My heart is by Charles's bedside night and day. It is a relief that the hemorrhages are still under control, for they are so frightful to anticipate, and I hope he may be spared them; i.e., the very violent ones; every one checked leaves him just so much more strength. But I cannot see any more grounds for hope as to his ultimate recovery. If he lives through this stage, he may regain himself, but I do not see any reason to expect it, and what a weary heart this gives. I am sure Charles will resign himself to the will of God, and in this resignation of the creature to the Creator there is a singular merit, for it is a tacit acknowledgment of God's claims. And in return for your effort to yield everything to Him, He will arrange all things for you better than you could for yourself. Do not allow a single care to weigh upon your mind. How well I could understand Charles's feeling about dear beautiful Walnut Knoll, and the outlook

from those windows which are so dear to me. How much more so to him. It almost kills me to think of it, but still I believe there is more comfort and less risk in many ways for him in town. The precious life may be prolonged, in many ways not before seen. I am glad to know Mr. Greenleaf continues so kind, and I cannot but think he will prove a good friend to the last. He has the profound respect for Charles which every one must have who has known him twenty-five years and more, and then, too, during these winters in town, I think he has become interested in Charles under another aspect; while he must feel that the firm owe to Charles a special consideration. All these things make me feel that a man as considerate as Mr. Greenleaf is, will not falter or fail in this extremity. I am very glad you get the fresh flowers with the mere mite I sent, for it assures me that he has all he needs of nourishment of the most delicate kind, while the flowers will speak to his heart of all that will console and cheer him. You may feel sure the prayers will not fail for him. This morning I secured a continued memento for him from a lovely priest from Wisconsin who came to see me on his father's account, a poet, who began a correspondence with me on literary matters. This son is a very devoted priest, very tender and gentle, like Charles in fact, and he promises to remember both of you in his masses. The Sisters are all offering communions and prayers for both of you, and the tenderest sympathy is felt for you both. I am glad poor Helen could spend Sunday with you, and how glad I am that Mary can be such a help to you. Her efficiency will be a great relief, and it is doing something for her dear uncle in return for all he has done for her from a mere baby. Oh, Eunice, I want you to find words in which to tell Charles how much we all owe to him during these many years. From the time you were fifteen until now, he has been most thoroughly, tenderly, and sweetly devoted to you, and this is to make all your family debtors to him.

Then, he was always a most lovely son to our dear father and mother; always mindful of their feelings, always attentive to their wishes, and most generous in all his ways toward them; to your brother and to Susan, how faithful he has been in all his relations to them and to all their children, while to your sister he has been indeed like an own and dearly beloved brother. He could not have been more to his own sisters than he has been to me, and I cannot believe that they love him more than I do, or would do more for his bodily comfort, still more for his dear soul. Tell him I shall pray for him as long as I live, and if there is a grace which these prayers can bring him, he will certainly have it, in life and in death.

I inclose a postal-card from William; it will reach his uncle, I hope, in time for him to see how sincere is William's attachment for him. I could not read the postal without tears. I have just inclosed your letter to him, as I did the other, as he will return them to me. It seems as if I could not close this letter. There is so much I wish to say which cannot be said; so much I wish to say to Charles himself, to thank him for all his goodness to me, his unnumbered goodnesses, which he never counted himself, but which are all laid up in my memory. His goodnesses in sickness and in health, in sorrow, anxiety, suspense, in which I could have so little sympathy, but which his delicacy made possible for me to receive; his nobleness to me when I was sick for months and months in his house under such peculiar circumstances, and during which this nobleness of his, as well as yours, secured to me the medical aid I wished and the spiritual ministrations I so much coveted. None of these goodnesses, though going back through so many years, have been forgotten or their remembrance dimmed; and now I give my best energies of soul and body to procure for him the same graces I received under his roof. We all—all three of us—are walking forward to the hour of death; eternity is

very near to all of us, and I pray God that we may spend this eternity together, before His face. You will give Charles, every day, as long as he lives, my morning and night kiss, which he will also give to you. Give my love to Mary and ask her to send me a postal-card when you cannot write.

With the most tender affection and sympathy,
Yours and Charles's devoted sister,

ELIZA.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,
299 Huron St., Sept. 11, 1879.

MY DEAR SISTER:

Your letter came yesterday in the midst of the Wednesday visits, and the first Wednesday after my return. Among the others were two ladies from Milwaukee, one of whom may take lessons if she can get over here from her school, where she expects to graduate in time. They stayed to dinner, and one followed another as fast as hour follows hour, or quarters quarters. I was so exhausted that I could not write, and was sure of having an hour's pause to-day. But instead, there has been a perfect tide all day, so that my supper was not taken until seven o'clock, and then I had the callers come into the studio while I ate. It is now nine o'clock, and I am free for the first time to-day. One call I must tell you about, and if it could have been longer I should have been glad. Indeed, if I could have had a quiet afternoon to give to anybody or anything, I should have wished for it to-day. I was in the midst of a lesson when a stylish lady with white hair, in a black bonnet and gray traveling polonais, walked through the parlor into the bedroom. A strange thought, as I supposed, came over me, but it was the true one, for it was, as I first thought, Tirgah Clarke, of Monroe. It seemed to me she had dropped from the sky,

but she would not, "could not stop," and why? "Mr. Wilkins was waiting for her, si, si, si." So I stepped into the parlor, and there was the "Jim Wilkins" of old, only older indeed. I took her through the upper flat and made her stand on the Deerfield hearth, and see ma's andirons and *everything I could think of* that looked like old Deerfield. She seemed to enjoy it so much, to be so surprised to find the Deerfield atmosphere in the house, and I wished I could sit down and talk over so many things with her. But she could not stay, and I suppose it was just as well, for with Mr. Wilkins in the background we could not have been quite at ease. But I cannot help thinking how she is almost the only link between the generation to which ma belonged and ourselves, and not only the generation, but the neighborhood, and how soon this link will be separated from those we hold in our hands. I think she expected to find Nellie in town.

And now I must tell you the Durand home news, as it was when I left there, for I hardly think any one has written much since, as the week promised to be a busy one. Sunday Susan invited a young lady to dinner, and seemed very tired after it. Then the next day she hurried in order to go to a funeral which she must attend, she said, among the neighbors. The next day, Tuesday, she was sick with sore throat and fever, and was persuaded to have the doctor called in, but he had gone to Rockford. When he returned next morning he came in to see her, and said she had diphtheria, and that there was white mold in her throat. This symptom disappeared, but she had a sick week of it. She was out of bed every day, and was in the parlor on the sofa whenever she felt comfortable, but the diphtheria symptoms were unmistakable. When I left Saturday her throat was nearly well, and she was around the house and into the yard. I do not think she will have a return of it, but the liver needs attention as soon as she can bear medicine. Rosa Fox is like all young girls, needs to be told and

trained; and yet saves steps and time and strength. She will need to keep her until she is much better than she is now, and I guess Rosa means to stay. The other piece of news is that Albert concluded to go to school this year, but do not mention that he was in the least undecided about it in your letters home, either you or Mary, for he may not like it. Mr. Ruteson is back, and when Albert really went into school again, he took a fancy to him. It seems a real providence for Albert, as Mr. Ruteson, we all feel sure, will succeed in raising his ambition. He needs to study Latin in order to be properly fitted for a druggist, and I hope this will be started, and that he will graduate besides. Bert is a boy of good morals, and quite high minded. But nothing but his aversion to study seems to stand in his way; he is about pa's size, slender, with very black hair and eyes, and looks quite handsome when he is dressed up and has his company ways, and by the by, he can put on his company ways very easily. He is fond of society, and especially fond of dancing; just now, too, of Dickens. You would laugh at his performances, and so would Charles in spite of himself. You have no idea how dignified he is in the store. He has nothing to do with loafers or any but the highest round of temperance boys.

I am to lose my girl; her sister, who has kept house for her father and brothers, wants to have her turn out, now, and wants to sew in a carpet store by the day once in a while. Bridget has never lived at any place longer than six months, even on four dollars a week, and she has lived here more than five months on two dollars and fifty cents, so I may as well let her go. I think I have another engaged, and do not feel any worry over it now. I did at first, but there is no use in worrying about girls; they come and go, and so do day and night, summer and winter. I shall be taken care of and so will my fires, in some way this winter. When I think of all your anxieties and sorrows, and all poor Charles

is suffering, every inconvenience seems light. I must tell you that Caleb would have sent Charles one of those braces by express if he had had one left in the store; he looked for it, thinking he would send it on, but found he had not a single one by him. I shall hope to hear that the ice and alum gave him some relief. How glad I am when you can tell me he has walked out or ridden out. To have the fresh air is such a blessing. We have had some very cold days, but it is now mild, and perhaps the same weather prevails with you. You shall not be so long without a letter again, but it has seemed impossible to write. I am feeling very tired with the excitement of these few days. My book is to be done, and yet to find time for it is one of the things to be done. Nothing but the most determined will can carry it through. But I have made a good "beginning of the end." I received Mr. Starr's circular to-day, and I presume you have yours, so Mary's question as to the price is answered. It would be impossible to get it up cheaper, I think. I have taken two copies, and one of these two is to be presented to the Deerfield Library in Caleb's, Eunice's, and Eliza Starr's name. I shall have to put it on the fly-leaf, so do not think any more about it, excepting to be glad that the proper thing has been done, so far as Deerfield is concerned. The house, or the etching of it, has been beautifully printed, according to the proofs he sent me. I send you in this letter some postage stamps to be exchanged for any fruit or delicacy which Charles may relish. I wish I could do more, but a little now and then will cheer him, and there is no fear but that he will appreciate everything, however small, in this way. I want him to know that the cream spoon fits my cream pitcher (I mean my pretty pitcher) as if made for it. It is always put on to the table, and used whenever the tea comes on. The first time it was ever used was to put cream into my own cup, and so convenient it is. It is really one of the conveniences as well as elegances of my table. Our

grape season is now at its height, I think. I hope you find nice grapes and at a reasonable rate. Everybody inquires for Charles and for you, with so much sympathy. Give my love to Mary and Helen. Mary will get a letter from me before long, I trust. How glad I am that Julia really got to Walnut Knoll. She is a very sweet, noble-hearted woman, and you would love her if she could be with you half a day. She seemed resolved to see you, and that, too, without the least reminder on my part, as her note to me about H. P. was dated before I knew she was in Boston at all. Miss Lydia was with her. You must give Charles a very dear kiss from me. Tell him I hope he will have a good night, and that I am his as I am your

Most devoted sister,

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,
299 Huron St., Oct. 29, 1879.

MY DEAR SISTER:

I hope you have received the postal-card written for to-day, and this very morning your own long-wished-for letter arrived. The day has been sunshiny and cloudy, and now, just about the hour of the day when I first saw our dear little brother in our dear mother's arms, the gray autumn twilight is stealing over the earth, and I seem to be again in Deerfield, standing by one of the narrow windows by the front door, and close to the door of the old south room, which opened to let me in, and thus still my childish anxiety and grief by a great happiness.

November 1st; Feast of All Saints.—It is two years to-day since I first came into my little home, and it has many other dear associations connected with it. I have to-day written the beginning and end of the Introduction to my second series of "Patron Saints," and dated it St. Joseph's Cottage, Feast

of All Saints, 1879, and I hope to get out the volume in good time for the spring market. I have also just finished the last of five articles "On the Appian Way," which I will send to you as they come out. You will see that I have illustrations for nearly all of them among my sketches. These Appian Way articles will come into the book which I hope to get out in due time after this. Tell dear Charles I want my book to come under his eyes, for I know he will be interested in it. The 4th of this month is the Feast of St. Charles. I shall not forget him on that day. Helen's birthday has come and gone, and I was so pleased to hear what you had to tell me of the presents prepared for her. I was very glad to have Mary praise my little pictures, and I was very glad of any improvement in the setting. I wish all of you could see two pictures which I have just had framed; one I have described to you, the cardinal one. The other is altogether autumnal. I have hung it in the hall, which it seems to fill with color. Yet, I never seem to get orders. Last year I got two only, for panels, and still I know Mary would say these I have are more than very good, for they have qualities you have never seen in my flower-paintings, giving the landscape or a hint of it, somewhat as in the one I sent Helen. I cannot spare these, for I need them to let people see fresh things from me, but I should really like some orders. As I sit here Nellie is going on with her Latin with Mr. Fidon. She has helped me in the Latin translations for my Appian Way quotations. The weather is now very cold. Last night it froze, and to-day there have been signs of snow. I cannot tell you how I dread the winter for Charles. I could not help crying outright when I read about his walk from the side door to the front door, and for his sake I would like to see the mild weather continue. But we will not anticipate, assured as we are that the wind will be tempered to the shorn lamb, and that the trouble of each day is sufficient. The same goodness which has enabled us to meet the

pain and trouble of to-day will help us to meet that of to-morrow. I am smarting, or my left hand is, from a long blister which I got while overseeing the lighting of my furnace fire; it is a terrible job; yours has been lighted, no doubt, a long time, but I have put off mine, as I have wood fires. But to-day I saw it must be done. It needs at least one awkward person near me to have me find out how much I know, and this evening I learned all the peculiarities of my furnace. The old man who came to execute my orders deliberately poured a hod full of coal on to the lid of the furnace pot, after I had opened and shut this lid for him a dozen times. For a moment my heart stood still, but I came upstairs in a trice, got my John Hancock shovel, which has a long handle (the furnace was too hot to use a coal shovel), and to my relief the lid was soon clear. But you may be sure Maggie learned her lesson meantime. She will never forget to raise the lid. O, I have forgotten to tell you about my lunches. I had sixteen guests, Nellie and myself making eighteen. I set all my tables together (and they fitted wonderfully). I did not mind the lack of an extension table. I had a beautiful begonia plant set into a dish and flowers in the dish. Two high fruit-dishes, with grapes (and leaves), pears and apples, and Miss Healy and Mrs. Mulligan gave the bouquets, Mrs. Mulligan the little ones for each plate. So, in this respect, so important for one of *my* lunches, the table was charming. Then Laura put a sprig into each butter pat set at the plates. It looked so pretty with really so little expense, that I wish you and Charles could see it. I had scalloped oysters, cold chicken, ice-cream (which Laura furnished), fruit-cake, and coffee. Laura stayed through the whole, "keeping shady," as she said, but nearly all the young ladies saw her, and I think they felt that it was not a caterer's lunch. Then, too, a Mrs. Fitzgerald, a really accomplished linguist as well as cook, helped me out of good-will, so I had no expense as to

help. I had just committed myself to the lunch when my taxes, seventy-five dollars, if you please, came in. I felt at first as if I was ruined, but an unexpected bill of eighty-three dollars, which I have been trying to get for two years, was paid this week, so I am saved from utter wreck, but every dime of the eighty-three dollars has been paid out. I am saying my prayers now to have people who owe me inspired to pay me, for enough is owing me to make me square with the world, and that is all I ever expect to be. How pleasant it is for Charles to have his Sunday P. M. visitors. Something to look forward to, and what a testimony it gives to his own attentive kindness to all his friends and relatives. I was so surprised to hear that Kate was with you; I think she felt as if she must see Charles, and she felt, too, as if she must see *you* before she could go into winter quarters. She really thinks about all of us in a way, not many of the cousins do. The "Aunt Judith" feeling lingers with her. I have written a long letter, and hope you can send me a postal-card soon. Do not wait to write a letter, but send a card when you cannot write. Give my dear, dear love to Charles; I never forget his necessities, tell him, never cease to sympathize with him. Kiss that sore ear for me. Give my love to Mary when you see her, and to Helen, and believe my heart is always with you, and that no pang comes to you that is not shared by

Your devoted sister,
ELIZA.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,
Nov. 11, 1879. "Martinmas."

MY DEAR SISTER:

Twenty-four years to-day I received the last sacraments with only a prospect of hours before me in this world. Although the world would have spared me twenty-four years

ago as well as now, I am still glad I lived. I have done some things for myself which I believe will make me happier even in another world, and this is reason enough for being glad I lived. Yet how much trouble I made all of you! None of your own unwearied attendance upon me is forgotten.

To-day the grand procession welcoming Grant to Chicago came off. A terrible shower seemed likely to spoil every body's enjoyment, for I can think of nothing more forlorn than a dripping wet procession five or six miles long. But the sun came out, and I saw Grant and the entire procession, more imposing by reason of its bulk, I think, than anything else, although there were some nice features about it, and the military display was good. General Grant's pictures look exactly like him. My lectures begin next Tuesday, and my hard work is still harder after that, but I shall try to get through with everything as easily in mind as possible, and do my best at the same time. I am thankful to be able to say that my debtors are beginning to pay me, and I am thus in a fair way to pay others. If all this were done, how much easier I would be. But we must accept what we cannot help, and I do bear with my straitened pocket as well as I can. Now I see some hope of standing square with the world, and there is nothing but hard work under Providence that will do it.

Your affectionate sister

ELIZA.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,
299 Huron St., Dec. 29, 1879.

MY DEAR SISTER:

It seems almost a rank neglect not to have sent a note to you before this, thanking you for the remembrance for Xmas in the midst of so many preoccupations; preoccupations so tender and so engrossing. But when I tell you that I have

just finished in less than two weeks, with all the Xmas preparations, pupils and all, three articles for the *Ave Maria* which Father Hudson asked me to write for the opening number, you will see how the neglect has not been of the heart. The last of the three is now directed to him, only waiting for a Latin note which Mr. Fidon (Nellie's Latin teacher) will translate for me this morning. I have a notion that Father Hudson intends to have me write more for the *Ave Maria* than I did last year, and if he does, so much the better for me. The pay is not large, but is sure.

And now the stockings; they are a perfect fit, I assure you. If another pair comes, I shall put them together to be worn together; but do not fatigue yourself with them. These give me an extra pair in case of accident, and owing to the shrinking of last winter's washing, I have only the two pairs you sent me before Charles fell. I wonder you have found time to knit them. I shall write a note to Charles, so will not speak of his present in this. You will want to know how my Xmas went off, and I will refer you to my note to Charles, as I want him to have the full benefit of it. I was surprised and really pleased to see the presentation from his own hand in so clear and firm a stroke. It is astonishing how the strength holds out under so much suffering. I shall write to Mary and thank her for her nice present. Give her my Happy New Year, and also Helen. I am disappointed not to have Nellie receive calls with me on New Year's; Miss Holmes thinks she should stay with her as the *patrons* of the school will call—and I suppose they are right. Mrs. Cooke and Mamie will stay with me that day, and I rather dread to be alone. I have been so both years since I came back, but I shall be glad of company. Almost everything has been sent to me, but I gave the cake and nuts left from Durand to Nellie. We have the nice chicken from there to-day as Nellie comes down to dinner. Mr. Healy sent his kind regards to you and Charles yesterday (or Sunday

rather), and so does Julia Allen. She is all sympathy for both of you.

With every wish that this New Year may be rich in blessings to yourself and to dear Charles,

I am always your devoted sister,

ELIZA.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,
299 Huron St., Dec. 29, 1879.

DEAR CHARLES:

Your beautiful present for Xmas, which I shall use if only because I have so often begrudged them to ladies whom I saw carrying them, came in the best of time. It is a real beauty, and the very thing I need just now. It will be carried with a very affectionate remembrance of all your lovely gifts to me; lovely in themselves and lovely by reason of the spirit in which they have been given.

My Xmas was an unusually lively one, to my surprise, for I had not thought of making it so. In the first place, the weather was the ideal Xmas weather; clear, cold, and a new snow. Everything favored the getting of greens, of holly, and also favored the coming of Santa Claus down my wide chimney. He came and put my things on the old hearthstone, close beside the brass andirons, and then hung some on the brass rest for the shovel and tongs. You see he behaved in his very best style. I really could not begin to tell you all he gave, for the gifts were numerous, some so costly as to burden me with a sense of obligation, but pleasant remembrances from a great many—the best way to make a Xmas joyful. Among others was an umbrella, silk, sir, from Dr. Nicholas Cooke, handkerchiefs from several, an ink-stand that *stands*, does not topple over, and a beautiful pen. Still I write with the very gutta-percha stock you and Eunice sent me so long ago.

But the dinner! The Cookes are boarding this winter, and it seemed my only chance to invite them, just as I did the Bracketts last year. But I did not begin to have dishes enough, whereupon I consulted with Mrs. Cooke and she sent up a barrel of her packed-away "willow ware," and I had dishes enough, and to spare. Then the turkey! I ordered one of my grocer, but before his came another was sent of such grand proportions and of such excellence, that I persuaded him to take his back, which he did cheerfully. I did succeed in making my own plum pudding, and it was not very costly either, and had withal, a sprig of holly in the center; as for fruit, my own apple-barrel, and oranges sound and sweet! oranges sound and sweet for fifteen cents a dozen! filled my fruit dish; and for nuts, A. sent enough cracked ones to Nellie and myself for half a dozen such dinners, while a loaf-cake came from Durand, and one-part loaves of some three varieties from Grand Rapids. So, my dinner, which seemed to have been an inspiration, was providentially provided for. Besides the Cookes, I asked Miss Sargent, who nursed me so kindly last summer, and Mr. Fidon, and while we were at dinner, with one empty chair and plate (for a caller), who should come in but Dr. McMullen; he had been to dinner, so refused everything until he came to the oranges, and stayed until all was over, even took a cigarette with the Doctor after it. Josie and Mamie were charming, and Nellie came in for the very young lady, and all other ages represented, so it was a real Xmas dinner, the only one I ever gave or ever expect to. It was night before it was over. We even had cider, as a rather aged pupil who comes to me once in a while, had sent me some. The company was one which did not make me feel that my reputation was at stake in anything, and we had a cheerful, easy time. Clara gave me a celery glass, and also a sugar and cream set, to help out. I did not try to ask them, for they had friends with them enough to double my number. My rooms look

very pretty, and I hope yours did; if the holly did not get to you I shall be very much provoked. We have the handsomest holly this year that I have ever seen, and I thought it would brighten up your evergreens and make your room cheerful, and oh, dear Charles, how I wish I could ease your pain, but we will not talk of this now, nor of the wish we have that we could cure you. God knows our hearts, and He knows what is best for all of us. But I know you will be so glad that the Xmas was a bright one to me. I have had a good many dark ones and lonely ones, and shall have many more of them, so we will just take life as it comes, and be thankful that our good God tempers so many harsh winds to our feeble strength. And now I want to wish you the very happiest of all Happy New Years. It would be heartless to do so, if happiness meant freedom from pain, health, and even life among those we most love here, but there is a happiness which soars far above these mortal conditions, and it is this happiness which I pray God to send to you, my brother, so dear, so faithful, so precious to me and to all of us.

Take, then, this wish for a Happy New Year, from your devoted and affectionate sister,

ELIZA.

The presentation with the Xmas wishes from your own hand is even more than the present, and is to be kept always.

Jan. 2, 1880.

MY DEAR SISTER:

I write to tell you all the news of yesterday. I was pretty sure the day would be a brilliant one, as it really proved. Mrs. Cooke and her daughter came over about noon, and the calls had begun. In the first place, my house: I had dressed it with greens and holly and sumach leaves for Xmas, but I had a splendid *worker* on both occasions (who came for two hours Xmas while dinner was going on) to help

me. She cleaned the windows and oiled the floors, and got everything clear of dust on Wednesday, so that the house was in charming order. For my table, I had a loaf of jelly-cake, which was given to me, some of Susan's cake (I gave all to Nellie but this and what we ate Xmas), and two of the three kinds from Grand Rapids, a small piece of black cake and macaroons and sugar fingers made up my plate variety of cake. Then I had my high glass dish filled with some excellent apples, *small* oranges with stems on (the same Sicilian oranges we used to get in Rome early in the spring), some orange leaves I picked from the grocer's box, and some bunches of white grapes to *light up*; it made a beautiful centerpiece. I had half a dozen larger oranges pieced and divided so that the gentlemen could take a bite with gloves on, and then the turkey, which General B. sent the day after Xmas with slices of home-made bread and butter along, and tea (either Russian or with cream), and you have my bill of fare. Any one would be surprised to find how little the table cost me, and yet it was as good a one as I desired in every way. I had sixty calls, one or two more or less. Laura could not think of all the names, and yet there was turkey and fruit and cake left. You will remember about the Walworth pines in Saratoga.

Nora Paddock's husband, Mr. Robinson, called, and then Mr. Tobey, and almost at the last, for he made no calls, Mr. Healy and George, with his French friend, Mr. Millet. O, I must not forget Mr. George Herbert, or Elliot Furniss, or Mr. Stickney, the art-lover and music-lover, or the other Mr. Stickney, whose sister used to live next door to me. I am sure a great many others might be familiar to you; among them, too, Mr. Nott, and he told me he saw both of you while at the East, and also Mr. Roles and Father Roles, and the curate from Father Burke's. Drs. McMullen and McGovern sent me their cards and a very kind "Happy New Year for their friend, E. A. Starr." It was after nine o'clock

before all left, almost ten before Laura and Mamie went, but with all the fatigue I am not sorry "I received." I have not seen Nellie yet, but I presume she will be down this P. M. I thought so often, Eunie, of the day you and Hattie and Lucie Brackett and Mary and pa received calls with me. I wanted so many of my friends to see Nellie, and she to see them, but I shall have a nice time, even if I do receive alone. It is an old maid's privilege. My house and table were lovely and suitable, and every one seemed pleased, and now I am at work, as usual, but the courage keeps up better with realizing people bear me in mind. You will hear from me again soon. To both and all of you from

Your affectionate sister,

ELIZA.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,
299 HURON ST., Jan. 18, 1880.

MY DEAR SISTER:

I have come across a piece of paper which Nellie began a letter on, blotted and laid aside, and it is with a sigh of relief that I find myself free to write. The lecture is over for this week. The studio and the bedroom and the entry, wherever a place could be had to see and hear, were full, and I could not ask for a more appreciative little assembly. Mrs. Beckwith and Mrs. Scammon were here; they came together last week. I do not understand their apparent contiguity, but so long as they come and seem to be interested, I am satisfied. Mrs. Beckwith told me about the selling of Mary's sketch in oil the other day, and to-day that Mary had an order for a head. I did not understand from whom, only I supposed from Chicago. I suppose you have seen Annie's book, but perhaps Charles is not able to take any interest in it, even if he would have done so in health. It really shows genius, and I think the Judge or Mrs. Beckwith have reason

to feel that Annie has quite a career before her. As to Annie, I believe the child feels that her father's life and all things depending on him are uncertain, and she feels like making a path for herself, which is a good and honest feeling. We must only hope that mind and heart and conscience will sort o' keep pace with each other, and make what she writes on the side of good. Before this reaches you I think Charles will have received a copy of Mr. Perkins' Yale College poem, sent by himself. He told me to-day he had just one at the office, and, I understood him, had sent it to Charles. He sent me one of these *fair* copies, and the poem was so entertaining, and not being long, I thought C. would enjoy it. Mr. Perkins is "Room 12, No. 95 Washington Street," and I know he will be glad to see any of the Walnut Knoll handwriting on paper. He was very much pleased when I told him I wanted C. to see it. The Perkinses have invited Nellie and myself to go to the annual dinner, on Friday. They will meet at the Grand Pacific and send us home in a carriage they have engaged for themselves. Mr. P. reads a poem there. I think his fame in such matters may amount to something some time. He has about given up law, I think. When the lecture was over this afternoon, and I came into the parlor, whom should I find but Sattie Smalley and Mrs. Fay, of Grand Isle! I knew Mrs. Fay was here, but she has been sick of late. She is coming to take lessons of me while she is here, so as "to be able to entertain herself in her old age," Sattie says. Sattie wants to put a few dollars in my pocket.

I hope you do get all that C. relishes, even if you cannot go into town often. We used to have game here in Chicago, but it is getting scarce. Venison is twenty-five cents a pound, and I have seen partridges and quails only at Boston prices. Our vegetable market, however, continues good, and better and better. What lovely presents you all had, and especially C., and your account of the day was exceed-

ingly pleasant. I remember the birthday dinner, and the delicious pickerel which C. got at some grand restaurant for the occasion, which we took together in the same room you used for Xmas. How little I could have imagined then that you would ever nurse, or *could* ever nurse C. or any one else as you have. I am continually thankful for the strength given you, even if you do out of pure nervousness cut yourself or maim yourself. It is the least that could be expected, but I want to know how that deep cut is healing; it seemed as if you must have touched some large vein. It would be hard to tell you all that has filled up my time since your letter came, but one thing was the answering of a perfect pile of letters, which *must* be answered, and the sooner it was done the better. When my story for the *Ave Maria* is all in print, I will send you a copy.

My love to dear Helen and to Mary and to thyself from
Your affectionate sister,

ELIZA.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,
299 Huron St., Jan. 21, 1880.

MY DEAR SISTER:

The lecture for this week is over, and besides this a reception, about which I will tell you. But what is still more and better, it is a rainy evening, and I have no reason to expect any one. I have heard nothing from you for so long that I am certain the wounded hand has proved a serious matter, but I hope no erysipelas has asserted itself. If it is a question of simple healing, time will cure it, but if of erysipelas, I am really appalled. I thought I should get a letter to-day, certainly. I have a good deal of news to tell, and must begin. Last Friday evening "The Sons of Vermont" had a banquet, at which Mr. Perkins was to read a poem. So a few days before he came over and gave Nellie

and myself an invitation. It was to be at the Grand Pacific, but we could take a car to three blocks of it, and then, as the banquet would continue until pretty nearly midnight, he would send us home in the carriage they had engaged to take them to Hyde Park and with no additional expense. And so the matter was settled. It seems that Madame was propitious; we went to the Pacific and waited in the reception-room till they came, and then laid off our wraps, went to the grand parlors, and when we marched to supper he insisted on my walking with Mr. "Peter." As the poet of the evening could be allowed to arrange for his family, we had a table close to all the speakers, so that I heard very well. I shall send you a copy of the poem as soon as it comes out in the *Semi* or *Tri-Weekly*, and I know all of you will enjoy it. It was very beautifully delivered, and was very much admired. Among those I knew was Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Beckwith's mother, with her daughter, Mrs. Farnsworth. One of the speakers was Mr. Alger, of Boston. Nellie, of course, stayed with me, and it was into the small hours before we were in bed, or before I was. In the morning, thinking I would not disturb Nellie, I slipped downstairs to call Maggie, and found her with a wet cloth on her head and her lamp burning. She had pains here and there and everywhere, and said she was very feverish. My heart just sank into my red Roman slippers. What should I do? My own head was splitting, the scholars would be in full force, it being Saturday morning, and the furnace out, that dread of my life. I told her to stay in bed till I should think it over, and gave her aconite. When I dressed I went down again, and found by thumping her that she had rheumatic pains in her back and side, and that she had really next to no fever. So, by dint of delicate management I got her on to her feet, and though she has been ailing ever since, she is really getting better, and has not been too sick any day to do her work. But it tires and worries me to see a girl "sort o' sick." The fear

of overworking them and of making too light of their melancholy state is a constant drag on my strength, of which every particle seems needed to keep everything moving. Moreover, while I was putting on a clean collar for the banquet, Mr. Healy called to say he had reserved Tuesday (this last) evening for me and to meet some of our friends as I had proposed. All this stared me in the face when I saw Maggie drooping. But Sunday she was out, and Monday she washed. Meanwhile, the reception which I had really planned in order to give the Perkinses a chance to see Mr. Healy, could not come off without writing some notes, which I did all myself, and this with the teaching all day Monday, and having one pupil stay to dinner, brought me to Monday night without having penned a single note for my lecture, although I had looked the ground all over. Consequently, it was a quarter to one o'clock on Tuesday morning before I closed my books, to say nothing of closing my eyes. The house was put in order for both lecture and reception, as well as we could. And the lecture did come off very nicely indeed. As soon as the ladies had left, Maggie and I set to work to put all things in order for the reception. My large wooden portfolio was taken by Nellie and Maggie into the studio, and the table arranged with the large magnifying glass (in a box, and which cost me last year sixteen dollars), and all the pictures put in order to be seen properly. Then I wheeled my bed around and rolled Kate Allen's sofa to it, and thus left a good-sized room, put my evening-table and student's lamp on it and my large beautifully illustrated books on it. Then I lighted all the gas burners, and we had a light supper, for we had no refreshments, only plenty of lighted gas jets. You remember, Eunice, pa's old story of the "light supper" provided by some half-crazy woman for her husband's guests. When I got everything arranged, I said to Nellie, "Where should we put the victuals if we had them?" which threw her into a convulsion of laughter. There really was no room for refresh-

ments in the way I had managed things. The only way would have been to have had them brought up from below, and I had no servants to do this. My one maid must be at the door. Laura declared there was no need of refreshments, and this reassured me. I must have invited about seventy-five, and about fifty or more came, but the rooms were not crowded. A few ladies took off their hats, but not many. Mr. Healy was radiant. I had invited his old friends who were not going into society very extensively, and whom, therefore, he had not met at all the parties and dinners given to him; and besides, when they got together it was a brilliant company, and it passed off as an artist reception. Heman was kind enough to bring his violin, and played for us. After the "near home" people had gone, I told Maggie to bring some bread and butter and *greenings* for the Perkinses and Allens, and both the madames seemed hungry, but got refreshed before they left at half-past eleven o'clock. So, as you see, it was one o'clock before I was in bed, for my pictures all had to be put away, and things regulated for safety during the night. I am getting postals from all quarters reproaching me for not writing letters, but I really do not know what a woman can do. I never have time to lie in the morning to make up sleep, for the scholars come before we are ready if I do. So I have simply to live through it as well as I can. Maggie is all adroop to-night, although I did not call her until seven o'clock, and have spared her to-day in every way possible. She is such a handy, cheerful girl, but she gets the blues awfully. There must be something of course. Miss Holmes was here last night, and Nellie went home. Mr. Rorke was here; I asked him if he remembered my party at Mrs. Tobey's for Mr. and Mrs. Wellington, and he said, "Yes, with great satisfaction." The Rorkes and I have always exchanged courtesies. I must tell you that Mrs. Fay from Grand Isle is here, and is actually taking lessons of me, and is beating everybody in

her progress. She began at the beginning and is going to draw blocks and all. She says anybody may help her to the fancy part, but no one will tell her what to do, and how to do it (a very sensible remark) unless I will. This is a perfect godsend to me, for she takes a lesson, sometimes two lessons, a day. While I was writing about my chances for sleep, I could not help thinking of Charles and of yourself, and wondering why this broken rest does not become a sickness in itself, for Charles and for you, too. But the sweet Providence of God wonderfully upholds us under the loss of sleep in sickness, which He does not feel bound to supply under any other circumstances. In no other way can we account for the marvels of a sick-room. I am still looking for a letter from you. I knew you would like to hear about the banquet and reception. I hope Charles has received the Yale poem by Mr. Perkins. The Vermont one I think you will like, for the pictures of manners are good for all New England. I shall write again soon, but this time I was completely overwhelmed. I sent you the story I spoke of in three numbers of the *Ave Maria*. I am getting Maggie off to bed as near eight o'clock as possible. It is reception day, and I must be alive until nine o'clock.

Your affectionate sister,

ELIZA.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, 299 HURON ST.,
Ash Wednesday, Feb. 11, 1880.

MY DEAR SISTER:

Wednesday seems to be my writing day of late. The lecture over, my mind is free of a certain anxiety, for a day or two; but Thursday is a day which might well appal anybody, classes and pupils from nine o'clock A.M. until five P.M.; even while I take my dinner they are here, and then, ten to one, somebody who could just as well come Wednesday

comes on Thursday evening, when I can feel easy to write a letter. Of course, I do not complain of the work, but the interruptions often seem to me cruel. I wonder people cannot understand and respect the necessity of being to myself sometimes. Yet, even to this, I suppose, I must be resigned. You will be glad, and Charles, sufferer as he is, will be glad too, that pupils come in as I hardly dared to hope; and the lectures pay me enough, this year, to make me feel that I have done well to start, and better still, to carry them on. Will you say to Mary that Mrs. Sprague came yesterday and said her sister would come also. I really hardly expected a dozen people yesterday, lovely as the weather was, for Chicago keeps up her revelries to the very eve of Ash Wednesday, and "very grand receptions" were going on yesterday. But my room was full, and a very charming audience I had, too. I think more will come during Lent. But I am resolved not to attempt any more than twenty lectures this year. I want to finish my book and get it into the printer's hands and get all my etchings satisfactorily proved, and this is too necessary to be put off any longer. I sent you the "Story of a Revenge." The pictures concerning the story are among my photographs. It could be illustrated, perhaps will be some time. We all have so many plans so long as life and any degree of strength is allowed us, and this is the best way, because it is the one way God seems to have appointed, and by it the enterprise of the world goes on. But this morning when I saw the crowds pressing up to the altar-rail to receive the ashes on the forehead and heard repeated to each, *Memento homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris*, (Remember, O man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return,) and thought, to how many will not this prove true before another Ash Wednesday, even before Easter, the plans of the most unenthusiastic seem very liable to be cut short. Ma was with me on Ash Wednesday [of 1864], and I remember

so well how deeply she was touched when I told her what the priest said when giving the ashes. I was not able to go to church, but some one brought ashes to me, and I told her about them, and only a few days after came the end to her. Tuesday, the 11th, she was taken ill, and on the 15th the great ordeal was over.

We have had the loveliest weather ever thought of, it seems to me, in this northern clime. But to-day the heavens seem opened, and the rain is pouring in torrents. Lent has begun, so far as the weather is concerned, in good earnest, and to me the rain is a perfect blessing; to-day, not on a Tuesday, mind you, for then I miss all the floating ones. But to-day, when I need rest and quiet, it is such a relief. Maggie, my girl, continues a treasure. She seems to serve me out of affection, and I think really likes to live with me. She is cheerful and full of humor, and is as playful as a kitten. The only trouble is that she is really a delicate girl, and "sort 'o flags" sometimes when it seems as if I should go through the floor not to have things go on strongly. Still, she carries the lecture dav through, and is always in season.

Give my love to Helen, and to Mary, and to dear Charles give a kiss of tender love, which he will return to you.

From your affectionate sister,

ELIZA.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,
299 Huron St., Feb. 15, 1880.

MY DEAR CHARLES AND EUNICE:

I am sure you are thinking of ma to-day, the sixteenth anniversary of her death. It seems longer ago, so great have been the changes wrought by these sixteen years; pa's death, the fire, the European trip with all its dangers and privileges, the coming into a new home, the selling of Spring

Park, and now Charles, your long and most painful illness, by which everything is changed in the home which you were dwelling in sixteen years ago with so many hopes of a long future. The day is again one of singular brightness and mildness, and the very sunshine helps me to recall every circumstance of the day and of the preceding one, which was a Sunday like to-day, and I realize how little time really changes or in any way dims our recollection of things, and how little of what is essential to us or to our relations with each other ever changes, so that the pains and wants of yesterday are those of to-day; and the eternal years become almost as easy to understand as the years of time, and their immutability as comprehensible as their mutability charged upon all things of earth.

Yesterday I was greatly shocked to hear of the death of Mr. Mahlon Ogden. I am sure I mentioned him in my last letter, or the last but one, as having met him at Mr. Healy's reception, and having introduced Nellie to him, and the joking time she had. I did not tell, however, one thing he said to me: "Why, Miss Starr, it seems so pleasant to see you again, just as it did *forty years ago*," and laughed, while Mrs. Ogden said, "O, Mahlon, you are perfectly dreadful; forty years ago, to Miss Starr." I met his namesake Mahlon (known as Bob) Jones and his wife on the omnibus yesterday, and they told me all about it. He was as well as usual (and better this winter than for years) on Tuesday, but took cold on that rainy Wednesday, on which I wrote to you last, and died Friday morning of pneumonia.

My white hyacinths are putting out stalk after stalk, so that I cut them for special reasons, and I like this better than one immense stalk which we cannot afford to cut. I hope you have one in your room by this time.

Your devoted sister,

ELIZA.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,
299 Huron St., March 17, 1880.

MY DEAR SISTER:

This is St. Patrick's day, and my reception day, so I have more quiet than usual, and will begin a letter to you. Helen's card came, and I thank her very much for filling in the wide gaps between letters. Yesterday, contrary to my fears, the lecture went off in the most approved manner, fifty ladies, and all seemed so attentive. Mrs. Sprague has come three times, and her sister and a friend once, but they were not here yesterday or last week. Mrs. Sprague seemed very pleasant, and I did my best to entertain her aside from the lectures. Mrs. Adam was here yesterday, and inquired very pleasantly for you. She told me about the new minerals Charles had received which you showed to her. There could not be a lovelier day for the St. Patrick's procession, but they do not have one this year; the money being given instead to the sufferers from the famine in Ireland. When I think of the mild winter we have had, and the spring coming on quite as amiably as usual, it seems as if the seasons had changed places. Still, the raw winds keep fires in the furnaces. As the days go on with you, I fear there comes very little to keep up the thought of seasons, or the joy they may bring. I have not heard of your buying that fragrant pink for Charles which you spoke of; this, or anything you may see, or Helen may see, which will give cheerfulness to his room. The Blue Hills must already give some sign of spring, and I see the buds are swelling on the lilac bushes. The sheltered nook south of your house must give some token of genial days to come, and I hope Charles can still enjoy some of these signs of spring. Next Sunday is Palm Sunday, and then Easter Sunday, coming so early this year that we can hardly believe them so near, and there will be something very consoling about their days to both of you, I hope; for there is one thing about the feasts of God, sickness and sorrow

cannot change their purpose. Having been established to commemorate eternal things, the changes of our mortal state lose their painfulness, since the mind is carried on to eternal realities. I have been thinking a great deal of your sister Almira lately, of her long sickness with so few consolations. It was a hard one to bear, and neither Charles nor yourself forgot her, or failed to sympathize with her. All these acts of sympathy are coming back to Charles now, I must believe, and they will come back to you in your hour of need. I do not suppose any of us realize how much we shall need until the time and the hour comes. I hope more of the gentlemen have offered to watch. Great as the relief is, you have come to a place where I think you need watchers every night. Even with watchers, you are up late and must rise early, and the sleep will be broken in upon in so many ways. I cannot think they will fail to see this, and I hope you will allow them to do it as soon as they offer. Give my dear, very dear love to Charles, with a kiss of the tenderest sympathy. My love also to Mary and Helen, and believe me always

Your devotedly affectionate sister,

ELIZA.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,
299 Huron St., April 9, 1880.

MY DEAR SISTER:

Your letter telling about your birthday came to-day, and I am more than happy that I sent the picture, "The Crucifixion," to you. I think it will be a comfort to you and C. Before I forget it, I want to know if you received the *Ave Marias* I sent a little while ago, with the "Story of a Revenge" in them. I took them directly from my file, in order to be sure you had them. I will send you "On the Appian Way," as they are beginning to come out, and I think they

will interest C. I have sent some pictures to your care today for Mary for the 14th. If there are any among them which H. likes specially, let me know, and I will send them to her.

This is the thirty-first anniversary of Aunt Judith's death. Dear Aunt Judith, who did so much for all of us. I think of the long last sickness, and of the little there was to give her soul consolation. There was the care really needed, and there was sympathy from her many friends, and from ma at least, but what she craved in her soul she did not have. As I think of it now, there is one consoling thought. She had no graces to resist and be accountable for, for, if any one could be absolutely unconscious of anything beyond what they have, it seems to me to be those who live always in Deerfield. They sometimes long for something, but they have this longing as a result of instinct. Or perhaps it is the one supernatural grace they have granted to them, and is *accounted to them for the faith they would have if they knew it*. Dear Aunt Judith feared death, and no doubt this fear, so distressing to remember, really urged her to make acts of contrition for all the shortcomings of her life, and this was a great deal better than to be self-satisfied and unrepenting, which no one can afford to be. I always pray for her, and try thus to return all her goodness to me.

I wish you could see some crocuses and snow-drops and squillaria which Mr. Perkins and family brought to me, all set in green turf. Nellie set right about painting them, and will make a really lovely bit of spring turf and bloom out of them. Perhaps Nellie has written to Mary or somebody, but if not, I have a piece of news for you, which is, that on last Sunday I gave one of my art lectures before the Catholic Library Association. It seems like a dream to me now, for it was so sudden, and so unexpected in every way. On the Friday before, Father Roles called in and said he would state his errand in the most abrupt way, which was, that I should

give one of my art lectures before the Library Association, of which he is president. I was confounded, and began to say that I talked only to ladies; but he would hear to no objections, and as I know he is a man of taste and judgment, and knew me, and besides cared too much for me to get me into any dilemma, I consented. We decided that I had better take the subject I have been at work on for some weeks in the lectures here, "Arts at Assisi." One of the gentlemen came for me in a carriage, so that my pictures and books were transported, and Mrs. Cooke and Clara accompanied me. The hall is a beautiful one, will hold, they say, five hundred. My pictures were arranged on the triangle stands they use for newspapers, and when the foot-lights were lighted, they showed off as never before. General Buford, General and Mrs. Hardin, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, Mr. Brown, and Miss Hattie Clark (Michigan Avenue), and finally Dr. McMullen, all called in to see me before I started, and all of them put me in spirits. I had my notes, but hardly looked at them, for I did better not to. There must have been very nearly or quite four hundred, for the hall was full almost to the end, and, what astonished me, they all seemed to hear. I did not exert myself any more than in my studio. Their attention and evident interest made me feel quite at ease, and it also inspired me. Dr. McMullen came in to see me after it was all over, and said, in his most jovial way, "I always knew you had enough to say if you had a chance to say it," and the next morning he sent me a little note which I will copy for you, on the same size as his card, for I know all of you, and Charles especially, like yourself, will want to see it. I do not consider public speaking my vocation, certainly. But I succeeded well enough not to be sorry I did as Father Roles desired. He was obliged to go to Detroit, so he could not be there, for which he said he was very sorry, but Dr. McMullen sufficed.

The story of St. Francis has quite charmed the ladies



THE ALLEN CHAIR

here in the studio, and I found it quite as effective when given to gentlemen. Next Tuesday I give my last one here for this year, the 20th, and nothing would persuade me to continue. Next year, Providence permitting, I begin at a beautiful period, and can finish, I think, in twenty lectures, and after that I lay no plans. When the lectures are over, I shall go to work on my "Patron Saints," second series, and hope to get it into the printer's hands this next autumn.

William has had two more orders for heads. He sent me one he had done lately, of Mrs. Shaw, a head full of expression. I wonder if Mary has one of them? I feel as if Will would rub through. Two ladies, not Catholic, who were at the lecture, came to see me the next day. I noticed them as I was speaking, especially one, a Mrs. Fischer, from Cincinnati. She came that very morning, and her sister, Mrs. Kimball, "dragged her over to the lecture, because she had seen my name in connection with Miss Tomkins." Mrs. Fischer was in Rome eight years ago, and will be there next winter. She said she had no idea there was so much of such art in Chicago, and declared my house was more like Italy than anything she had seen since she came from there. I had a lovely call from them. How strange such things seem, because my lectures and my house are the simplest, most straightforward things in the world; my lectures simply trying to tell the story as it is, and my house the house of a woman who has caste, I hope, but certainly no money. None of these people would have taken my furniture as a gift, excepting for some back room, with the single exception of what my own family had given me, or has come to me little by little, tables and chairs. Everything is just as plain as it can be and be decent, the pictures and casts are all the house contains. Even the assessor of taxes can find nothing to tax, yet my home is lovely, and oh, how I wish you and Charles could see it, could stay with me in it, and make one delightful visit.

Sunday.—Yesterday we had snow, and last night was a winter's night. My crown-imperials looked as if they were killed, but they are standing up again, and the snow is all gone. But I could not help worrying about Charles. It seems as if he could never, even with your double window, bear this change. I hope you will be able to write now more in detail, tell me exactly how he is, but do not stop until you can, for your cards are an untold comfort to me, and tell me a great deal. Tell me if he walks about again, and how much he sits up, and if he has an appetite, and if the little black pussy is as faithful as ever, and tell me, too, if Mary keeps better. She will have to watch that back of hers after such a shock as her fall must have given her. Helen, like yourself, seems gifted with a supernatural strength according to her day. Give my love to her and to Mary. I will send an Agnus Dei to your good girl with all my heart, or anything else she wants in return for her goodness in the time of extreme need. With a most loving kiss to dear Charles, which he will return to you, always your devoted and sympathizing sister,

ELIZA.

[ENCLOSURE.]

TUESDAY EVENING.

Now it is my turn! I believe your discourse on Assisi and dear St. Francis pleased our Lord, so you may judge what delight it gave your friend,

J. McMULLEN.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, 299 HURON ST.,
April 14, 1880.

MY DEAR MARY:

Your birthday has been a pleasant one, I trust, not only as to sky and weather, but as to your own enjoyment of it. I have sent my remembrance of the day to Auntie's care; a

copy or set of the Düsseldorf small pictures, and a small greenback, with orders that if the cast you wanted cost fifty cents more to add thereto, as I fancy you may want casts; but if you want anything else, use it for your want or desire.

My day has been one quite unusual with me. It is the anniversary of Judge Arrington's funeral, and the anniversary mass was to be said by the same priest who celebrated it a year ago. He is now in South Chicago, forty minutes' ride from any one of several depots in town. We started from the Michigan Southern, at half-past seven in the morning. Laura went with me, and not only got the carriage, but paid the round trip fare for both of us. Father Vandelaar received us very cordially, and as Mrs. Arrington and Flora were there, we went to the church together, then back to Father Van da Lar's, where we had dinner, and finally did not return until the last of the afternoon. It was a little fatiguing, but after all a rest from the routine here. I was thinking how I had not had one day since last September; and then I thought of Aunt Eunice, who had had sixteen months of uninterrupted confinement and such continued sorrow and anxiety, and yet how much she will have to console her in the remembrance of these months. It is not always the change and recreation which brings peace of mind. I must not let you forget your great patrons, the saints of the day; no less than St. Valerian, the husband of St. Cecilia, St. Tiburtius, his brother, and St. Maximus, their jailor. I do not think you have ever seen my beautiful copy of Dom Guéranger's Life of St. Cecilia.

I hear that the hepaticas are out in the towns about us, but I have seen none as yet, and this reminds me that I have just received a card from Sister Lioba, my favorite pupil at St. Mary's, asking me where they could send to Boston for the white wood articles, as they can get none to their satisfaction in Chicago. If you will send me a card with the

address of the firm which deals in them most largely, you will gratify me and oblige the Sisters.

15th. Last Tuesday, day before yesterday, I gave my last lecture for this year, showing the photographs from the Bardi Chapel and Giotto's Tower. There were sixty ladies present, more than I have ever had before by five or six. Mrs. S. came two or three times, and said she was sorry she had not come when I was on the Catacombs, but has not been since, while I was showing these really extraordinary pictures. She seemed pleased when she came, but there are so many things going on here, that such ladies—i.e., those who keep up with decorative art, and women's exchange, and music—can only distribute themselves among them all. I have a charming set of subjects for next year, and when I begin, shall send her a notice.

My classes improve, but everybody wants to paint screens, not figures. What a mania for decoration! What will it end in?

Your affectionate,

AUNT ELIZA.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, 299 HURON ST.,
May 12, 1880.

MY DEAR CHARLES:

This beautiful season of blue skies, green sward, field flowers, the bursting forth of orchard bloom, of lilac and wild azalias, of violets and shooting stars, is the one you claim by right of your birthday, and most affectionately do I wish, that on the day you read this, the earth and sky may say their kindest word to you. For ourselves, we thank God that you can spend another birthday with us, and we only wish we could give you the health and strength which would enable you to enjoy it. And yet, it may be, for things like these are not unheard of, that this will be as happy a birth-

day as you ever spent. Happiness is an undefinable satisfaction which health does not always give any more than wealth, and with all your pains and weariness you may still have this undefinable satisfaction which is escaping the clutch of many a neighbor in full health and prosperity.

By the seventeenth I trust you will be in possession of a copy, which I have made for you, of Fra Angelico's "Transfiguration," as I remember it on the walls of the old convent of San Marco, and from the photograph I bought then and there. The picture is so full of peace, so full of heaven and the anticipation of it, that I was sure you would like it. In reading over the account of the Transfiguration in the seventeenth chapter of St. Mathew, ninth chapter of St. Mark, ninth chapter of St. Luke, a wonderful pathos belongs to this bright manifestation of our Lord's glory, for in the midst of the glory he was speaking with Moses and Elias of his coming passion. In the original picture we see Moses and Elias and the three disciples, but I only gave the figure of our Lord as the one which tells the story and gives the consolation.

I wish I could be at Walnut Knoll on the 17th, but providences do not point that way just yet. I shall hope to have from some of the pens at the Knoll, an account of your day. It is longer than usual since I have heard, and I am anxious to know how the spring weather has done by you. Here we have the most charming May weather, after days of the most terrible heat for the season, and then continued thunderstorms. The heat and the thunderstorms are gone, and all is cool and fresh and green. Across the street I see heliotrope in bloom, and my tulips and lilies of the valley are in great beauty. From your own window you can see your own bed of lilies of the valley, and far off the blue hills must look bluer than ever on such days; days whose "bloom," as Bryant says, "when the wide bloom on earth that lies, seems of a brighter world than ours." It is well for us that the

bloom of this world is so fleeting, is not all we lay claim to by the goodness of God. May the brightest and fairest of heaven's blooms be yours, my dear brother, and may hopes brighter than any cherished times become realities to you, in answer to the unailing prayers of

Your devoted and affectionate sister,

ELIZA.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, Dec. 27, 1881.

MISS E. A. STARR,

Dear friend:—St. John and your holly arrived safely, and I answer on St. John's day, thanking you in his and my own name for your very great kindness. If I were not so old I would say that I was lonesome on Xmas, but your note and presents on the eve made me feel somewhat as of old. After visiting the half of my diocese more difficult to approach, I have been at home for a week, and shall not go away for two weeks more. I confirmed seven thousand persons, and learned many things that will enable me to meet the wants of the people. This is a great country, and when I am gone will be a great Catholic country, for a great and lasting beginning is already here. A Happy New Year: I remembered you in prayer to-day.

Yours as ever,

J. McMULLEN,

Bishop of Davenport.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, 299 HURON ST.,
December 31, 1883.

DEAR COUSIN JOSIAH:

The other day a letter came from Cousin Judith, inclosing a letter written by Pa to Cousin Charles and Cousin Martha while in Richmond. How the years roll back! and I saw both of them young again—young and handsome; for they made

a handsome couple in their day. And then the Chenerys! How strange it all seemed! But when I had read this I opened another envelope just tied together with it, no letter in it, but out stepped Cousin Josiah!

Now, my dear cousin, we are both too old to be sentimental I suppose, although in fact, I believe we are just as truly sentimental and affectionate at eighty as at eighteen—if we are true to ourselves and sincere in our friendship. But whether it is so or not, I just cried when I saw your face! It brought around me a whole generation, two, three generations, if you will, but all of them very dear to me, for they all made me happy as a little girl. A very, very little girl, too, and happy as a young girl and as a young lady when I first left home and returned for my vacations, and from that time until now, when I am fifty-nine years old, and actually in my sixtieth year, my life has been happier because of these dear friends and cousins. I believe there was planted in us by our fathers and mothers a strong love of kindred, and it is a very precious inheritance. What a host of cousins there were for us to love! and yet we loved them, I am very sure, better than many who have few to love.

It was very kind of you to send me your picture, which I have set on my bureau, not upstairs, but where I see it every hour of the day, as I pass through my bedroom from my parlor to my studio and *vice versa*. A Christmas card came to me from Deerfield, a real Christmas angel with the "in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis" card on his breast, and from a mere mark I made out on the back of it I thought it came from your Mary "Number 2." If so, tell her I shall not forget her remembrance of me.

Your affectionate,

COUSIN ELIZA.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, 299 HURON ST.,
February 6, 1884.

MY DEAR MISS MARTIN:

The very courteous invitation to take part in the discussion on the Leo X. paper at the Fortnightly has not been overlooked. An engagement for eight Friday afternoons at Evanston included your February 22, but as it might be a holiday at the College, I deferred my answer to you until I could be certain of my ability to accept your invitation. The anticipation of the date, however, puts it out of my power to be present at the discussion, which I exceedingly regret. One word, however. Although Leo X. is not my ideal pope, he was a man of blameless life, of the most gentle and lovely disposition, and of such grandeur of charity towards those who had injured him, that if he had not been Pope of Rome, he could be quoted, the world over, for his magnanimity. The graciousness of his forgiveness was something charming. Adding to this his genuine love of letters and men of letters, of all gentle arts, and of that gentlest of all artists, Raphael, it seems to me that we people who are so engaged in decorative art, and in the drama, and in all sorts of "civilizing enjoyments," may look with a kindly eye upon Leo X. and even pardon him for being the son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, a man of taste to the marrow of his bones.

As to the religious or dogmatical Leo X., it is enough to say that, as a pope, he never compromised the Holy See. Even in the much-talked-of and derided matter of indulgences, Leo X. did nothing different from the popes before him or the popes after him. Leo XIII. did the very same this last year of 1883, and may again, very likely, this present year of 1884. Catholics understand perfectly this matter of indulgences, and only wonder why other people do not.

As to the reformation of Leo X.'s court, there has never been a court, nor even a Republican White House, in which the people, at least, could not find some ground for reform;

sometimes more, sometimes less. At that time the study of pagan literature, too much vaunted in our own day to be blamed in that of Leo X., the immense increase of riches and the consequent luxury, had brought the same evils upon Italy and Rome which threaten our own state, our own cities, our own families, as well as our own government. While this state of things is never to be excused, it is well to see who is fit to "cast the first stone." Especially since reformation of social manners, penitence for sin, and even exterior penance, such as fasting, continence under vow, scourging of the rebellious body, have been preached in all ages, practiced in all ages, in Rome, out of Rome, wherever the dogmas and discipline of Rome prevail; often to the scandal, we are told, of those outside her communion, more leniently disposed.

I am sorry that I cannot say all this *viva voce* to my friends of the Fortnightly; but since I cannot, be so good, my dear Miss Martin, as to read this to them. Mrs. Beckwith, I am quite certain, has intended to give an impartial paper on the subject assigned her, and I submit my written word in the discussion to the ladies, with every assurance of good will and also of my confidence in their candor and justice.

Believe me, my dear Miss Martin,

Yours very sincerely,

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, 299 HURON ST.,
October 22, 1885.

REV. DEAR DR. MCGOVERN:

I have a great favor to ask of you; and when I say *great*, I mean it; but I hope it will not be as much of a trouble to you as a favor to me. It is this. I am to give some lectures in St. Louis this winter, at Mrs. Sherman's invitation, to be her guest and to give the lectures in her house. I have taken

for one subject "La Camera della Segnatura," and I wish to give this with all possible excellence. The "Parnassus" and "School of Athens" I can work up; indeed, the last is very exhaustively given by many authors, and the "Parnassus" another friend will help me on. But "La Disputa," the grandest of all, has been almost utterly neglected. I have worked over it and secured what would do; but I wish to have it as perfect as the others. What I can get from no one but a theologian trained like yourself, and one familiar also with the picture, and perhaps with a tradition or so in your head, is the group of theologians on the left as you look at the picture, and I want you to help me. I have said that I am to give it in the winter; but before I go there, and it is possible the first week in November, I wish to give it in Detroit to a distinguished audience, and I must have you come in and post me on those theologians. Of course they are those distinguished for their writings on the Blessed Sacrament as are all the Bishops in the picture, and Popes, etc., but you must come in armed cap-à-pie for all I need to know, and then, if you need to look up anything, you can write. Say any day but Monday, for I have classes all day. If you could come in Tuesday, it would be most merciful, morning or afternoon, just as you please. Do not let anybody's funeral or wedding come on that day, and make up your mind to do the grand thing by me for my lecture. I shall depend upon you.

With all the best wishes,

Your devoted friend,

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

I have just had a letter from Detroit, since I began to write this letter, saying that they may want me to come the first week in November; so you see we have no time to lose. Be so good as to drop me a line as soon as you get this.

ROME, ITALY, May 27, 1886.

VERY DEAR FRIEND:

I must first thank you for your thoughtful letter on my feast. "Les Voyageurs" are generally supposed to have much leisure time for correspondence, and yet it seems to me I have barely time to say my office. This morning I had myself reported "not at home" to be able to fulfil this duty. I am also very tired after your day, the feast of dear St. Philip Neri, one of Rome's patrons and truly the *Santo del popolo*. He is also patron of the Sixth Camerata in Propaganda, of which I was once prefect with dear Dr. McMullen as one of my boys. I could hardly refrain my tears last evening when I saw the very bed perhaps he occupied, and had to relate to the Rector some jokes of his (even then) noble life. How on one occasion he defended *cum fistibus et iustibus* a modest little Swiss student annoyed by a big, burly Albanian. I commenced the celebration of your day by holy mass in Propaganda. Then it was that the days of May, thirty years ago, came back in all their full life to me, my first mass at this same altar with the same John McMullen as one of the servers. You know nothing changes in Catholic Rome, and it required no stretch of imagination to think myself a boy again, and how truly I could sing, but in tears, the song I sang often so carelessly, "Oh, would I were a boy again."

At ten o'clock I started with one of the professors for the Chiesa Nuova, St. Philip's Church. It was crowded as in days gone by. Pontifical high mass, with such music as one never hears outside of Rome, for which St. Cecilia will never find a word of blame. Cappocci, the choir-master of St. John Lateran, conducted the two choirs with their respective organs. Oh, the happiness of that mass I shall never forget to my dying day! I then dined at the College, at the rector's table. I could almost in truth exclaim with the Psalmist, "I mixed tears with my bread." The recollection of thirty years

was before me! Again, at 5 P.M., we were off for the Panegyric and Vespers, and heard Father Barrett's grand triumphal *Laudate pueri Dominum*. I will not attempt to describe its heavenly beauties. If Fra Angelico had heaven to inspire his soul and assist his brush, Cappocci must have had the *maestro di capella* of the Angelic Choir to inspire his grand devout sense of harmony. It is ringing yet in my ears, that *Quis sicut Deus, Deus noster*, with its archangelic shout of defiance, and that tender strain that brought tears to every eye, *et humilia respicit in caelo et in terra*. Imagine one grand voice—a manly voice but of superhuman power and sweetness, at each verse ringing out the solemn command to a choir of transcendently tender—no, angelic voices of about fifty boys that it must have done St. Philip in heaven good to hear, *Laudate pueri Dominum*. Here I am at the end of the fourth page, where I intended to finish, but I could not resist the inclination to tell you of this feast. But it is not over; we returned to the College, and assisted at a sermon and devotions at St. Philip's altar in his *camerata*, decorated beautifully by the boys; and then they would insist on my getting up to the desk in the choir of the College Chapel for the devotions conducted by the rector and singing as a solo the first of every four titles of the B. V. M., responded to by a full choir, say of twenty-five students; whether it was that I was in unusually good voice or inspired by the occasion made unusual efforts, I believe I sang very nearly as well as away back in those sunshiny days of '56. Now what a day this was! The full echo of the other, but alas, over the graves of departed friends as well as departed visions.

This is too sad a reflection to dwell on. I spent the spring in Louvain, a dear old university town, where the manly virtues and talents of the Riordans have left a perfume not weakened by the lapse of time. The Monsignor Rector got me to address the students who are of many nations, but all for the States. I left Belgium for Italy May 1st, and

entered through the St. Gothard Pass, after a series of marvels of the picturesque in mountain and lake unequaled, of course, in the world. Spending only six hours in Rome to say a prayer in St. Peter's and attend one evening May devotion at St. Anastasia at the Fontana Trevi, I made my way to Naples to get in time for the St. Januarius Miracle, which I had the inexpressible happiness to witness. Got out to Capri, Sorrento, Pompeii, etc., and then drew up here two weeks ago to have crowded into this short time such joys and consolations (with their tinge of sadness, perhaps) as will never be my lot again. I leave, I suppose, in a few days after I have done some purchases. I wish you were with me in the picture emporium. Yet I hope I bought no daubs. I have had my audience, of which more when I get to Chicago. I may sail for the States August 1st or thereabouts. Pray for dear Father Leary and Bishop Butler, my two great friends in Europe, both gone to their reward, since I left England. What a shock this has been to me. *An au revoir*, warm regards to all friends, Dr. Cooke, Father Roles, Heman Allen and wife, and the members of the clergy you may see. I hope Father Agnew is still at your church. I have many letters to write, so excuse haste. Pray for me.

Yours ever sincerely,

T. J. BUTLER, D.D.

ST. JOSEPH'S PRIORY,

Nov. 21, 1886.

DEAR FRIEND:

I am sorry to say that I found nothing whatever here in the small Priory library on the Iconography of the Immaculate Conception, and nothing of any account that could, at least indirectly, throw any light on the subject.

Nevertheless, I give you in a short and condensed way, what may interest you of the little I have found in the *Dog-*

mengeschichte der mittleren Zeit (History of Dogma in the Middle Ages), by Dr. Joseph Schwane. The feast of the Immaculate Conception was kept in many places in the East long before it was introduced in the West. In the West, according to the opinion of Mabillon, in his notes to St. Bernard, it was first introduced in Toledo, Spain, by St. Ildephonsus, in the seventh century, and from there spread to France, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

It would hardly have been much spread in Germany, I should think, before the general chapter of the Franciscans in Pisa, 1263, in which it was decided to celebrate it in all their churches with great solemnity.

It was introduced in Rome, it seems, under Nicholas III., and recommended as a binding duty to all churches, monasteries, and convents by the Council of Basle, in its thirty-sixth session in 1439, notwithstanding that council in those sessions had already become schismatic, and therefore had no more claim for authority. Pope Sixtus IV. put an end to the rather bitter controversies on the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception in his Constitution, "*Grave nimis*," in 1483, in which he vindicates and approves the custom of the Roman Church and the formulas for the Office and Mass of the feast, forbidding, however, any of the contending parties to stigmatize the other as heretics. Through this papal constitution, in which the head of the church evidently declared himself in favor of the Immaculate Conception, though there was no formal declaration of the dogma, the contrary opinion necessarily received its deathblow.

These few notices on the feast and dogma of the Immaculate Conception of our most Blessed Lady rather confirm me in my opinion, that the chasuble, of which you have the fine engraving, cannot be any older than from the end of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century, although absolutely speaking, it might perhaps come nearer to the year 1439.

Please remember me kindly to all your friends, whom I hope to find all in good health, when I return to Chicago.

In the mean time pray for your devoted friend in Christ,
D. BONIFACIO M. KRUG, O. S. B.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, Dec. 17, 1886.

DEAR COUSIN FANNY:

To think I have never acknowledged the lovely painting of the Azalia, to say nothing of your letter! but the autumn was well advanced when I reached home, and my classes and lectures all had to be arranged. It was delightful to have so many friends dropping in from North, South, East, and West, but M. was critically ill at this very time, and the autumn and winter thus far have been very exacting in their demands. Sometimes I hardly know how I have lived through it all, but I have, and to-day I gave my last lecture for 1886. My three every week since November 2, with all I have had to do besides, have told seriously upon my limbs, for I have been very lame. You see, I am growing old! I send you by this mail some pictures which I think you will find of great assistance in reading a work I want you to see—Charles E. Norton's "Historical Studies of Church-building in the Middle Ages," including Venice, Sienna, and Florence. You and M. must try to get the book from your library; if they have not got it, they should send for it! I send you them now for a Christmas gift instead of cards, and I think your father and mother will enjoy the studying of them. You see, they are not new, and I can send them only because my large new ones duplicate them; I never give away even the smallest thing I have unless I have a duplicate. I think I can send you some more, if you tell me you use them and study them. I do not give them away at random.

Norton's book is one of the charming books. With the

pictures I wish you a very happy—yes, a merry Christmas, as I hope you had a happy Thanksgiving.

Your affectionate

Coz ELIZA.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, 299 HURON ST.,
June 12, 1887.

REV. VERY DEAR DR. MCGOVERN:

Your Silver Jubilee! Who could think it? And yet, when my mind runs back over those twenty-five years, I realize how much all of us have lived through, and we needed twenty-five years for it. The great St. Basil is your patron as priest, and as I read over this morning, out of a new love for him as the Saint of your ordination, the magnificent eulogy of him by Archbishop Vaughan in his "Life of St. Thomas," I felt sure you had gained in vigor and nerve by his intercessions. A grander *madre* you could not have, and I congratulate you on your patron, and on your twenty-five years in the holy priesthood, and on the successful work you have accomplished, of which you have reason to be not a little proud "after a goodly sort of pride," and I am very proud of you! After all, the country parish has not proved other than a praise and a crown of honor, and if that beautiful vision of a university has been unfulfilled as yet, there is the great consolation of knowing you were not lacking to it on your part. The Life which you are writing of the friend who would take such interest in this anniversary if he were on earth, and who does still live in heaven, will give a point to the year which I shall always remember. I was greatly touched at the thought of the *palla* and *purificator*, but you must use them no more after the 14th of June, 1887, until your *Golden Jubilee* in 1912!

I shall hardly be around at that time, but as I shall offer on this Silver Jubilee my Holy Communion for you, I hope

on that future day to offer still more effectual prayers for you if you do your duty by me in Purgatory! I am more than gratified that you have allowed me the privilege of offering my Holy Communion for you on this anniversary, and I hope you will call and see me very soon after and tell me all about the doings of those devoted people in Lockport. How beautiful the country will be all around you, and I hope you will have some of those luscious strawberries for your breakfast.

With the best of good wishes for your Happy Silver Jubilee and your Golden one to come,

Your devoted friend in X.,

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

ST. VINCENT ABBEY, PA.,

June 13, 1887.

MY VERY DEAR AND ESTEEMED FRIEND:

May the glorious St. Boniface obtain you a special reward for the faithful remembrance you preserve in your affection and in your prayers, of that poor and undeserving F. Boniface of myself. All I can do in return is to continue, as I have done up to now, to call down in holy mass God's choicest blessings upon you and upon your friends and relatives, whose spiritual welfare and final salvation you have so much at heart.

Please also accept my warmest thanks for the very kind and active interest you take in my dear niece D.; the poor child having remained without father and mother from her earliest infancy, she naturally forms the special object of Sister Theresa's and my own tender love and care, and you may rest assured that we two poor religious will feel deeply indebted to you before God for all you do for the beloved child.

I have also had on several occasions beautiful little speci-

mens of water-color painting from the good Sisters in Chicago, and admired her progress, both in ability and in good taste. Of course I, too, thought at once of Sister Evangelista, and then immediately of her teacher.

My health is not what I would wish it to be, but I must not complain, since it comes to me from God, Who could or would change it and restore it, if He thought it well for myself or others.

I expect to be in Chicago towards the end of next month, and hope to find you there when I come.

I remember very distinctly of having seen and spoken to Brother Francis de Sales last year in Newark, and know that he is now teaching school with Rev. Father Gerard in San Antonio, Florida, but that is about all the knowledge I have of him.

Recommending myself, my superiors, and all my dear confrères in Monte Cassino to your prayers, and with kindest regards to yourself and Miss M., and all the friends that remember me, I remain, with gratitude and devotion,

Your true friend in Christ,

DOM BONIFACIO M. KRUG, O. S. B.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, Dec. 22, 1887.

DEAR COZ FANNY:

Your beautiful photographs of beautiful, beloved Deerfield! I knew every one before a hint could be given. How those familiar places rose before me, until Maggie said, "They make you homesick, Miss Starr," and my tearful eyes answered her. The view from your door I have put into rhyme in "The Wapping Homestead," and I knew it, "button-ball" and all. That network of sun and shadow for your mother's lovely old homestead; then still-water the bloodroot (I have sung that also), and that view of the meadow road to Wapping and those trees! As soon as I saw it, I said, "How I wish Fanny and Mary would take the

meadow road to the "Mill and the Bars"! Your letter gave me the promise of this, and I shall long for it until it comes, but I can wait on the promise! See how far your camera will sight! For there is not a curve of those hills or a clump of trees or bushes or a turn in the road which I do not remember. When the beautiful weather comes, how charming it will be to go out for those views! But do you sell them, realize anything for them? I am sure you can, for they are taken with the most perfect skill. I see Sugar-Loaf in the distance, and all the gradations are beautifully toned. I am anxious to have this benefit you. It is very well to get praise, and Cousin Eliza gives you this without stint, but you must turn it to account. It seemed to me that the Memorial Hall pictures must take well, and I suggest views—one for each end—of the parlor, taking in the corner buffet and Mrs. Willard's spinet.

You will say, perhaps, unless you realize a little my sort of life, "Cousin Eliza has been a great while saying this. She might have sent a postal card at least." But I would not write until I could say what I wanted to say, and my lectures beginning some three weeks earlier than usual, crowded me in the autumn so that when the bi-weekly lectures and daily lessons were crowned by the book-making and proof-reading, I was like a donkey with my panniers hitting on both sides. I was up before five o'clock, and if 11 P.M. saw me in bed it was a wonder, and all the time the eyes were in use. I am certain I never worked so hard or so unintermittingly, for I had my three magazine articles a month to prepare with the rest. I did just as Aunt Starr used to do (tell Cousin Josiah), worked steadily on, allowing nothing to turn me from my purpose, and my part of the book is done. To think an electrotypers' strike must hit us seemed cruel, but it might have been worse. We, like any number of other people, are late for Christmas, probably for New Year's; but the book will last, and I have charged the

typemaster and manager to hurry nothing; to do everything as perfectly as if we were on time. This is the only amends we can make for the delay. As soon as the book is out I shall send a copy to Cousin Josiah and Cousin Mary, and they must consider it a Christmas present, if anything can be a present to those whose lovely hospitality I can never hope to return. To you and Mary I send a set of Michael Angelo's "Prophets and Sibyls" in the Sistine Chapel. William sketched them with the greatest care when we were in Rome, and although I have seen many larger ones, I have never seen any so excellent until a large set which I ordered this year. Now I can send them to you, knowing you will prize them just as much as if they had none of the marks of use on their margins. I have some others which are now duplicated, which I shall send, but some are unwieldy for mail, and I need time to look over my portfolios. To-day is my first day from proof-reading, so you will see how closely I have been pressed. The contents could not be made out and paged until all the plates came in from the cities to which they were sent after the strike set in. Even wedding cards had to be written!

With a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all
Your affectionate,
COZ ELIZA.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, 299 HURON ST.,
May 4, 1888.

DEAR COUSIN FANNY:

The arbutus came on Wednesday morning as fresh as if picked that morning before the dew had dried! I never saw flowers so fresh after such a journey. There was no look of "journey" about them, any more than if you had taken them to the street! I could not help sending some in a smaller tin box to Susan. I was sure they would keep, and got them to the office for the first mail after they came. I

can never tell any one the delight they gave me. The girls were inspired to paint them, and are doing them really well. The poor bunches they get in the stores give them no idea of the arbutus as we know it.

Tell your mother to take in the breath of the arbutus-laden spring and try not to get too tired over anything. I suppose your father, Cousin Josiah, and Cousin Caleb are hard at work over the fertile land by this time, and I hope they will get good crops. There is a beautiful sentence in the Litany which I recite daily, "Vouchsafe, O Lord, to give and preserve the fruits of the earth," and I still remember the Deerfield farms as I recite my Litany. Those beautiful farms always fill my eye.

I went to St. Louis after Easter to stay a week with the Sisters of St. Joseph at their lovely convent at Carondelet, six miles from the city, and gave three lectures there. The Mother Superior gave their price as her treat to the teachers and pupils, and then invited friends in the neighborhood and from town. They have a fine hall, and everything went off in the happiest way. It gave me a rest, even if I did give three lectures. One of my hearers was the daughter-in-law of Rev. Dr. Eliot, the Unitarian minister so long in St. Louis. She heard me at Mrs. Sherman's and came out to the convent. She is a very lovely woman. She sends me her poetry when she gets it into print, and even in manuscript. I called there and saw her children.

Your affectionate

COZ ELIZA.

S. MARIA DEL MONTE, CESENA,

August 4, 1888.

MISS ELIZA ALLEN STARR, Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Friend:—It is so very, very kind of you never to forget poor Father Boniface, wherever he is sent, or whatever becomes of him. Rest assured, that I am deeply

touched by your ever-faithful affection, and accept my loving thanks for your good wishes and the kind present for my new abbey. Far away from my own dear Monte Cassino, and laboring under the greatest difficulties of every possible nature, I am in condition to appreciate most feelingly the one and the other.

As to your request, I shall endeavor to procure you all you desire, and I hope to succeed. As circumstances are, I cannot rely on Monte Cassino for that peculiar object; but I will write to the Arch-Abbot of the Benronese Congregation, and I trust he will not refuse me, but get photographs and all history, notices, etc., of their school of art nicely compiled and condensed, by one of their ablest fathers.

However, you must give me a little time. It is not opportune to write there just now, or before some time in September.

Dear Mother Theresa will tell you all about my new abbey, which I am to reacquire, and where I am to raise a new community—all without any means, except God's blessing, the pledge of which I hold in the Holy Father's command of obedience and the special interest he takes in this renowned and time-honored sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin. At present I have only one father and a lay brother with me, nor would there be either place or food to eat for us if there were more, just now. But I feel confident that our Blessed Lady and St. Benedict are going to do some great work here for the glory of our Lord and the welfare of souls. Do assist me with your pious prayers and get your and my friends to pray for me.

And now only one more word about my abbey. It is not, as you supposed, in Umbria, but in Romagna, the hot-bed of freemasonry and anarchism in Italy. Cesena is about half-way between Ancona and Bologna. The monastery lies twenty minutes' distance from the town on a gentle hill, and

commands a charming and extensive view of the town, the vast plain, and the Adriatic Sea.

Accept for yourself, your relations, and friends my abbatial blessing as a token of my cordial gratitude and devotion, in which I remain

Your faithful friend,

BONIFACIO M. KRUG, O. S. B.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, 299 HURON ST.,
March 4, 1891.

MY DEAR MRS. ARRINGTON:

The leaflets are going out with invitations according to our concerted judgment, and the visitors have not been disappointed; have been surprised, I think, on the contrary. But we can form no opinion as to the result. But it takes people a long time to decide such matters. But we are leaving no stone unturned to secure a high public opinion for the picture. This is a great point to secure, making a base for all transactions. We are getting names from other people, going out of all beaten tracks.

And now, I want you to start that novena. Do you not remember Mother Angela's axiom, "Use all natural means as if there were no supernatural; and all supernatural as if there were no natural." She practiced her axiom and certainly she accomplished wonders. I am quite sure that you will never regret having made the novena, and I am equally sure of a result. The novena I mean is nine masses, one on each of nine consecutive days. Now, who will say these masses? It is next to impossible for secular priests, and I was thinking of how we could arrange them, when Mrs. Cooke suggested her very highly esteemed Father Boniface, O. S. B., who is in Pueblo, at the church of St. Ignatius, taking the place of Father Alger. He is a man to take an interest in the affair and to rouse your confidence, because

you must say your prayers, too. I have known such wonderful answers to this Novena of Masses, that I really cannot feel in full courage until I know one has been arranged. It can close on the Feast of St. Joseph or of St. Benedict. If the last, it will inclose St. Joseph's Feast and gain the patronage of St. Benedict. I could not arrange one myself without your permission, and in fact, I do not feel quite equal to it unless you leave it wholly to my choice. It should be in the hands of a regular priest to make sure of the consecutive masses. If I could see you, I could stir your very pulses with the wonderful answers to such novenas in worldly affairs—providential personages, and an almost forcing of circumstances to the intent of the petitions. In this case, I consider the interest at stake sufficient to warrant such a course; not only the money actually invested, but that hour, dear friend, which is to be such a consolation to both of you, and how well I understand the consolation. God will not show a deaf ear, but His angel will suggest some name to me which will be potent; some art which will insure our sale. If I can know that this petition is going up to Heaven, I can work with a brave heart. My own lectures, my own affairs, the very bread I eat, is a proof of God's attention to our cry, and I never lecture, ever so often or under ever so informal circumstances so that I know it is to be, but I get my memento in the mass of the morning. To this I attribute my success in the face of difficulties that assure defeat. So, my dear friend, call upon Father Boniface with Mrs. Cooke's letter to arm you and secure the nine masses. I shall write myself to Father Boniface, who spent an evening here with Prior Boniface Krug, of Monte Cassino, and tell him that you must not be put off, and this shall introduce you. I am sure Flora will say "Have the novena by all means." We can spare nothing to secure our success.

I am very tired this P.M., I gave my Dante talk this morning, and people lingered until visitors came and deprived me

of the half-hour nap which divides my long day from nine to five or eleven at night, but I shall try to get to bed early. Meanwhile believe the pictures are in my March devotions, that they and yourself and Flora are in the heart and prayers, of your attached friend,

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, 299 HURON ST.,
April 11, 1891.

REV. AND VERY DEAR DR. MCGOVERN:

I returned from St. Louis this morning after two weeks of hard lecturing, and now, can you tell me what Dandolo says about the last poet in the Parnassus? Can you give me his name? Moreover, do you know any one who has an engraving of the Parnassus which I can have put on to a slide for a stereopticon? But first and most of all, having given you these hints of what I need to know if I am to give my Parnassus before a critical audience, will you not come into town and see me, if only for half an hour? I really have no one else to rely upon, and there is a talk that I am to give this very lecture in St. Louis on the 24th of April in Marquette Hall, and there is a grave uncertainty in my mind about this last poet, which you can settle as no one else can. Then, if you know of an engraving of Parnassus which I can have put on a slide, I think it will be clearer, more definite, than from a photograph taken from the wall, such as I have. The sooner you can put these questions at rest the better I shall feel.

Hoping you will not think me too importunate,

Yours faithfully in Christ,

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, 299 HURON ST.,
July 4, 1891.

REV. DEAR DR. MCGOVERN:

The Jubilee book came in all the beauty of choice binding Thursday evening by the hand of Miss Decker. It is a volume you may well be proud of, and not only of the volume exteriorly, but of its contents. You have arranged your heterogeneous material so as to give a history of the diocese, of the Bishops and their helpers, and finally, of the Jubilee itself in a way which will make the souvenir invaluable historically. I have been reading aloud to my sister, and she has asked me to read aloud to Mrs. Dr. Davis and her niece the opening of the sketch of the Archbishop. It is really so beautiful in its circumstances, and so creditable in a family way, that I am quite disposed to air it. On Wednesday the Archbishop's niece called and told us about the beautiful copy of the "Souvenir" given to the Archbishop, which gratified them evidently, and must have edified his Grace. You must feel thoroughly glad to have so difficult a work so happily concluded.

This is the anniversary of the death of our own dear Bishop McMullen. I said my "De profundis" for him at just the hour he died, but I hope he did not need it. There is a strange solemnity to me always, now, on the 4th of July. St. Chrysostom's sermon on the great Apostles and Rome, "the two eyes" given to it by his love for it, all read well and harmoniously as we think of "the Doctor," for he echoed all this in his life.

What you say in your note of your Spanish classmate, Father Adam, is delightful. I am quite at ease myself, and you may be, I am sure. I shall not let your hand in the affair go unnoted by our Isabella ladies.

Always yours faithfully,

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, 299 HURON ST.,
January 10, 1892.

MY VERY DEAR MOTHER PRAXIDES:

Your order and your own dear letter, as well as that of your novice, gave me untold gratification, and—may I add?—consolation. It was so delightful to have you take my book "Christmas-tide" into your confidence and to make it what I so much wish to have it, a word in time to those having the training of mind and souls in this matter of Christmas. Your novices, thanks to your own careful keeping of the traditions, will take with them to their missions the true spirit of the Christmas-tide as set forth by the Church, and thus the æsthetic spirit will be cultivated instead of the ordinary spirit of the world. To make devotions attractive to the children of the world is what your spiritual daughters are to do their best to accomplish, and heaven knows what counter-currents and adverse tides they will meet in their effort. But if they persevere, God will reward their labor by choosing precious souls for His own service, and also by planting in families a love for a *Christian* Christmas. There is no task in the world so truly according to the best task of the best ages of the world as a religious task, as I often say, from Homer and Pindar—as well as from David. The significance of religious practices is such a beautiful study, the education in itself a refining and elevating one, surpassing any other, and one, too, to which the world is indebted for its masterpieces in art, and in poesy, and music, which take their inspiration from religion. I am always harping on this string, and so, when you sent for ten "Christmas-tides," I felt as if St. Mary's novice, as it has for more than a generation, was *still working with me*.

Our dear Sister Emily! how she hovered around the studio, how she glided in with the novices, how she helped all by her truly religious example, as well as by her prayers.

I also believe all of you will feel the benefit of her prayers still, while we pray for the repose of her dear soul.

A thousand best wishes, dear Mother Praxides, for you and your "doves," as I used to call them on their visits to Loretto—forming a line with their white veils—which curved with the dear familiar pathway from novitiate to chapel. I think of, or rather recall, the lovely sight so often, especially when there is snow on the ground, and on the trees. Lovely novitiate days! how they will look back to them years hence, not to sigh for their return, but to realize how deep and strong has been the foundation of their life-long work and holy vocation; how deep and strong the roots that feed a life-long devotion to God and their fellow-creatures.

Believe all are in the heart and prayers of yours faithfully and affectionately,

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, 299 HURON ST.,
May 12, 1892.

MY DEAR SISTER:

What a delightful surprise you have given me. The basket came by express yesterday afternoon. Minnie says, "It is not heavy," and I said: "What can it be?" But the lid was no sooner raised than I saw you had sent me a Washington Sprig, and the very flowers we used to gather in Deerfield. The dogwood came first, then the pink azalias, which I am always longing to see, and that lovely innocence—enough of it to fill a dish—buttercups, and that dainty spray of pink branches like coral branches, and the twin berries, all packed in moss which is a joy in itself. I lost no time in getting all this out with Minnie's help, and right in the midst of these the lady's-slipper. It was charming. Nor did I lose any time in sending bunches with something of everything to Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Reed, and our little Mrs. Hopkins,

as I was sure you would wish to have me, and then had what made a great show. I put the moss on the big platter and the branches of dogwood on it, so as to keep fresh, and then, in the middle, put the glass dish full of innocence, and set the whole before the window on your round stand. Then the azalias I put into one of the small brown glazed crocks and set it before the other window, high enough to the sun. Mrs. Davis ran in after I sent her flowers and remarked that "Miss Starr's windows were full of flowers." Of course I put the vases in order, and the house is full of lovely color, and my heart full of the pleasure given me by my dear sister. Minnie was quite carried away with them, could not do enough to help me arrange them.

I am hurrying this off to go to a box by a pupil, and can only send love to Cousin Samuel and Bessie and Philip, and to yourself.

From your affectionate sister,

ELIZA.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, 299 HURON ST.,

July 21, 1892.

DEAR MOTHER PRAXIDES:

A word of greeting on your feast day, to assure you that you were faithfully remembered this morning at three masses.

July 24th. This much, dear Mother Praxides, on your feast, and this written after the visitors had gone and the house closed for the night, but I was resolved to send you a word on that day, which is a very precious one to me, so much have I enjoyed the two sisters "Sante Prassede e Pudenziana" and the beautiful traditions of their family in church and Catacombs. How I should like to spend time enough at St. Mary's to give the story of the "House of Pudens," and also of Santa Prassede's Church; show the fac-similes of the beautiful mosaics, and also the story of the

cemetery of their holy grandmother, Santa Priscilla. Where would or could these things be more or even so much appreciated, as in the Novitiate of St. Mary's? While in Rome, I was quite carried away by the holy Sisters and their family traditions, so that even if I did not love Mother Praxides as I do, if she were not herself associated with so many of the most beautiful experiences of my life, if she were not, as she is, carrying out into tradition for her family, the story of St. Mary's, I should still keep the Feast of St. Praxides with great fervor. As it is, I make a point on that day of uniting my intention with that of Mother Praxides and her numerous children, quite certain that in doing so I shall help on many a plan for their improvement, saying nothing of sanctification, which I can well trust to them.

You see, dear Mother, I would not have time to say all this after the late closing of the house, and have kept it for this quiet hour. You will tell your novices what I have said, and you will congratulate the twenty-one new children in their new habits. I received your kind invitation in time to remember these dear new "chickens" of mine in my devotions that morning. Yesterday I received the beautiful memorial leaflets, so beautiful in themselves. The poems are exquisite, both as to sentiment and expression, and Father Zahm's admirable eulogy is all we could desire. Of course, I heard next to nothing of any of these, so the pleasure is doubled, and my tears have flowed all through the reading. I wish you would say to the Sister who had the poems in charge, how much I enjoy them, and how much credit they do her department; and say to Father Zahm I congratulate him on the opportunity to express what was in his heart on so beautiful an occasion. I thank also those who arranged the leaflets, for allowing my little tribute to be included among them. I had intended to dwell more at length on Mother Angela; but on reading Father Zahm's tribute, I felt as if I should only impair the effect by multiplying words. I have

already sent to Mr. M., of Buffalo, a sketch of Mother Angela's character and work, suited to the general public. Many things were omitted for lack of space, and still more in order not to incur the charge of using my opportunity outside of the general intention. I have also sent a picture of Mother Angela from life, and the best I have ever seen of her. I forget how I laid hold of it, but it was many years ago. The peculiar pose of the head is so expressive of her character, and there is great softness in the outlines. I hope the sketch and picture will please Mother Augusta and all at St. Mary's.

Thanking you for your lovely remembrance of me, and with renewed congratulations to yourself and your dear family, with the hope that I and all my dear family may find a place in your community prayers,

Yours faithfully and affectionately,

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

The leaflets are beautifully brought out; the tint of the cover exquisite. I have laid the subject of "The Fridays in Lent" before Father Hudson. Please set all those dear children to praying that my booklet may come out, either through Father Hudson or myself, and that it may be for the good of souls.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, 299 HURON ST.,
January 10, 1895.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Do you suppose a New Year ever passes without my thinking of you as you leaned out of the window to look at the heavens after Judge Arrington had given his soul to God under such conditions of grace? I often wonder if you realize how deeply you are planted in my heart, how the roots of our strong friendship have struck into the very tissues of my life. And yet, I am certain you are always sure of my

interest in you and yours, notwithstanding my long silences, silences which come from the pressure of life and daily cares and responsibilities, and that personal, present claim made upon a "body" which one cannot escape.

The Holy Name Cathedral has been very beautifully restored, or—as I say—transfigured. Frescoes fill all the spaces above and between the arches and pillars, over the doors and confessionals. The floor is still to be made, i.e., in the body of the church. The sanctuary floor is beautifully tessellated, the sacristies with the conglomerate mosaic. They are having a mission, the first in several years.

Isabella has not been taken by the San Francisco ladies. They were full of enthusiasm over the statue, but the A. P. A. has benumbed those who are not actually perverted, so that she has come from Rome, crossed our continent without being unboxed, and reboxed is now awaiting our orders. What do you suppose rich Catholics are thinking of? Where is their sense of common self-respect, saying nothing of chivalry? All are dressed well, housed well, flourishing. Chicago has seventeen Catholic millionaires, and we go begging, bowing about for a statue of Isabella, the Catholic, for free beds in Catholic hospitals, and yet there is a world of charity among us—good and sweet and sincere. I think all this belongs to all ages and countries, and that there is a deal to be purged away after this life before any generation gets to heaven. For ourselves, individually, we seem to make so little impression that we feel as if we might as well not have been born so far as the world's progress goes. And yet we save our souls, we hope, and the reward for this is unspeakable. I try not to fret over the public disasters or lukewarmness, but this Isabella affair, with a Pope like Leo XIII. commanding it, all the prelates also, and still tossed on uncertain waves, falls like lead on my soul. And then, to feel all the time, as I have been forced to, that the worldly side, the social antipathy side, has been taken by my dearest

Catholic friends (all seculars and of high race) so that I never speak of Isabella to them, is a hard thing to be reconciled to. The world seems to have encroached on boundaries I considered safe and sacred. We have only to mind ourselves, dear friend, when it comes to the last hour, and I try to live in the recollection of this last hour.

With a heart full of love for you and yours,

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

79, VIA BABUINO, ROME, ITALY,

May 13, 1896.

MY DEAR MISS STARR:

I have the pleasure of inclosing for you the document conveying to you and your work the blessing of the Holy Father. At the last audience that the Majordomo had, the Holy Father asked him about your book "Three Keys," and as he had not seen it, sent for it and made him (he reads English) translate and go over much of it again with him. He especially praised the idea, the general arrangement, paper, etc., and when on leaving, the Majordomo was going to take the book with him to put into the archives, the Pope said "No, no, leave it here that I may look at it at my ease." I send you these full particulars as I feel sure that you will be pleased to have them. I have also told the correspondent of the *Boston Pilot* and the *Catholic Standard*, and they have both promised to mention the event in their papers.

I sincerely hope that you are well, and that your book will meet with all the success that it merits, and that the blessing of the Holy Father will give it a new impetus.

I remain, yours very truly,

M. HARRY CASSELL.

DURAND, WINNEBAGO, Co., ILL.

September 7, 1896.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:

This is my fifth and last week here at my brother's. I came here a very tired woman, but although I have done a great deal of necessary work since I have been here, I am greatly rested, feel almost rejuvenated. This is so different from the interrupted life I have in Chicago. But the work has prevented my writing letters, for I knew if I began these first, the work would not be done; besides, it must meet dates. Besides this, I have looked over all my lecture topics for the winter, and am ready for them as far as I can be until just the moment comes—when we “strike with the iron hot.” Then, I have arranged a little book for little children; those who cannot read for themselves, but who can understand. I believe in this, and I want you to see my little book, dedicated to “Young Listeners.” I say arranged, because these stories have appeared before in papers, but I have written over some portions, corrected^d all, and call it “What We See”—as it is about this outer world of ours, to rouse the interest of these little people in nature, and its study. It is all ready for the publisher when I get a chance to send it properly. Then, I have completed an article which was asked of me some three years ago by Professor Butler of Columbia College, New York, but before I could finish it there was a sudden change in the educational journal he edited, and he left the editorship; so I laid my article by, and determined to do what I could not do for the magazine for which he asked it—*carry it on* to its full Catholic conclusion. What it will appear in I do not know, but I shall remember to tell you whenever it does appear, for it has more of my own intellectual history in it than I shall be likely to write again, so it will have an interest for you, more than for many.

And now I am writing to the dear friend who has con-

trolled her natural anxiety about the picture, in order to save me. If we had sold it, you know you would have heard of it. You received my exhibition invitation to see my pupils' work, to which I added the invitation to see the "Snowy Range." That Saturday was just a day of pouring rain, and although a great many people came, they were not of the buying order; and although I kept the exhibition open for a week, the extraordinary, almost unheard-of heat of that week drove everybody out of town who had money enough to take them, it seemed to me. This week was succeeded by another like unto it, and the town was depopulated of its *élite*. There was no help for it. Enough people of taste and position and culture saw it before we left to build a hope upon, for they were unanimous in their admiration. A French count who had just been across the continent was greatly struck by its truth and beauty, and I could multiply instances. All this determined our course (I say our, because my sister, who is wonderfully gifted with the tongue, is as much interested in the picture as I am, never failing to bring it to notice) for this fall, namely, which is as soon as the fine birds come back to their winter homes, to send notes, say twenty at a time, to the richest men and invite them to a private view of the picture which is for sale. This note will be accompanied by a sketch of Mr. Kitchin's genius and career. We do not wish to put the price down, for two reasons, one for the picture's sake, and the other for Flora's pocket; but I think we must have a novena—a novena of nine masses, and get as many to join as we can. Will you get the nine masses said? Let me know; I have seen wonders done by a novena of nine masses. It had better be a novena to our Blessed Lady—our Lord honored in these nine masses will have regard to the honor of his Blessed Mother. Dr. Butler will say one mass, I know, Father Burke another, Dr. McGovern a third, and Father Dan Riordan a fourth. Dear Father Roles! we must not

forget his "Rest in Peace" during the novena, for he would have done so much for it. Then, Father-General, I know will, and Father Hudson. What do you say? I will secure all these, and then we are to promise a mass of thanksgiving and one for the souls in purgatory. Is not this arranging a campaign? Of course we shall win—there! I have thought of another, Father Tom Sherman. I will write to him myself, and you can write to thank him.

I feel as if I had written a volume at least of *hope* now that the novena scheme is fairly started.

Your devoted,
ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

CHICAGO, July 25, 1899.

MOST HOLY FATHER:

Graciously permit me, Holy Father, through my friend, Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini, now in the United States of America, to present to your Holiness a copy of my last little book, devoted to the Dolors of our Blessed Lady, as a companion to the "Isabella of Castile" and "Three Keys to the Camera della Segnatura of the Vatican," which I have had already the honor of presenting to your Holiness.

My friend, Mother Cabrini, suggested to me to write a letter to your Holiness, telling you of my work, and her assurance that you would deign to receive it with pleasure, must be my excuse for doing what may seem to your Holiness egotistical.

I had published a book entitled "Patron Saints," in two volumes, before visiting Rome, in 1876, when, under the patronage of Monsignor Chatard of the American College, I was presented to your venerated predecessor, Pio Nono, who gave me a special blessing because I wrote for Catholic children. While in Rome, I sketched many shrines in the Eternal City, which I afterwards etched, as illustrations to a

work entitled "Pilgrims and Shrines," also in two volumes, published after my return to Chicago.

This was followed by a collection of my poems, entitled "Songs of a Life-time," then by "Isabella of Castile," in the interest of the "Queen Isabella Association," to which your Holiness sent a benediction; then by a booklet, named "Christmas-tide," with descriptions of many Madonnas; a nature book, called "What We See"; "Christian Art in Our Own Age"; "Three Keys to the Camera della Segnatura," presented to your Holiness by my friend, the late lamented Count Cassell; and now my little one of all, "The Seven Dolors," while I am still writing, still planning at the age of seventy-five years.

With this work of the pen I have been, up to the present time, a teacher of drawing and painting, have established art departments in convents, have prepared my own pupils to be teachers in different institutes, and to be artists and architects.

At the request of Mother M. Angela, C.S.C., of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana, I gave lectures upon Christian Art before her Sisters of the Holy Cross; afterwards in other convents, as well as in my own house, and in different cities, always more or less directly under ecclesiastical patronage; before archbishops, bishops, and even Cardinal Satolli while the delegate of your Holiness to the United States; also before the Woman's Congress in the Columbus Hall of the World's Columbian Exposition, introduced by a bishop, while five bishops most graciously sat on the platform, the subject being "Woman's Work in Art."

Before the first session of the Winter School in New Orleans, I gave five lectures on Christian Art; in Madison, Wisconsin, I have given lectures during four sessions of the Columbian Catholic Summer School, having just finished five lectures on the Life and Works of Frederick Overbeck, all these lectures having been illustrated by large photographs or large engravings, exhibited on a screen.

Almighty God has preserved my health and my ability to work, as I try to do, for His glory and for the lifting up of the Catholic heart and the imagination. A convert, I have wished to make known the beauty of the Church, the loveliness of her dogmas as expressed in poesy and in art. Will not your Holiness, out of your wonderful benignity, bless these labors to the good of my country-women, and of my own soul? Which I ask, with every sentiment of affectionate veneration for your Holiness.

Prostrate at the feet of your Holiness, and most humbly asking your apostolical blessing, I subscribe myself, a most devoted child,

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

DURAND, WINNEBAGO CO., ILL., August 13, 1901.

MY DEAR MRS. DAVIS:

Your letters are a great cheer, and you may be sure would have been answered immediately if the fresh breezes had revived me as I am glad to know they did you and the good Doctor. It seems ungrateful in me not to respond to the fresh air and all this loveliness around me. Dr. Haines tells me I shall do so by and by, for I am certainly better—really better of my ailments—but the strength does not seem to come. As I write, I look out on the garden with its lilies in full bloom, and many other brilliant flowers. Johanna is busy painting them as they stand in their beds, and the Agapanthus, with its bunches of exquisite blue flowers, is brought up into the piazza. William has one very large crock, and there are four stalks putting out blooms, but he has one small crock which can be lifted, and this is brought in for her to work from.

Miss Doniat is having all sorts of enjoyment—riding, walking, one picnic, and everything is delightful to her. Everybody is so attentive, and she appreciates their attention. You know this is fully half.

William had a very lively letter from Mrs. Wellington yesterday. It would be a pity to hurt her story, which she is bound to give to you and the Doctor on her return, so I leave all the descriptions to her. She left Deerfield, I suspect, with a weak voice, but she said she was recovering it, and the good breezes, which I think they are now perhaps taking advantage of, will complete the work. My brother has been using his voice without any damage, however, in the interests of the family history. She will tell you about the historic drives, for art and tradition go hand in hand in the old ideal New England town.

Let me hear from you when you feel able, and with affection and regards to all your dear family, believe me,

Yours most faithfully,

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

DURAND, WINNEBAGO CO., ILL., September 3, 1901.

MY DEAR MRS. DAVIS:

To think of your improving the very first day upon which you are well enough to be out to select a birthday memento for me, and such an exquisite one! It is too pretty for me, but I shall use it all the same, and I shall never take up the dainty little book-marker and leaf-cutter, for it is both, without a loving thought of one who never seems weary of doing something to gratify me. This letter should have reached you this morning (a Sunday coming between your letter and our mail), but while I am really improving, I have been so miserable that I could not write the letter I wished to, and this morning am hardly any better. It is a beautiful day here, and if I were well I should enjoy every moment of it. Your description of my little cottage, within and without, was charming. Be careful of yourself, dear friend, and with the warmest regard to the good Doctor, believe how dear you are to your affectionate,

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

CLOSE OF A USEFUL LIFE



MISS STARR'S FIRESIDE

CLOSE OF A USEFUL LIFE

On New Year's Day, 1901, Miss Starr caught a severe cold, which resulted in pneumonia. She was anxiously watched by her friends, whose prayers were daily offered for her recovery. At last her wonderful vitality triumphed, and by her expressed wish she was taken to church in her wheeled chair, and there was rarely a morning that did not find her close to the altar-rail. "No one knows what it means to me," she said, "to live a day without communion or without hearing mass; it is that which makes me strong."

In the summer of 1901 there was to be a great gathering of the Starr family in Deerfield to dedicate memorial stones that had been set on historical sites made famous in the Indian Wars. Miss Starr, who possessed great pride of ancestry, was intensely interested, and as she could not go herself, she was determined that her sister, with their brother, should represent the Western branch of the family. It was decided then that she should spend the summer at her brother's home in Durand, Illinois.

There was always a great profusion of primroses in the garden, which grew to a great size. Every evening bunches of these flowers were brought in to decorate her altar, and during her happy moments there Miss Starr wrote her poem on the Primrose.

Of twilight and fresh dews,
Most odorous flower, thou art the child,
Adoring evening's pensive hues
With splendors mild.

A vesper acolyte
Born but for this one night
To swing thy golden censer of perfume
While stars the tranquil firmament illumine
For heaven's delight.

Thy term of service fleet
 Creative wish doth meet
 A swift resistance, but which this rare grace
 Of ceaseless worship, filling life's brief space,
 Crowns as complete.

Thy blissful vigil keep,
 Rapt flower, while others sleep;
 Adoring angels claim thee from above
 A dear companion in their task of love;
 And I would fain present
 With worshipful intent
 Thy dewy blossoms on my evening shrine,
 A contrite homage sighing to repair
 With the accepted incense of thy prayer,
 For sloth like mine.

Still as on we journey
 Help our weak endeavor,
 Till with thee and Jesus
 We rejoice forever.

Usually every day was spent on the veranda of the house. There in the warm sunshine she said her beads and read her breviary; there, too, was written her weekly correspondence to the press, the last of which was published September 7th, the day of her death. On pleasant days she held a reception for all who came to see their beloved Miss Starr. No incident of any note stirred the current of her quiet life, but one morning (it was the 19th of August) Miss Starr, who always retired immediately after devotions, was heard moving about in her room.

I called her nephew William Starr, said Miss Doniat, and we went into her room. There we saw her sitting on the edge of the bed with a sheet of paper in her hand. She arose and said, "Are you both still up? Well, then, I'll tell you what I've done." She sat down on the bed and laughed happily. "I saw," she continued, "the moon through my shutters, shining out on the lawn and the flowers. I rose and opened my window to see it all better, and I simply had to write this poem."

ONCE MORE

Once more the moon with all her charms
Peers through the homestead's lofty trees
On porch and lawn and garden beds,
And lilies, blossoming in threes.

The pallid splendors hold to bloom
In coronals of joy and peace
Like those which grace the virgin choirs
Whose hymns of rapture never cease.

Once more the calm effulgence soothes
The weary world's unrest and pains,
And lifts faint hearts, worn down with toil,
Where everlasting beauty reigns.

"You know," she said, when she finished reading that, "it is much better for me to get up and write it than to lie awake in bed thinking about it. Mother used to say to me, 'Eliza, you will be at a sad pass when the poetry has all gone from you.' I had almost begun to think it had. I am so glad there is still some poetry left."

On the morning of the 7th of September it was noticed that a change for the worse had taken place during the night. Miss Starr called for assistance. When she tried to walk across the room her steps were so feeble that she moved only a short distance, when she was led back to bed. "It will soon be over," she said (meaning the weakness). Her physician was immediately summoned, who said the final moment was fast approaching. Her nephew, William Starr, at once gave directions to send for a priest to give her the last sacraments.

Throughout the day Miss Starr said very little, but her lips were always moving in prayer, and her rosary and crucifix were always beside her. "I don't know what sick people do when they have no beads," she often said, and several times she repeated her prayers aloud. Her attendants could

distinguish these words, "to be resigned in all things, O Lord, to be resigned in all things." Miss Starr asked for a cup of tea, which she tried to swallow, but could not do so; then she sat on the bed with her feet on the floor and said to her young friend, "Put your arms on my shoulders, Johanna, as in the picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel." A change now came over her which indicated that the time had come; the last ray of hope disappeared. She was gently laid back on the pillows and breathed heavily for a few moments—that was all. The light flickered and went out. There were no last words, merely the peaceful, sweet smile, the quiet going to God of a chosen soul.

Neighbors came in for a last glance at the dear face now cold and still, before the departure of the remains for Chicago. Her sister, who was visiting in Massachusetts, and to whom no word had been sent of Miss Starr's increasing feebleness, on account of her own precarious condition, had become alarmed, and ignoring the physician's orders, started for Chicago. She and her brother reached St. Joseph's Cottage just half an hour before the remains of their beloved sister arrived.

OBSEQUIES

Eliza Allen Starr dead! Such was the announcement which startled the public Sunday morning, September 8, 1901. Widespread expressions of sorrow and of appreciation showed the high esteem in which she was held. The remains were brought from Durand on Monday evening. The funeral services were held in the Cathedral of the Holy Name on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, where a large congregation had assembled to do honor to the beloved author and artist. Representatives from many religious communities occupied seats near the bier during the ceremony, and members of the various sodalities attached to

the Cathedral and all the pupils of the Sacred Heart Academy were seated in the main aisle.

The Solemn High Mass of Requiem was sung by Rev. James J. McGovern, D. D., of Lockport, a life-long friend of the deceased; Rev. P. A. McLoughlin of St. Jerome's Church, Rogers Park, acted as deacon; Rev. D. E. Reilly of the Cathedral, sub-deacon; Rev. D. McDonald of the Cathedral, master of ceremonies. Present in the sanctuary were: Very Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Notre Dame University; Revs. F. J. Barry, chancellor of the archdiocese; N. J. Mooney, St. Columbkil's; P. D. Gill, Mt. Carmel; T. F. O'Gara, Wilmington, Ill.; R. Dunne, St. Luke's; T. F. Cashman, T. E. Cox, St. Jarlath's; J. M. Scanlan, St. John's; G. McCarthy, F. M. O'Brien, Cathedral; James J. Cregan, C. S. V., St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais.

The honorary pall-bearers were: Hon. W. J. Onahan, Messrs. T. Lonergan, Redmund Prindiville, Daniel Burnham, Thomas Brennan, and Martin O'Brien.

The active pall-bearers were: Messrs. Thomas E. Donnelley, Walter S. Clarke, John Friedel, Morris Prindiville, Charles Prindiville, James Prindiville.

The officiating clergy and pall-bearers were nearly all designated by Miss Starr before her death. The rosary of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, which she had worn and held for years, was buried with her. After the last absolution was given, Rev. T. E. Sherman, S. J., delivered the eulogy over the remains. Father Sherman's tribute was one worthy of the "valiant woman" whose virtues he extolled beautifully and eloquently. No one better fitted to review the noble life of the deceased could have been selected than the eloquent Jesuit. After the close of the services the remains were conveyed to Calvary Cemetery, where the last prayers were offered by Rev. Dr. McGovern, and Fathers McLoughlin, Sherman, and McCarthy.

LECTURES ON ART LITERATURE

A SELECTION OF MISS STARR'S PROGRAMMES

1881

AT HER STUDIO, 299 HURON STREET—TUESDAYS, AT
3 O'CLOCK P. M.

- November 15. Giovanni Sanzio.
22. Raphael Sanzio; his Early Works.
29. Raphael Sanzio; his Second, or Florentine,
Manner.
- December 6. Raphael at the Vatican.
13. Raphael's Loggie.
- January 3. Raphael's Mythological Works.
10. Raphael's Last, or Roman, Manner.
17. Michael Angelo at Florence.
24. Michael Angelo at Rome; Sistine Chapel.
31. Michael Angelo's Last Judgment; the
Paolina Chapel; Vittoria Colonna.
- February 7. Sodoma.
14. Correggio.
21. Murillo.
28. The Three Archangels in Art; S. Michael.
- March 7. The Three Archangels in Art; S. Gabriel.
14. The Three Archangels in Art; S. Raphael.
21. SS. Benedict and Scholastica.
28. Monte Cassino.
- April 4. The Likeness of our Lord.
11. Symbolism in Art.
18. Washington Allston.

1882

AT MRS. CHARLES WALSH'S RESIDENCE, 2334 INDIANA AVE-
NUE—TUESDAYS, AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M.

- November 9. General View of the Art of the Catacombs;
Crypts of SS. Peter and Paul.

- November 16. The Catacombs of Apostolic Times; Catacomb of St. Priscilla.
 23. Catacomb of SS. Nereo, Achilleo, and Domitilla.
- December 2. Catacomb of St. Sebastian.
 7. Catacomb of St. Pretextatus; Story of the Appian Way.
 14. Catacomb of St. Agnes.
 21. Catacomb of St. Callistus.
- January 4. Crypt of St. Cecilia.
 11. Crypts of SS. Eusebius and Cornelius.
 18. Historical and Symbolical Art of the Catacombs.
 25. Lateran Museum and Sarcophagi.
- February 1. Mosaics of St. Mary Major.
 8. Mosaics of St. Paul Outside the Walls.
 15. Mosaics of SS. Pudenziana and Praxides.
 22. The Quattro Incoronati and St. Clement.
- March 1. The Subterranean St. Clement.
 8. The Revival of Art.
 15. Giotto at Florence and Assisi; First Period.
 29. Giotto at Rome and Naples; Second Period.
- April 5. Giotto at Florence; Third Period.

1885

- AT MRS. S. D. LORING'S, 2535 PRAIRIE AVENUE—THURSDAYS, AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M.
- November 19. General View of the Art of the Catacombs; Crypts of SS. Peter and Paul.
 28. The Catacombs of Apostolic Times; Catacomb of St. Priscilla.
- December 3. Catacombs of SS. Nereo, Achilleo, and Domitilla.
 10. Story of the Appian Way; Catacomb of St. Pretextatus.

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- December 17. Catacomb of St. Sebastian.
- January 7. Catacomb of St. Callistus.
 14. Crypt of St. Cecilia.
 21. Crypt of SS. Eusebius and Cornelius.
 28. Catacomb of St. Agnes; Round Temple of St. Constantia.
- February 4. The Sarcophagi of the Catacombs; Lateran Museum.
 11. Mosaics of St. Mary Major; of St. Paul Outside the Walls.
 18. Mosaics of SS. Pudenziana and Praxides; SS. Cosmas and Damian.
 25. St. Clement.
- March 4. The Subterranean St. Clement.
 11. The Revival of Art.
 18. Cimabue and Giotto.
 25. Giotto at Assisi.
- April 1. Giotto at Rome, Naples, Padua.
 8. Giotto at Florence, Santa Croce, Bardi Chapel.
 15. Giotto's Tower.

1886

AT MRS. HEALY'S, 508 W. JACKSON STREET—FRIDAYS, AT
 3 O'CLOCK P. M.

The future place of meeting will be announced at each lecture.

- November 5. School of Siena; Guido; Mino; Ugolino; Jacopo da Turrata.
 12. School of Siena; Duccio; Pietro and Ambrogio Lorenzetti; Simone Memmi.
 19. Siena: Duomo; Floor; Pulpit; Tabernacle.
 26. Palazzo Pubblico: Matteo; Taddeo Bartoli; Lorenzo Marrina; Peruzzi; Lorenzo di Pietro; Della Quercia.

- December 3. San Domenico: Chapel of St. Catharine, by Sodoma; Ansano; Sarocchi.
 10. Orvieto: Duomo; San Brizio Chapel; Signorelli.
 17. Pisa: Duomo; Baptistry; Leaning Tower.
- January 7. Pisa: Campo Santo; Orcagna.
 14. Pisa: Campo Santo.
 21. Florence: Santa Maria Novella; Cimabue; Giotto; Taddeo Gaddi.
 28. Santa Croce: Bardi, Peruzzi, and Baroncelli Chapels; Pulpit.
- February 4. Santa Maria del Fiore: Doors; Façade; Campanile.
 11. Baptistry; Mosaics; Altar.
 18. The year 1400: Lorenzo Ghiberti.
 25. Il Duomo: Brunelleschi.
- March 4. Donatello.
 11. Luca della Robbia.
 18. Or San Michele.
 25. Albertinelli; Masaccio; Gentile da Fabriano.
- April 1. The Mystical School: Fra Angelico.

1887

AT HER STUDIO, 299 HURON STREET—TUESDAYS, AT
 3 O'CLOCK P. M.

- October 18. Andrea Verrocchio.
 25. Lorenzo di Credi.
- November 2. Leonardo da Vinci.
 8. Bernardino Luini.
 15. Perugino: Savonarola.
 22. Giovanni de 'Santi and his son Raphael.
 29. Raphael d'Urbino: Florentine Period; Early Madonnas.
- December 6. Raphael: Roman Period; Camera della Segnatura; La Disputa.

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- December 13. Raphael: Camera della Segnatura; Poesie; Jurisprudence.
- January 3. Raphael: Camera della Segnatura; School of Athens.
10. Raphael's Chambers in the Vatican.
17. Raphael's Loggia in the Vatican: Perino del Vaga; Giovanni da Udine.
24. Raphael's Mythological Works.
31. Raphael's Tapestries.
- February 7. Raphael's Latest Roman Period.
14. Michael Angelo: Pietà; David; Moses.
21. Michael Angelo: Chapel of San Lorenzo in Santa Maria del Fiore.
28. Michael Angelo as Patriot and Poet; Vittoria Colonna.
- March 6. Michael Angelo: Story of the Sistine Chapel; Last Judgment.
13. Michael Angelo: Ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

1888

AT MRS. LORING'S, 2535 PRAIRIE AVENUE—THURSDAYS, AT
3 O'CLOCK P. M.

- November 8. Correggio
15. Titian.
22. Murillo.
- December 1. The Three Archangels in Art: St. Michael.
6. The Three Archangels in Art: St. Gabriel.
13. The Three Archangels in Art: St. Raphael.
- January 10. The Four Evangelists in Art.
17. Frederick von Overbeck.
24. Frederick von Overbeck.
30. Frederick von Overbeck.
- February 7. The Likeness of Our Lord.
14. Monte Cassino: Its Story.

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- February 21. Monte Cassino: Its Present.
28. Modern Benedictine School of Art.
- March 7. Washington Allston.
14. William W. Story.
21. Randolph Rogers.
28. Henry Kirk Brown.
- April 4. Margaret Foley.
11. George Fuller.

1889

AT MRS. HUGHES', 444 W. ADAMS STREET—FRIDAYS, AT
3 O'CLOCK P. M.

- November 4. Andrea Verrochio.
11. Lorenzo di Credi: Savonarola.
16. Leonardo da Vinci.
18. Bernardino Luini.
25. Perugino.
- December 2. Giovanni de' Santi and his son Raphael.
9. Raphael d'Urbino: Florentine Period;
Early Madonnas.
14. Raphael: Roman Period; Camera della
Segnatura; La Disputa.
16. Raphael: Camera della Segnatura; Poesie;
Jurisprudence.
- January 6. Raphael: Camera della Segnatura; School
of Athens.
13. Raphael's Chambers in the Vatican.
20. Raphael's Loggia in the Vatican: Perino
del Vaga; Giovanni da Udine.
27. Raphael's Mythological Works.
- February 3. Raphael's Tapestries.
10. Raphael's Latest Roman Period.
17. Michael Angelo: Pietà; David; Moses.
24. Michael Angelo: Chapel of San Lorenzo in
Santa Maria del Fiore.

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- March 2. Michael Angelo as Patriot and Poet; Vittoria Colonna.
 9. Michael Angelo: Story of the Sistine Chapel; Last Judgment.
 16. Michael Angelo: Ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

1890

AT MRS. HUGHES', 444 W. ADAMS STREET, FRIDAYS, AT
 3 O'CLOCK P. M.

- November 4. Andrea Verrocchio.
 11. Lorenzo di Credi: Savonarola.
 16. Leonardo da Vinci.
 18. Bernardino Luini.
 25. Perugino.
- December 2. Giovanni de' Santi and his son Raphael.
 9. Raphael d'Urbino: Florentine Period; Early Madonnas.
 14. Raphael: Roman Period; Camera della Segnatura; La Disputa.
 16. Raphael: Camera della Segnatura; Poesie; Jurisprudence.
- January 6. Raphael: Camera della Segnatura; School of Athens.
 13. Raphael's Chambers in the Vatican.
 20. Raphael's Loggia in the Vatican: Perino del Vaga; Giovanni da Udine.
 27. Raphael's Mythological Works.
- February 3. Raphael's Tapestries.
 10. Raphael's Latest Roman Period.
 17. Michael Angelo: Pietà; David; Moses.
 24. Michael Angelo: Chapel of San Lorenzo in Santa Maria del Fiore.
- March 2. Michael Angelo as Patriot and Poet; Vittoria Colonna.

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- March** 9. Michael Angelo: Story of the Sistine Chapel; Last Judgment.
16. Michael Angelo: Ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

1891

AT HER STUDIO, 299 HURON STREET—TUESDAYS, AT
3 O'CLOCK P. M.

- October** 13. Revival of Christian Sculpture: Niccolo Pisano; Fra Gulielmo; Giovanni Pisano; Ark of St. Dominic at Bologna; Pulpits.
20. Santa Maria Novella: Spanish Chapel; Simone Memmi; Taddeo Gaddi.
27. The Baptistry: Mosaics by Andrea Tafi; Gates by Andrea Pisano and Ghiberti.
- November** 3. Santa Croce: Arnolfo; Pulpit; Dante's Monument; Donatello's Sculptures, here and throughout Italy.
10. Santa Maria del Fiore: Arnolfo; Brunelleschi's Dome; his Pulpit and the Arcade of the Innocenti.
17. Or San Michele; Shrine in Silver, Sculptured by Orcagna.
24. Luca della Robbia.
- December** 1. Fra Angelico in San Marco; at Orvieto and the Vatican.
8. Verrocchio, Master of Three Masters.
15. Lorenzo di Credi: Savonarola.
- January** 5. Leonardo da Vinci: in Florence; in Milan.
12. Bernardino Luini at Milan: Pinturicchio.
19. Pietro Perugino: at Perugia.
26. Pietro Perugino: at Florence; at Rome in the Sistine Chapel.
- February** 9. Pietro Perugino again at Perugia: Sala del Cambio.

COURSE OF LECTURES ON CHRISTIAN ART

BY MISS ELIZA ALLEN STARR

1. *The Study of Beauty as a Part of the Universal Education.*

Essential beauty one of the Divine attributes; decorative beauty coeval with creation; its connection with the Mosaic Ritual, with Assyrian, Egyptian, Grecian, finally Roman civilization; the influence of Christian ideas on pagan forms. The assiduity of Christian nations in the development of beauty in art; influence of the unconscious study of beauty in nature and in works of art through familiarity with them. The duty incumbent upon educators to develop a sense of true beauty in nature and in art.

2. *General View of the Catacombs.*

The primal intention in their construction; the character of their decoration; their symbolism, sarcophagi, representations from the Old and New Testaments; the Blessed Virgin in the catacombs, especially those of St. Priscilla, SS. Nereo, Achilleo, Domitilla, and St. Callixtus; the crypt of St. Cecilia, her story, church, and statue. The spirit of the pilgrims to the Catacombs in the early ages; testimony of graffiti; testimony of Leo the Great to the Catacombs encircling the Eternal City.

3. *The Early Christian Mosaics.*

The rise of this form of art; its grand development under Christian ideas; the Arch of Triumph in Santa Maria Maggiore; the Arch of Triumph in St. Paul Outside the Walls; the mosaics in the round temple of Santa Constantia; in Santa Pudenziana; SS. Cosmas and Damian; Santa Maria in Trastevere; St. Clement; St. John Lateran; Santa Maria Maggiore; in all seventeen fac-similes from the early Christian mosaics. Explanations of their representation of the Four Evangelists, the Apocalypse of St. John, and their testimony to dogma.

4. *The Appian Way.*

Its story and monuments, exteriors, interiors, from San Gregorio and San Sisto to San Sebastiano, with which the Christian Appian Way ends, looking off on the Tomb of Cecilia Metella and the Roman Campagna with the ruins of its pagan tombs.

5. *Siena.*

Its Cathedral; rich exterior, altogether of sculptures, story of artists, architects who coöperated in this work; interior, with the pulpit by Niccolo Pisano; altar and Ciborium by Lorenzo da Pietro; unique marble floor, with its ten sybils, scenes from the Old and New Testaments. The characteristics of the Sieneese people are also those of their art, which has never been other than Christian; their great artists, Duccio, Ansano, Sodoma, and Dupre, and Sarrochi of to-day.

6. *Florentine Art as Represented by Cimabue.*

His personal characteristics; his studies from nature dominated by supernatural ideas. Enthroned Madonna in Santa Maria Novella; Mater Dolorosa in the Church of St. Francis at Assisi; representations of Scriptural subjects; Cimabue as represented by Simoni Memmi in the Spanish Chapel of Santa Maria Novella; summing up of his career.

7. *Giotto, the Shepherd-Boy of Vespignano.*

His story in connection with Cimabue; his early work in Santa Maria Novella; his work in Assisi, especially his symbolical frescoes above the tomb of St. Francis; his work in Florence; in Santa Croce, and its Bardi Chapel.

8. *Giotto's Tower.*

Its story, illustrated by Florentine monuments and its own sculptures; Giotto's ideas in the design for the forth-

coming Tower; a full interpretation of the double rows of relief tablets, illustrating the history of man from the creation; the development of science, industries, arts; the three theological virtues and four natural virtues; the seven sacraments; the prophets from Abraham to St. John Baptist; every sculpture from base to summit, as well as the relation to Cathedral and Dome and Baptistry of this loveliest thing rising from the soil of the Old World.

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